RET on the Coogler Laureates of 1987

U.S. $2.00
CANADA $2.50

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

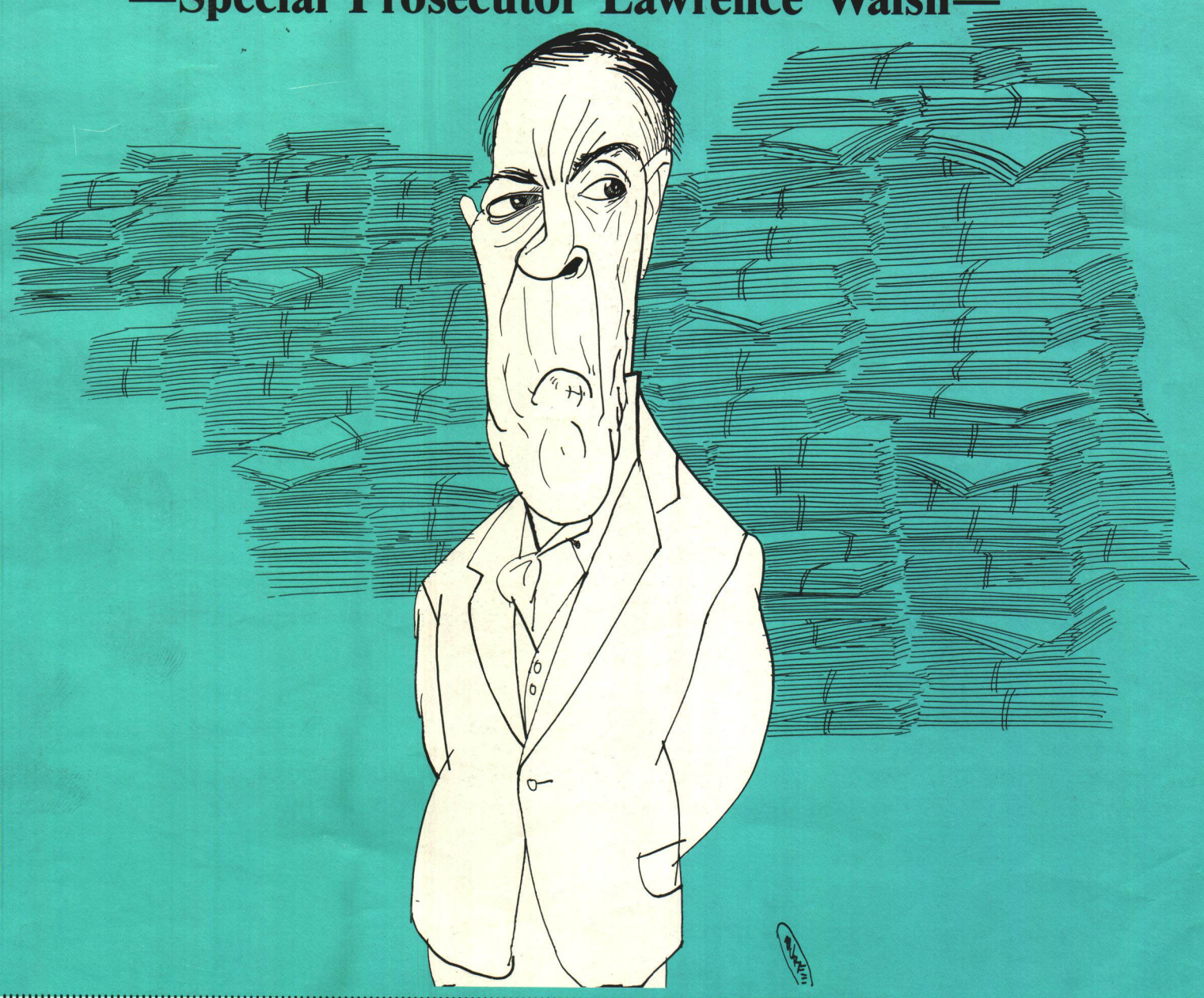
MARCH 1988 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

ALBERT S. COOK LIBRARY TOWSON STATE UNIVERSITY
FEB 10 1988
TOWSON, MARYLAND

Campaign Game Shows • *Trading for Dollars*

The Scandal of South African Sanctions

The Man Who Would Be Leon Jaworski —Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh—



8404004866 AP D JUN88
SERIALS DEPARTMENT
TOWSON STATE UNIVERSBALT
BALTIMORE MD 21204

0 73361 64590 6 03

VOL 21 #3 March 1988

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America, you've been paying too much to travel!

Here's the unique travel service with the dramatic discounts you've seen on television, and read about in newspapers and magazines—Vacations To Go.

Guaranteed savings, guaranteed reservations.
Vacations To Go guarantees you'll save up to 65% on every trip you take with us, and **you don't have to fly stand-by** or confine yourself to charter flights. As our Member, you'll get the same guaranteed reservations, fly the same scheduled domestic and international airlines (as well as charters), sail the same cruise ships, stay in the same hotels as the full-fare folks. You'll just pay up to 65% less.

Savings start at your front door.
Vacations To Go fares include roundtrip transportation from your hometown or the gateway city nearest you. There are no added costs or complicated connections to worry about. Here are some recent offerings:

		Member	Non-Member
Ireland	Airfare, 2 Weeks, Hotel	$ 199	$ 689
Athens	Airfare, 1 Week, Hotel	$ 299	$ 689
British Isles	Airfare, 2 Weeks, Hotel	$ 399	$ 804
Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria	Airfare, 2 Weeks, Hotel	$ 459	$ 976
Scandinavia	Airfare, 2 Weeks, Hotel	$ 499	$ 803
Tokyo	Airfare Only	$ 627	$ 851
Hong Kong	Airfare Only	$ 660	$ 850
Bahamas Cruise	5 Day Cruise	$ 385	$ 585
Caribbean Cruise	Airfare, 1 Week Cruise	$ 540	$1040
Southern Caribbean Cruise	Airfare, 1 Week Cruise	$ 874	$1485
Transcanal Cruise	17 Day Cruise	$1295	$2775

Note: Each of these vacations departed from a Vacations To Go gateway city. Prices varied from city to city, but equivalent savings were available in all Vacations To Go cities nationwide.

The only way to go!
We can offer you these once-in-a-lifetime savings because we collect unfilled spaces on regularly scheduled flights, charters, cruises and tours—usually departing within eight weeks or less. Every day, we update the very latest availabilities on our Vacations To Go Hotlines in 110 cities nationwide.

When you join Vacations To Go, you will have access to our Hotline in your hometown (or the gateway city nearest you). And with Vacations To Go, your reservation calls are always toll-free.

Stop paying too much!
Right now, you can join Vacations To Go for only $29.95—and save 40% off our regular $50 annual membership fee.

If you join by phone, we'll forward your membership material within 24 hours. Call Vacations To Go at

(800) 624-7338 Nationwide,
(800) 833-8047 in Texas

Call today. You've already been paying too much too long.

Vacations To Go
Membership Processing Center
2411 Fountain View
Houston, Texas 77057

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . not just voyeurs.

Patrick Wajsman
Erich Eichman
Douglas Bartholomew
Edgar W. Vaughan
Alberta Jones
Raymond Shamie
Thomas J. McIntosh
Virginia Easley
Arthur L. Montgomery
Steven A. Kotner
Donald P. Kahn
Wiley L. Mossy, Jr.
A. Werner Pleus
R. Ilaria, M.D.
John T. Burton, Jr.
Hilton Kramer
Edward Noble
Martin Peretz
Anthony Harrigan
Richard Perle
Herbert Stein
David Brinkley
John Lukacs
William Safire
Charles Kittrell
Jeffrey Hart
Hon. Richard M. Nixon
Jerome F. Donovan
John Chamberlain
Harry Jaffa
Roger Milliken
J. Peter Grace
Winston Lord
Rowland Evans
Leonard Garment
Joseph Hazan
John Lehman
James Grant
James Fallows
Clay La Force
Walter Goodman
Hon. Jack Kemp
Milton Friedman
James Glassman
Nelson Polsby
James Hitchcock
Gen. Alexander Haig
Robert Chandler
Gov. William Scranton
James J. Griffitts, M.D.
Cullen Murphy
Joseph Epstein
Gov. Robert D. Orr
Leslie Lenkowsky
William Kristol
Hamilton Fish
Forrest McDonald
Wm. Bradford Reynolds
Lyn Nofziger
Czeslaw Milosz
John O'Sullivan
Peter Glendinning
Hon. John Gavin
Joe Sobran
Maurice Cranston
John Updike
William Cox
Joshua Muravchik
T. Boone Pickens
Antonio Navarro
Dan Oliver
William Bennett
Reid Buckley
Shane O'Neil
M. E. Bradford
Hon. Jim Courter
Ronald Nash
Hans Mark
Brock Yates

Peter Kolk

Peter D. Hannaford, chairman of the board and chief executive officer, The Hannaford Company, Inc. Mr. Hannaford is the author of *The Reagans: A Political Portrait* **(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1983), and** *Talking Back to the Media* **(Facts on File, Inc., 1986).**

The American Spectator invites *you* **to join America's Opinion Leaders. Subscribe by calling 800/341-1522, weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. We will send you eight trial issues for only $16 and promise not to pass on your name to condo salesmen, Publishers Clearing House, or to the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at. . .

The Arabs of Israel

Are they a "persecuted minority"?

The papers and television bring us daily reports about the happenings in the areas administered by Israel—Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip, and the allegedly poor treatment the Arabs receive at the hands of the Israeli authorities. Leaving the administered territories to future analysis, it is of interest to consider the status of Arab citizens in Israel proper.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a democratic country—an open, pluralistic, and egalitarian society. Different religions, cultures, and social traditions coexist. Protection of such diversity is embedded in Israeli's traditions and confirmed by the government. Seventeen per cent of the total population (700,000 people) are non-Jews, most of them Arabs, and some Druze. Like all other Israeli citizens, they have full rights to vote and to hold elective office. Both Arabs and Druze hold seats in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Every Knesset, since the founding of the state in 1948, has had Arab and Druze members. All transactions in the Knesset are simultaneously translated into Arabic, and Arab members may address the Knesset in Arabic.

■ It is official policy of the Israeli government to foster the language, culture, and traditions of the Arab minority, in the educational system and in daily life. Arabic is an official language in Israel, together with Hebrew. Israel's Arabic press is the most vibrant and independent of any country in the region: there are more than 20 Arabic periodicals. They publish what they please, subject only to the same military censorship as Jewish publications. There are daily TV and radio programs in Arabic. Arabic is taught in Jewish secondary schools. Israeli universities are renowned centers of learning in the history and literature of the Arab Middle East.

■ Education and literacy of the Arab population in Israel is as high and probably higher than in any Arab country. The literacy rate among Israeli Arabs is 95%, virtually the same as for Israeli Jews. There are some 700 Arab educational institutions in Israel, with about 200,000 students—17 times as many as in 1948, when the State of Israel was created. 90% of Arab children attend school, probably the highest ratio of any Arab population anywhere. Israeli universities and technical institutions are freely available to the Arabs. About 3,000 Arab students attend such schools.

■ All religious communities in Israel enjoy the full protection of the State. Israeli Arabs—Moslems, as well as many Christian denominations—are free to exercise their faiths, to observe their own weekly day of rest and holidays, and to administer their own internal affairs. Each community has its own religious councils and courts, and has full jurisdiction over religious affairs, including matters of personal status, such as marriage and divorce. The holy sites of all religions are administered by their own authorities and protected by the government.

■ In contrast to the non-Israeli Arab world, Arab women in Israel enjoy the same status as men. Israeli law grants women equal rights, including the right to vote and to be elected to public office, prohibits polygamy and child marriage, and has thus vastly changed the status of women, to far above that of any country in the region. Israeli health standards are by far the highest in the Middle East. Israeli health institutions are freely open to all Arabs, on the same basis as they are to Jews.

■ There is, however one difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews in Israel. Israeli and Druze men are required to do three years of military service and then serve one month every year until they are 50. Arabs are exempted from military duty and are not required to perform any compensating civilian service. Since the surrounding Arab states, with the recent exception of Egypt, are the avowed enemies of Israel and are dedicated to its destruction, this exemption is granted by the Israeli Government to its Arab citizens, so as to spare them conflicts of loyalty and conscience.

Contrary to propaganda and to what many believe, the Arabs in Israel are full-fledged citizens, enjoy every civil right, and have the same status in law as Jewish Israelis. In summary, they enjoy the highest standards of living and liberty of any Arabs in the Middle East. It is instructive and sobering to compare the condition of the approximately 700,000 Arabs in Israel with that of the pitiful remnants of Jewry in Arab countries. Jews have been living in Arab countries for almost 2000 years. Under Arab dominance, they were always third-class citizens and subject to harassment and to persecution. There were about 900,000 Jews in Arab countries in 1948—now there are fewer than 25,000. But there are now 700,000 Arabs in Israel, as against 150,000 in 1948—a more than four-fold increase. These figures alone would seem to prove that things can't be all that bad for Arabs in Israel.

YES, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of A.S. 8a

$_____.

My name is_____

I live at_____

In_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590381,
San Francisco, CA 94159-0381

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590381 San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these messages.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 21 Number 3, March 1988
Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1988

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Andrew Ferguson
Editorial Intern: Edward S. McFadden
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward

Assistant Publisher: Lou Ann Sabatier
Advertising Manager: John Funk

Production Manager: Denise M. Birkhold
Production Assistant: Michelle I. Emord
Business Assistant: David P. Shanahan
Circulation Manager: Kathleen L. Anderson
Subscription Manager: Vanessa A. McIntyre
Circulation Assistant: Jennifer E. Howland
Assistant to the Publisher: Pamela R. Young
Staff Assistant: Rex C. Vardeman
Business Advisor: Frank Wenzel

Senior Editors:
Richard Grenier,
Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Movie Critic: Bruce Bawer
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Doug Bartholomew

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Richard Brookhiser, Terry Eastland, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, Michael Ledeen, Micah Morrison, Joe Mysak, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, John O'Sullivan, Jeremy Rabkin, Alan Reynolds, Joseph Shattan, Dave Shiflett, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Terry Teachout

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $24; outside the United States, $28. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

ABC

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $24. Vol. 21, No. 3. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

The Scandal of Sanctions.....Fleur de Villiers 12
Progressive America brings new misery to the black workers of South Africa.

The INF Hard-Sell.....Carnes Lord 14
Here we go again.

Moscow Manipulates the Millennium.....Bohdan Nahaylo 16
But the Pope has many divisions.

Lawrence Walsh's Holy War.....Charlotte Low 19
The man who would be Leon Jaworski.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 6

Correspondence..... 7

Editorials/The Worst Books of the Year/Idiots on a Seesaw.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8

Capitol Ideas/Trading for Dollars.....Tom Bethell 9

Spectator's Journal/The View from Baluchistan.....Robert D. Kaplan 23

Presswatch/Double Standards.....Michael Ledeen 24

The Public Policy/Recession Prevention.....Richard W. Rahn 26

The Nation's Pulse/The American Musical's Last Hope.....John Podhoretz 28

Talk to the Animals/Mass Lunacy.....Bruce Bawer 30

Among the Intellectualoids/MLA Malaise.....D. G. Myers 33

The Princely Pulse/Titles.....Alexandra Schönburg 34

The Campaign Spectator/Game Show Politics.....Victor Gold 52

Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 54

BOOK REVIEWS

Man of the House, by Tip O'Neill with William Novak.....Francis Russell 36

Spycatcher, by Peter Wright.....George Szamuely 38

Jackson Pollock, by Deborah Solomon.....Eric Gibson 42

Veil, by Bob Woodward.....Albert Jolis 43

Piety and Politics, edited by Richard John Neuhaus and Michael Cromartie.....John R. Dunlap 44

George C. Marshall: Statesman, by Forrest C. Pogue.....Karl O'Lessker 46

Past Tense, by Jean Cocteau.....R. J. Stove 48

The Madwoman's Underclothes, by Germaine Greer.....James W. Tuttleton 49

Cover drawing by Philip Burke

THE TOY THAT'S MAKING A LASTING IMPRESSION ON THOUSANDS OF AFGHAN CHILDREN.

It's a bomb loaded with just enough explosive to mutilate. Its young victims become crippled reminders of the high cost of resistance.

Over the last seven years, the Soviet reign of terror has killed nearly a million civilians and driven five million out of the country. Those who refuse to flee need your help desperately.

Since 1980 the Afghanistan Relief Committee has been sending medical aid, food and support for schools to villagers *inside* Afghanistan. But we can't do it alone. Please don't turn the page until you've opened your heart.

Afghanistan Relief Committee
Room 4100, 345 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10154

☐ I want to help. Enclosed find my tax-deductible contribution.

☐ I'd like more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____
AS3

AFGHANISTAN RELIEF COMMITTEE INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

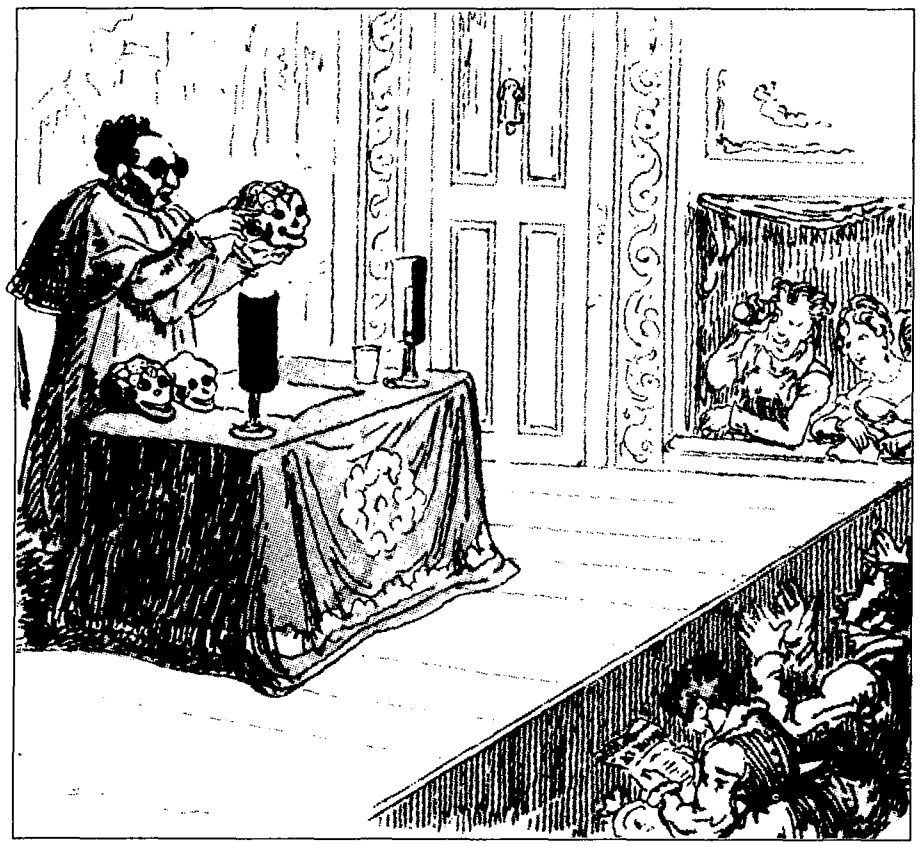
•Nineteen-eighty-eight arrived one second late, for the Earth's rotation has slowed, a fact that our Liberal friends have been lamenting since the election of 1980. A day now lasts twenty-four hours and 0.001 seconds, and the Liberal brethren have almost no prospects of speeding things up with a New Frontier or a New Deal or a New Politics. The Great Slowdown of the 1980s has been a disaster for progressives not only here but also in London, where on January 3 Mrs. Margaret Thatcher became Britain's longest-serving Prime Minister of the twentieth century. Worse still, though the race for the presidential nomination is on in earnest, the Democrats have yet to field a candidate who is even a human being except possibly for Senator Albert Gore, whose youth makes it difficult to tell. As for the rest of the Democrats, *The American Spectator* has submitted all relevant data on them, including organic samples, to a panel of eminent scientists, all of whom agree that the candidates are not human. Not even psychotics act like them. Either they are robots designed by political activists at the Harvard Law School or they are actual members of that faculty in disguise. Whatever the case, not one has a chance of becoming President. The Earth's rotation is going to continue to slow.

•In January both Democratic frontrunners found themselves forced to step adroitly around unpleasant cowpatties dropped in their paths. The Rev. Jackson was revealed as a common Bidenist by Miss Glenna Cilento, who notified the *News-Gazette* of Champaign, Illinois that when the Rev. Jackson was a physical education student at the University of Illinois three decades yon he Bidenized from a *Time* magazine article. The Hon. Hart was charged with irregularities in campaign financing, and he responded very suspiciously to my charges, aired in a syndicated column, that he wears a wig. When *Parade* magazine asked him if there was any truth to the charge, all Mr. Hart could say was "No." Well, who do you trust: the Hon. Hart or the editor of *The American Spectator*? Now the indefatigable Mr. Richard Grenier reports that he saw a gust of wind strike Mr. Hart in the face as he exited an aeroplane, raising his hairpiece like a magic carpet and revealing a smooth pate going back several inches.

•So dismal have been the Democratic candidates' performances that a representative from the hard-core unemployed announced his intention to seek the Democratic nomination. On January 23 the Hon. George McGovern was interviewed in Washington where he lives in a piano crate, and according to the *Washington Times* McGoo announced he will offer himself to the Democrats' July convention if by then there has emerged no mesmerizer capable of enrapturing the party's assorted dolts and fanatics. In the Republican race the Hon. Harold Stassen is again available.

•In Los Angeles, California, Mr. Bob Barker announced that owing to the Miss Universe pageant's vile policy of giving fur coats to pageant winners he cannot in good conscience be the pageant's master of ceremonies. Mr. Barker is an animal rights adept. In Riverside, California, authorities continue to investigate that decapitation of 83-year-old Mrs. Dora Kent at the world-renowned Alcor Life Extension Foundation. Mrs. Kent's son, Mr. Saul Kent, recognizing how his mother suffered with arthritis, paid Alcor's professionals $35,000 to remove the head from her infirm body at the instant of death, keep it in a frozen state until an acceptably robust female body could be found, perhaps at the Miss Universe pageant, and unite Mrs. Kent's frozen head with her new body. Now authorities suspect the Alcor decapitators may have acted precipitously, and their meddling is giving the entire Life Extension process a bad name. In Morehead City, North Carolina, you can bet that Mr. Harold Fleischman was greatly relieved when neither Gary Hart nor Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder showed up to compete in the Bald Headed Men of America's smoothest head contest. Mr. Fleischman won it by a wide margin.

•Senator Edward M. Kennedy, the Senate Bartender, arranged nocturnal legislation that will separate Mr. Rupert Murdoch from legally gotten communications holdings in Boston and New York and possibly lead to the closing of the *New York Post*, unless Republicans can be roused from their slumbers to preserve one of the few news outlets in the country hospitable to them. From Yugoslavia comes word that Mr. Vera Nonin, a 40-year-old folksinger, has been jailed in Suva Reka for refusing to sing a song glorifying Yugoslavia's late tyrant Josip Broz, or simply Tito as he was known to the world. There was more violence in India, this time between members of a movement seeking to promote the egg-eating habit amongst Hindus and their egg-hating opponents. No deaths were reported, but in Andhra Pradesh dozens of eggs were broken and two chickens were beaten beyond recognition.



•Mr. Jeffrey D. Walker shot himself after abducting two women and assaulting one in a motel in Carefree, Indiana. Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze again promised to withdraw Soviet troops from Afghanistan if suitable arrangements can be made for progressive government to endure in that country. Woodbridge, Virginia witnessed yet another example of American prodigality when a human arm was found next to a fast food restaurant. The Gallup Poll listing the ten most admired men in America included two newcomers, Mr. Mikhail Gorbachev and the glabrous Mr. Gary Hart.

•Among the month's Notable & Quotable was Mr. Jimmy the Greek Snyder, who lost his job as a sports savant at CBS after attributing Negro athletic achievement to nineteenth-century eugenics—one of his rare flights into the higher intellection, but one that the weekend beer-guzzlers who meditate on his commentary would certainly have found stimulating. Also there was Mr. Jonathan Yates, now former legislative director for Congressman Tom McMillen. Last April Mr. McMillen, a former professional basketball player, unwittingly read a bogus report retailing Japanese skullduggery to the United States House of Representatives. Mr. McMillen later claimed that he did not immediately discover his error, and apparently lived for months fearing that the Japanese were up to no good. Mr. Yates sought to assure the media that his boss was no clod and informed a reporter that Mr. McMillen had quickly discovered that the report was phony but promulgated no correction because "we decided to gut it out." Now Mr. Yates, too, has been fired. Mr. McMillen is more comfortable with the image of a clod.

•The Pentagon began a $40 million modernization program to make the B-1B bomber less vulnerable to birds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Bantcho Bantchevsy, the Bulgarian-born singing coach, died as colorfully as he had lived when on January 24, during an intermission of the Metropolitan Opera's performance of *Macbeth*, he leaped eighty feet from the Family Circle balcony into the orchestra. Mr. August T. Baden, founder of the cinnamon-flavored Baden's Hot Toothpicks, died at the age of 93 in Independence, Kansas, where he made his discovery in 1949. The Hot Toothpick was a major American culinary delight for many years, but it lost popularity in recent years with the arrival of the Cuisinart and granola. Finally, in our Nation's Capital a homeless man living in a District shelter, Mr. Stanley Simpson, 31, fatally stabbed his four-year-old and eight-year-old sons. According to a resident of the shelter, "The dude loved those kids. He just couldn't take the pressure. The pressure got him."

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Bed Check

David Brock's article on the press and Nicaragua in the January 1988 *TAS* ("Danny Ortega's American Janissaries") falsely accuses *Newsweek*'s Rod Nordland of "keeping house . . . with a woman reporter for *Barricada*." That is not true. Mr. Nordland does not even live in Managua and never has; nor has he ever had anything other than a professional involvement with either Sandinistas or contras. If you had bothered to call Mr. Nordland, or anyone at *Newsweek* magazine, to check this assertion, you could have saved yourself the embarrassment of publishing such a falsehood.

—Robert Rivard
Chief of Correspondents
Newsweek *magazine*
New York, New York

David Brock replies:

I never wrote that Mr. Nordland was permanently stationed in Nicaragua, merely that on his visits there as a foreign correspondent he has been known to have had a more than professional relationship with a reporter for *Barricada*, the official FSLN daily. This information was given to me by three independent sources, but I have no first-hand knowledge, of course, about Mr. Nordland's after-hours activities. I have checked again with my sources who have reaffirmed the story to me, but only Mr. Nordland and the *Barricada* reporter know for sure. If the assertion is not true, my apologies to Mr. Nordland.

Blowing Smoke

In "Cuomo for President?" (*TAS*, January 1988), William Tucker tells a revealing story about the governor's character. When Cuomo was a student at St. John's Prep, a priest once spotted him with a cigarette. Cuomo denied that he had been caught breaking a rule. The school forbade smoking, not carrying a lighted cigarette—and the priest had not actually seen him taking a puff. "I have shoes on, and yet I'm not walking," he said.

Here's the eerie part: there's an identical story about the young Lyndon Johnson. In *The Path to Power* (p. 158), Robert Caro quotes one of LBJ's college classmates: ". . . Dean Speck came by, and he said: 'Lyndon, you know we don't allow smoking on campus.' 'I'm not smoking, Dean Speck.' 'Well, Lyndon, you've got your pipe in your mouth.' 'Yes Dean Speck, and I've got shoes on my feet, but I'm not walking.' I nearly died laughing . . ."

It's bad enough that Cuomo advocates the disastrous policies of LBJ's Great Society. Even worse, he mimics Johnson's devious personality.

—John J. Pitney, Jr.
Asst. Prof. of Government
Claremont McKenna College
Claremont, California

William Tucker's expose of the Mario Cuomo phenomenon in U.S. politics was welcome but it did not go far enough.

Mario Cuomo's war against utilities started shortly after his election. He arrived at his first governors' conference armed with two experts who explained how utilities could be seized by the state at their assessed value. Of course Mario's attempt to storm the American Winter Palace with America's own rules instead of guns was hooted down by the other governors, who recognized the stealing of people's property when they saw it. Mario hasn't given up. His campaign to swindle LILCO's investors of their property by forcing abandonment of the Shoreham nuclear power plant and a LILCO bankruptcy is plumbing the depths of deception. . . .

Long Island's appetite for electricity has increased by 920 megawatts these past fifteen years. If Mario abandons the Shoreham nuclear power plant, he will have to replace it with a coal burner that consumes 500 tons of coal every hour. If there is one thing Long Islanders agree on, it is that Long Island will smother in the ashes and poisonous sludge resulting from the burning of three-quarters of a million tons of coal every sixty days.

—Herbert Jaffe
Association of Investors in
New York Utilities
Freeport, New York

More on Joan Andrews

In his remarks on Joan Andrews (Correspondence, *TAS*, January 1988), John Novocilsky displays a sense of justice that would delight Torquemada and Hitler. The "violence and terrorism" that Miss Andrews committed was to trespass an abortuary and pull the plug on a suction machine used to expel fetuses, or as fanatics say, kill unborn babies. She added to this heinous offense by refusing on grounds of conscience to promise not to repeat the act. To protect the public from such a dangerous person, the judge sentenced her to five years in solitary confinement in a maximum security prison.

That very day the same judge sentenced two accessories to murder to four years, not to be passed in solitary confinement. Obviously these two "common criminals" got a different kind of justice than Joan Andrews. I leave it to the reader to decide who is the terrorist in this case: Miss Andrews or the sadist who imposed such a sentence upon her.

—Thomas Mullen, Jr., K.M.
Flemington, New Jersey

Mr. John Novocilsky's contemptible attack on Joan Andrews deserves no comment, and I would offer none were his mentality not shared by others more able to do harm. Theirs is only the latest sorry variation on a theme running through all history: the envy and malice of little souls embarrassed by the examples set by the great ones.

—Cecil S. H. Ross
Jackson, Mississippi

Vietnam Honesty

It is my guess that you'll receive a ton of responses to Mark Falcoff's attempt to "be honest about Vietnam" ("Let's Be Honest about Vietnam," *TAS*, December 1987). Everybody's an expert. Allow me to contribute my few ounces.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Falcoff's view (as I understand it) that the cry "No More Vietnams" is rhetorical excess applied with abandon to an array of dissimilar situations, and that those who raise the cry have defective understandings of what happened there. But I don't gather from Mr. Falcoff's essay that he has more than a few "notions" about it either.

Relying on Guenter Lewy, Mr. Falcoff begins with a badly flawed premise: that General Westmoreland "insisted the war be fought along conventional lines he knew from World War II: the war, in effect, became one of attrition . . ." That is a bad rap on two grounds.

First, Westy did not choose the strategy; it was imposed upon him by the Commander-in-Chief. Second, like any experienced commander, Westy would have preferred a strategy that would have isolated the battlefield and permitted him to take the offensive. Denied these options, he and his able staff developed a counterinsurgency plan that, together with significant contributions by Vietnamese forces, so crippled the Viet Cong that the Communists had to deploy regular forces from the North.

General Abrams, contrary to Lewy, made no important changes, other than to preside over the disengagement of American forces and to increase the attention to training of the Vietnamese forces. Tragically, General Abrams also directed the Vietnamese attack into Laos—"LamSon 719"—that failed in its mission and resulted in the destruction of some of the finest battalions in the Vietnamese Army. It was a tactical mistake of grand proportions.

With ample justification, Falcoff applauds Bui Diem's *In the Jaws of History*. Here is a book that illuminates the growth of the independence movement as few others have, and it gives us a penetrating look into the fractious politics that fatally inhibited the leadership of war-torn Vietnam. It is apparent, however, that Mr. Diem was unfamiliar with the security situation that impelled the introduction of American troops in 1965. The situation was critical and worsening. In late 1964 Bien Hoa airbase—just a few miles from Saigon—was mortared. Bombs exploded in Saigon and Tan Son Nhut. In the far north only the cities and the main highway were in government control. Binh Dinh Province—on the north-central coast—was in VC hands and the fighting was heavy and continuous. Two VC regiments converged on Binh Gia hamlet—just east of Saigon—overwhelming the outnumbered defenders. Meanwhile, the North Vietnamese were sending regular regiments into South Vietnam. For Westy, it was either reinforce with Americans or get out. Nevertheless, it was wrong—although

(continued on page 50)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

THE WORST BOOKS OF THE YEAR

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

It is again that time of year when American book publishing is returned to its rightful place at the center of American cultural life. January is the month when rock singers, Hollywood gorgeosities, and the giants of the Manhattan party promenade are whisked into the shadows. For now *The American Spectator* concentrates the nation's esteem on the uniqueness of our *litterateurs*. More bad books are produced in the United States of America than in any other nation on earth, including India and the Soviet Union. In January *The American Spectator* celebrates those that truly stand out as the very worst and confers on them the J. Gordon Coogler Award, an award named after a writer who was not only a ridiculous poet but also a damned fool.

The winners of the J. Gordon Coogler Award for the worst books of 1987 are, in the nonfiction category, *Women and Love: A Cultural Revolution in Progress* by Miss Shere Hite (runner-up: *Curse of the Giant Muffins* by Mr. Michael Kinsley), and in the fiction category, *Forgotten Voices, Unforgettable Dreams*, a collection of essays written by vagrants and edited by Miss Deborah Mashibini of New York City's Coalition for the Homeless (runner-up: *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA 1981-1987* by Mr. Bob Woodward). Mr. Woodward came very close to winning in this category. His story was the most preposterous of all those considered, but he was provided with better editors than Miss Mashibini.

One of the tedious features of American cultural life is that wherever the politicized critics dominate they refuse to recognize the work of their adversaries. Hence journals dominated by liberals are very reluctant to review the books of conservatives, and conservatives often practice the same prudery toward those with whom they disagree. At *The American Spectator* we try to overcome political bias not only by reviewing the works of our adversaries but by giving credit where credit is due, even if that means conferring on liberals the coveted Coogler Awards. Last year three conservatives were made Coogler Laureates: President Reagan's daughter Miss Patti Davis, Mr. David Stockman, and a Professor Louis Filler. When Professor Filler won this award it seemed incredible that such a fellow could actually be a professor on an American college campus. I thought, well, perhaps he teaches at a dog training institute; but over the past year I have had occasion to visit several campuses, most recently the University of California at Berkeley, and I can assure you that illiterate professors abound in our country.

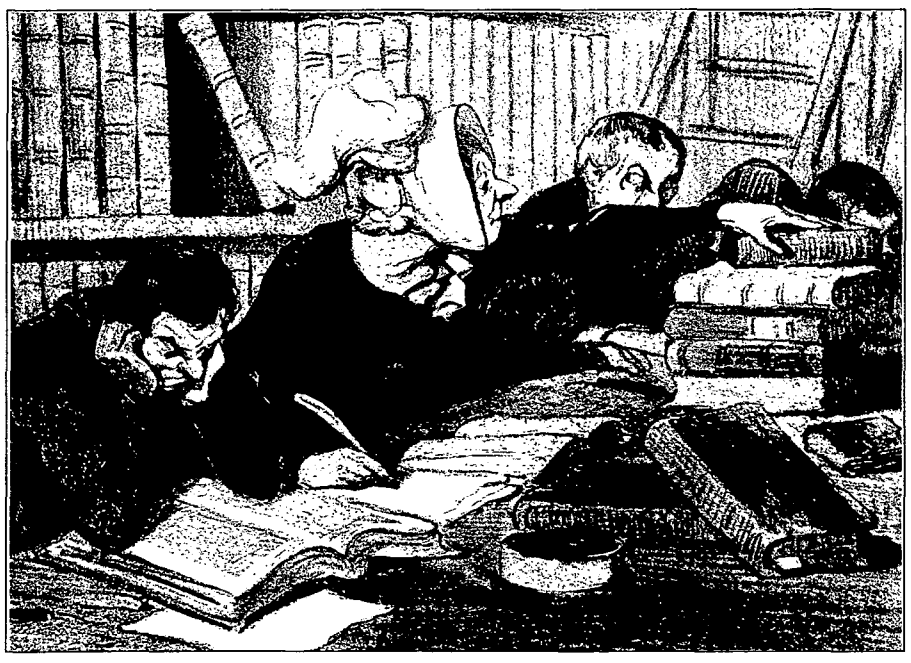
As to the merits of Miss Hite's book *Women and Love*, it has none save that it is 922 pages long. It could have been 923. She is an advocate of political reform, and as with so many humanitarians she writes from what appears to be an infinite well-spring of malice, particularly against men. Her unflattering depiction of American women as sempiternal shrews also suggests malice aforethought toward her own sex, though ignorance is not to be ruled out.

It may not actually be fair to cite Mr. Kinsley as a runner-up to Miss Hite. Neither I nor anyone on my vast research staff has found evidence that Mr. Kinsley's oddly titled book was ever purchased by anyone. Possibly it was only reviewed, though even then not by everyone. From its title one gets the impression Mr. Kinsley aimed the book at the country's hypochondriacs, always a sizable element in his audience along with the perpetually envious. By now our hypochondriacs may have had enough and given up on their morbid apprehensions—and diseased muffins does go a bit far. Readers were wise to avoid the book.

In awarding the Coogler to *Forgotten Voices, Unforgettable Dreams*, the judges found the bad prose of the writers to be less compelling than the bad editing. Had Miss Mashibini been an astute editor she would have realized that she had nothing to publish. Moreover, rather than exploit these poor souls' sadness, she would have served them and society better by assisting them in acquiring useful skills. Her disingenuous editing job merely deludes the weak-minded as to the nature of literary talent and preserves the misery of these unhappy people.

Finally, there is Mr. Woodward's book. Doubtless he will appreciate the publicity. The book has not been a great retail success. Readers are reluctant to buy a book chronicling covert events but offering little evidence. Once again, the free market has a point. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



IDIOTS ON A SEESAW

Watching the political contest between Republicans and Democrats over whether to continue aid to the anti-Communists in Nicaragua known as the contras is like watching grownups playing on a seesaw—though they play for serious stakes. At least the Republicans claim the stakes are serious, namely: American security and the future of democracy in the region. The Democrats are not so sure; many seem to doubt that the Sandinistas now in control of Nicaragua want to spread Communism or terrorism, though there is evidence to the contrary.

Last December the presentation in Washington of a high-ranking Sandinista defector, Major Roger Miranda Bengoechea, sent prospects for continued U.S. support for the contras seesawing upward, for his revelations supported the White House's grim assertions of Sandinista mischief. The contras' prospects soared even higher when no less a Sandinista insider than Sr. Humberto Ortega Saavedra, the Sandinistas' Minister of Defense, corroborated Major Miranda's revelations.

According to Major Miranda, the Sandinistas plan to create a 600,000-man military force equipped by the Soviet Union with flame throwers, gas masks, 252,000 AK-47 assault rifles, and a squadron of MIG-21 fighter jets. Furthermore, the Sandinistas have been supplying weaponry to Communist insurgents in El Salvador, Costa Rica, and Guatemala. And if gossip columnists Liz Smith or Suzy report seeing Sandinista revolutionaries gliding down the slopes this season at plush Swiss ski resorts, take it as gospel—Major Mir-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anda has disclosed that some of his former bosses have squirreled away millions in Swiss banks. Their corruption and the repression of their countrymen are what transformed him into an anti-Sandinista.

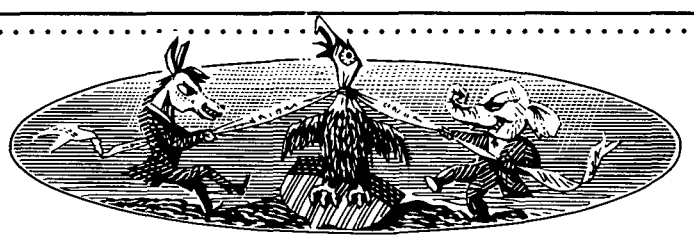
Right now, however, it is the Democratic opponents of contra aid whose prospects have seesawed upward. Sandinista President Daniel Ortega Saavedra has promised to suspend Nicaragua's state of emergency and to begin direct talks with the contras. In fact, he claims the government has already suspended its state of emergency, though on the very day it did so it rounded up leading civilian opponents and interrogated them for hours. Somehow, however, his promises have sent the Republicans' prospects for winning continued contra aid seesawing downward.

But hold! Students of rhetoric will note there is a vast disparity between Major Miranda's revelations that sent contra aid prospects upwards and Sr. Ortega's promises that sent them plummeting. Major Miranda has revealed what is happening in Nicaragua now. Sr. Ortega is talking about what may happen on a far tomorrow. Moreover, before the Sandinistas put their state of emergency into effect some six years ago they were setting up their secret prisons and repressing the opposition with their secret police. State of emergency or no state of emergency, the Sandinistas are not going to allow untrammeled democracy in Nicaragua. Even if they keep their promise to talk with the contras, Sr. Ortega has said they will discuss only the mechanics of a ceasefire. They will not discuss political questions.

What the Sandinistas and those who think kindly of them such as Senator Dodd of Connecticut and Congressman David Obey of Wisconsin are saying is that if the United States cuts military supplies to the contras the Sandinistas will talk with contra representatives about how the contras can best surrender . . . maybe. But in time of war military aid is an army's life support system. The Sandinistas are promising to talk while we cut off the life support system of our friends. In Afghanistan, many thousand miles from our border, those Afghan freedom fighters whose capacity to fight the Soviets has been so mightily improved by our supplies must thank Allah at every prayer session that they have more support in Washington than the contras, less than a thousand miles from our border.

In the 1970s the Soviets and their cronies set up Marxist-Leninist regimes in Africa, Asia, the Caribbean, Central America, and the Middle East. That is clear from a glance at the globe. Assistance to opponents of these regimes by the Reagan Administration has demonstrated that this spread was not inevitable. Continued assistance to the contras is the only way to defend American security and democratic prospects in Central America. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



TRADING FOR DOLLARS

by Tom Bethell

In a more perfect world one would hardly have to think about economics at all; and certainly not about that mysterious entity called The Economy, envisioned by so many economists and journalists as a centrally located piece of hydraulic machinery, powered by a rushing stream of dollars. If the soundest principles of political economy—the security of property, freedom of contract, the rule of law—were not merely constitutionally enshrined but respected by politicians, we would have little more occasion to think about economics in the abstract than we do to think about the law of gravity as we make our daily rounds. The complete reliability of this law of nature permits all of us, including Olympic high jumpers, to remain securely and confidently ignorant of its details.

In an unsettled world of time-space warps, earthquakes, and Black Holes, by contrast, we would all have to calculate very carefully before undertaking the simplest task. And that is more closely analogous to the real economic world that we find ourselves in: a world of somewhat insecure property of uncertain contract, and persistent, unsettling efforts to replace the rule of law by privilege (affirmative action), entitlement, and force.

There has of course been some improvement under President Reagan, whose Administration will no doubt be remembered as a time when the economic terrain became more predictable, the earthquakes less frequent. In the 1970s the great problem was that inflation, combined with the "progressive" tax code, had resulted in a non-legislated confiscation of income from the people who go off to work every day; at the same time dumping unforeseen revenues into the laps of the income distributors in Washington. President Reagan understood that tax rates had to be cut to offset this injustice; that reform, once achieved, was sufficiently important to restore a measure of economic tranquility. The economic recovery has now lasted for five uninterrupted years.

But those who are hostile to the rule of law have remained alertly on the lookout for any opportunity to undermine "Reaganomics" (the word reappeared in the press after the October stock market crash), and they finally achieved a measure of success by repeatedly publicizing scare stories about the "trade deficit." All depended on their finding allies within the Administration who could be persuaded that the trade deficit was indeed dangerous, and that something should be done about it; thereby resembling doctors who agree to administer unwise remedies to a patient with an imaginary illness. The stock market, I believe, reacted very unfavorably to the unmistakable signs that dangerous remedies to non-existent maladies were at hand: in particular to Secretary of the Treasury James Baker's remark, just before the crash, that if the West Germans didn't get their interest rates down, then perhaps the dollar would have to drop still further. ("Baker reiterated that the U.S. may let the dollar fall unless Bonn eases credit"—*Wall Street Journal*, page 1, October 19, 1987.) Milton Friedman of the Hoover Institution said he worries that Baker, unlike his predecessor Donald Regan, "can't keep his hands off the dials," and that the results "have been a disaster."

In January, President Reagan said in Cleveland that in truth the trade deficit was a sign of economic strength. In this he was correct. But he was not correct, I believe, when he expressed doubt in the same speech that "anything outside Wall Street and the markets had anything to do with" the crash. The theory that the stock market drop was caused by the stock market leaves something to be desired—an external agent. And one is readily at hand. Foreigners are discouraged from investing their money in a country whose currency is believed by its government officials to be in need of devaluation.

Let us consider the merchandise trade deficit as simply as possible. A moment's reflection will show that if one country (America) is importing goods from another country (Japan), there is a voluntary exchange of goods for pieces of paper, and if either country is to be considered better off as a result, common sense would suggest it is the country gaining goods. Of course the truth is that both countries are improving their position: evidently the Japanese *prefer* to accumulate pieces of paper (because they are doing so voluntarily). One country (in "deficit") accumulates goods, cars, television sets, computers, and so on; the other accumulates pieces of paper. (It is "in surplus.") Which of the two is prospering? Both are, provided the individual transactions which make up the trade aggregates are entered into voluntarily, as is the case in trade between Japan and the United States.

Let us assume that I purchase a Japanese videocassette recorder for $300. In consequence $300 are sent to Japan. But dollars are not legal tender in that country, and so they are sent back across the ocean, in exchange for another piece of paper in the U.S. called

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a U.S. Treasury bond. This is a promise to restore $300 to the Japanese VCR-maker at some point in the future; in the interim he will also receive interest payments, in compensation for his willingness to be repaid later rather than immediately for his labors.

What, at this point, is the "balance of trade"? I have my VCR and it is working very nicely. My $300 has been returned to the U.S. Treasury. What does the Japanese VCR manufacturer have? Showing great patience and confidence in the American system, he is the proud bearer of a piece of paper which entitles him to interest payments and an ultimate restoration of his $300. (But remember, when he cashes it in he will be at the mercy of the exchange rate.)

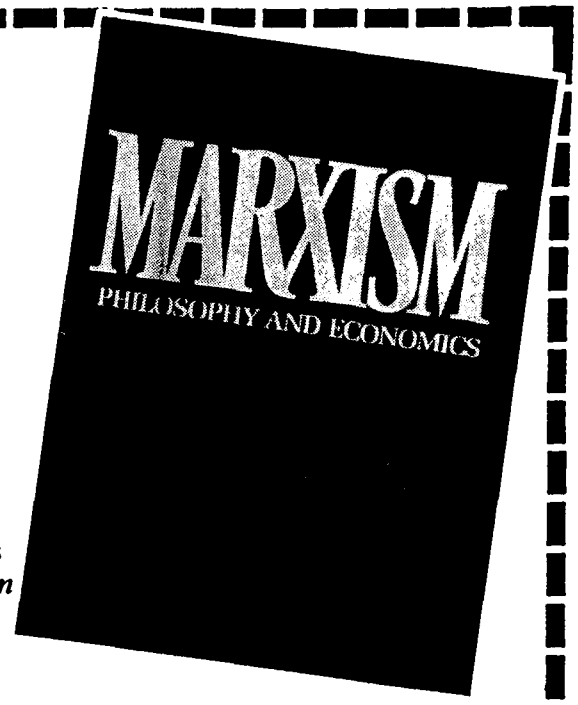
"We are talking about Americans freely choosing to exchange promises for current goods," said Alan Reynolds of Polyconomics, "and about foreigners who are willing to take those promises in exchange for their goods." Milton Friedman, who agreed with Reagan's Cleveland comment that the trade deficit was a sign of strength, added that distinctions must be made between the debt of different countries. Some, such as Mexico and various Latin American nations, borrow funds "to live high on the hog." The money is used to subsidize home consumption. In other countries, such as the U.S., *individual* investments are made and debts incurred. "At the margin," Friedman said, "foreign funds are adding to investments here." Claims that the U.S. is becoming a debtor nation are "utter nonsense," he said.

Nonetheless, we are badgered in the public prints and on the publicly subsidized airwaves by figures such as former Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson, who bear the grim tidings that the balance of trade is unfavorable to the U.S., because we have become a "net debtor" to the Japanese.

In the above VCR situation that I described, we are *of course* the debtor because the Japanese manufacturer has voluntarily postponed receipt of the repayment that was due to him for making the VCR. It is greatly to our *credit* that he feels sufficient confidence in the United States to accept a promise to be repaid in the future. What we have here is a spurious system of accounting which records as a national debit the foreigner's claim to receive interest payments, but fails to record as a national credit the initial transfer of capital that gave rise to that debit. Instead of focusing on this key point, the unintelligent economist can see nothing but the interest payments, worrying groundlessly that the U.S. has become a "debtor nation." If such economists were willing to assert in all cases, domestic and foreign, national and international, that debt was perilous to borrowers because it necessitates interest payments, they would at least be consistent. But in point of fact they do not, leading to the suspicion, as Alvin Rabushka of the Hoover Institution notes, that nothing more than chauvinism is at work here, masquerading as economic analysis. "It's strange," he said, "that economists worry about national accounts being in balance, when economics itself rests on the principle that individuals are the best judge of their own interests."

Those who think that something should be done about the trade deficit seem to envision the economy as a structure held up by props, many of which are in the hands of foreigners. At any moment they may "demand repayment" of their investments, i.e., pull out the props. They believe that the bad news about good news is that the good news may one day stop. (Compare, by contrast, the hydraulic, or Keynesian, model, in which money is envisioned as circulating through pipes, thereby "driving" the economy, but when there is a trade deficit some money seeps out of the pipes and to that extent reduces GNP; to the extent they believe

Shattering the Myths of Marxism



With fully three-fourths of the world enmeshed in the Marxist mythos, no American can afford *not* to understand its underlying ideology. Thomas Sowell, who has seen the issue from both sides (first as adherent, and later opponent) makes *Marxism* a fascinating, sometimes frightening study. Lively, lucid and enlightening, *Marxism* will acquaint readers with the facts, and offer fresh insights into their history and application to the present.

- Detailed, point-by-point analysis of Marx as economist, philosopher, historian, prognosticator, revolutionary...and man.
- How Marxists speak boldly "in the name of the workers without their consent [but] in defiance of their contrary views and actions."
- Why even Marx himself would disagree with the claims of "good intentions" made by his disciples.
- Why Marx's actual contributions to economic theory amount to "virtually zero."
- Marx's historical and economic predictions—why he made them; why they failed.
- Why "Marxism was—and remains—a mighty instrument for the acquisition and maintenance of political power."
- Risk and incentive as spurs to economic development—the issues Marx conveniently ignored.
- The "historical justification" theory, and its bloody—and inevitable—aftermath.
- The contradictions—and perversions—of Marxist theory made by Lenin, Stalin, and others.
- Marx's youth as a "spoiled rich kid"—and its enduring legacy throughout his life and writings.

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK $6.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-238-2200 ext. 500

Book #TS4120

Charge your Visa or MasterCard Continental U.S. ★ 24 hours a day ★ 7 days a week

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are dissatisfied with this book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.

Book #TS4120

☐ Please send me _____ copies of Thomas Sowell's *MARXISM: Philosophy and Economics* for only $6.95 each plus $1.00 postage and handling, or $2.00 UPS ($2.00 for foreign orders). *NY State residents add appropriate sales tax.*

☐ Send me your FREE 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $_____.

☐ Please bill my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Send your order to:

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS,
Dept. AAZR 532 Broadway,
New York, NY 10012

Card No._____
Exp. Date _____
Signature _____
Name (Print) _____
Street _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this, Keynesians are also mercantilists.)

The great irony is that the one thing that really would (and I believe did, on October 19, 1987) provoke foreigners into making hasty and precipitous demands for instant repayment is the very remedy that the trade-deficit worriers seek to impose: namely, further decline in the value of the dollar. And this is precisely why such monkeying about with the dollar is so dangerous—because we now live in a world economy in which many dollars are held by foreigners who believe (mistakenly believed?) that their dollar-denominated investments were safe.

The "remedy" of a lower dollar is advocated by deficit-worriers because this would make imports to the U.S. more expensive, hence less inviting to consumers, who would then (in theory) buy fewer goods from abroad. But there is a catch. Turn back once again to our Japanese VCR maker. Let us assume that the VCR I bought cost him 45,000 yen to make, and that the exchange rate was 150 yen to the dollar. This yields him $300 which is what he invested, remember, in a Treasury bond. Now we move into the period of nonsensical alarums about trade deficits and cries that the dollar should sink still further. Currency speculators, believing that this indeed may be the will of the Administration and that such a dollar decline will therefore come to pass, proceed to bid the value of the dollar down and the yen up. That is, more people want to sell dollars than buy them; the exchange rate sinks until each seller has found a buyer.

Now let us assume that the exchange rate has reached 125 yen per dollar (which is about where it is as I write). Our VCR maker in Japan now has a $300 bond which, at the new exchange rate, is worth only 37,500 yen. In cashing in his bond, then, and in changing the proceeds back into Japanese money, he finds that he has lost 7500 yen, or one-sixth of what he expected when he bought the bond.

So, what do you think foreign holders of U.S. stocks and bonds do when they get the message from U.S. government officials that maybe the dollar will have to sink a little bit further if we are to eliminate that big bad trade deficit? They try to get out as fast as they can, that is what they do, and get back into their "home" currencies, before their misguided investments in the U.S. dwindle away any further. And that undoubtedly is what happened in October.

It is a perilous thing when government officials in a country as important to the world trading system as the U.S. so much as contemplate the manipulation of the dollar's value. A declining dollar not only imposes a non-legislated tariff on all incoming goods (and these incoming goods are *needed* to help make more goods here), it also rewrites the terms of all existing contractual agreements between Americans and their foreign trading partners, because the units of account no longer mean what they did when the contracts were written. Moreover, all plans for future investments abroad are rendered uncertain when the dollar's future value is uncertain. I do not believe it is correct, as Ed Crane of the Cato Institute told me, that currency futures markets can come to the rescue here. These markets only extend one year into the future (for the yen no further out than September 1988, in today's *Wall Street Journal*), whereas investments often take far longer to pay off; moreover such markets are really only available to companies large enough to afford finance departments.

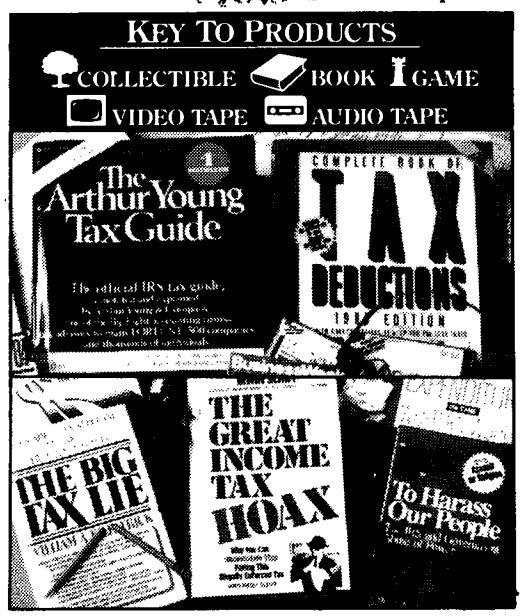
Should not the market determine the value of the dollar, then? If we had legally competing currencies, yes. As it is, the U.S. government monopolizes legal tender in the U.S., and that is why markets (currency traders) don't know what is coming next. Their aggregated guesses continually create new and unpredictable currency values, and none of us has any *terra firma* to stand on. □

Cut Your Taxes Now!

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-345-2888

Credit card orders only. Call anytime

Ask for a LibertyTree operator.



QUANTITY

☐ **THE GREAT INCOME TAX HOAX** *by Irwin and Peter Schiff*
This staggering book uncovers the federal government's illegal confiscation of income and other property without statutory authority. Here's how you can protect yourself from illegal actions by the IRS.
#9023 563 pages, hardcover, **$17.95**

☐ **THE BIG TAX LIE** *by William A. Kilpatrick*
Is the federal tax system destroying America? The winner of the landmark case against the IRS reveals how to end the true burden of crippling, hidden taxation. *"Remarkable and great."*–Cong. Guy Vander Jagt.
#9048 344 pp., hardcover, **$17.95**

☐ **YOU *CAN* PROTECT YOURSELF FROM THE IRS (rev. ed.)** *by Sandor Frankel, J.D., and Robert S. Fink, J.D.*
The most helpful, up-to-date, and authoritative book on protecting yourself from the investigative and legal techniques of the IRS, while keeping your taxes to a minimum.
#9049 330 pp., paperback, **$9.95**

☐ **COMPLETE BOOK OF TAX DEDUCTIONS** *by Robert S. Holzman, Ph.D.*
This indispensable, clearly written book includes 4,147 legal deductions to help you pay less taxes. Citing all the IRS rulings for each deduction, this book shows you how to document your deductions.
#9030 336 pp., paperback, **$8.95**

☐ **GUERILLA CAPITALISM: How to Practice Free Enterprise in an Unfree Economy,** *by Adam Cash*
Here's a step-by-step guide to business "off the books." Highly controversial.
#4061 172 pages, paperback, **$9.95**

QUANTITY

☐ **PRICE WATERHOUSE GUIDE TO THE NEW TAX LAW**
This runaway bestseller details how to reap tax-savings and create a winning tax plan for the future.
#9027 258 pp., paperback, **$5.95**

☐ **THE ARTHUR YOUNG TAX GUIDE,** *ed. by Peter W. Bernstein*
Featuring hundreds of ways to reduce your taxes, this tax kit comes complete with forms and step-by-step instructions. *"The taxpayer's bible."–PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS*
#9044 644 pp., paperback, **$10.95**

QUANTITY

☐ **TO HARASS OUR PEOPLE: The IRS and Government Abuse of Power** *by Cong. George Hansen*
A chilling expose of IRS armed searches, "hit lists," snooping, harassment, entrapment, and other horrors, and what we can do to fight back.
#9025 222 pp., paperback, **$7.95**

☐ **J.K. LASSER'S HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE NEW TAX LAWS**
This indispensable book details the new tax rules applying to: investments, savings, earnings, personal and business taxes, retirement plans, estates, tax shelters, and oversees earnings.
#9028 208 pp., paperback, **$6.95**
#9029 50 minutes, 1 cassette, **$9.95**

☐ **HOW TO AVOID A TAX AUDIT OF YOUR RETURN** *(rev. ed.), by J.K. Lasser Institute*
The step-by-step procedures which reduce your chances of being audited, together with a detailed guide to preparing, defending, and winning your case if you are audited.
#9037 185 pages, paperback, **$6.95**

☐ **JOB OPPORTUNITIES IN THE BLACK MARKET** *by Burgess Laughlin*
The classic bestseller on underground employment. Highly controversial, covers every aspect.
#4060 144 pp., paperback, **$8.95**

☐ **STICK THE IRS**
In this exciting board game, players compete to pay the least taxes through the use of CPAs, tax shelters, and other means, while avoiding audits lurking with every roll of the dice.
#9040 boxed **$14.95**

LibertyTree Network

☐ Please rush me your free catalog of books, audio tapes, video tapes, games, and collectibles.

Method of Payment (Add $5.00 shipping/$7.00 outside US) :
(Calif. residents please add appropriate sales tax: 6-7½%)

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Am. Express

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____

MAIL TO: LibertyTree Network 6600 Silacci Way, Dept. A11, Gilroy, CA 95020

FREE TOTE BAG With Your Order of $50, plus FREE POSTAGE & HANDLING With Your Order of $100!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fleur de Villiers

THE SCANDAL OF SANCTIONS

Progressive America brings new misery to the black workers of South Africa.

In the fall of 1986, fueled by moral outrage and high moral purpose, the United States Congress set out to punish South Africa and express solidarity with its black oppressed masses. Its chosen instrument was the imposition of sanctions that would excommunicate South Africa from the world's economy until the apartheid state was brought to its senses, if not to its knees.

Those who wielded bell, book, and candle blithely ignored the fact that sanctions without the threat of direct military intervention have had a dismal record in the conduct of international affairs. Indeed, the question of whether or not sanctions would achieve the abolition of apartheid and the transfer of power to the black majority was, one suspects, always secondary. The main aim was not to liberate South African blacks, but to free the U.S. Congress from the frustration of doing nothing.

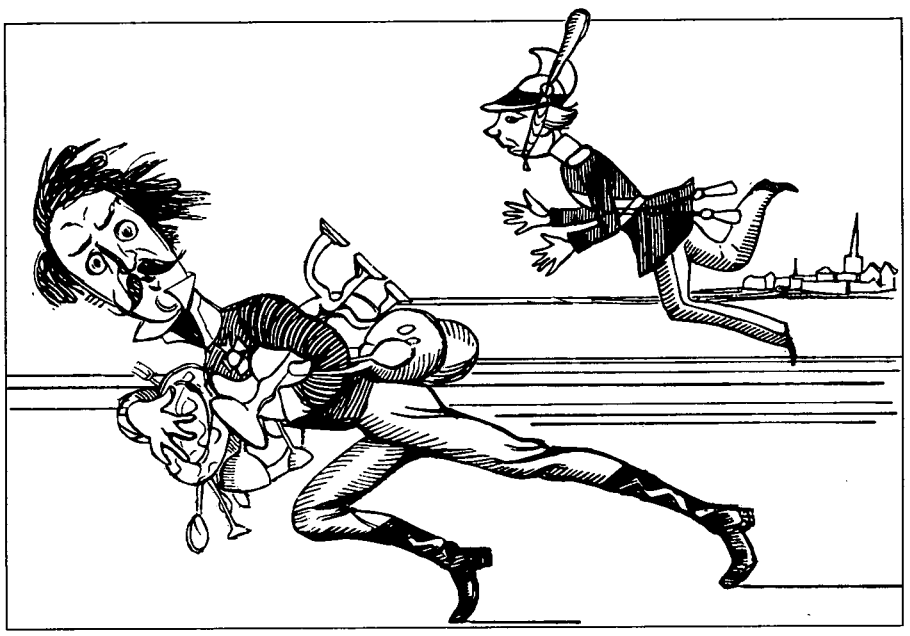
Moral outrage and an instinct for meddling in areas that few politicians visit and even fewer understand are American qualities the rest of the world has come to dread. There are few spectacles on earth more alarming than American legislators in search of a quick fix of other people's problems. But if this addiction has too frequently made United States foreign policy the diligent pursuit of folly, seldom has it been more diligently or more blatantly pursued than by those who believed that the only way to bring South Africa into the family of civilized nations was to remove all traces of American influence.

Now, eighteen months since the passage of the Comprehensive Anti-Apartheid Act, the full extent of that folly should be apparent to all—except those congressmen and senators who, having saddled the sanctions horse, are determined to ride it all the way to this year's elections. But before one examines their failure to win anything, except possibly the approval of Jesse Jackson, it is important to reflect on just what they thought they would achieve in the heady days of October 1986 when Congress overrode a White House veto to secure the first humiliating defeat of a hitherto all-conquering President.

It is perhaps not too cynical to suggest that that was part of the attraction. But other motives were confused and contradictory. For some—the high-minded rather than the ruthless—excommunication was the only way to convince Pretoria of the error of its ways; white South Africans would feel the pinch and, putting wealth above racism, would force their government to change, thus effectively preventing the expected bloodbath. For others revolution was the solution, not the problem. Sanctions, they calculated, would so impoverish black South Africa that, with nothing left to lose, it would rise up against its fatally weakened white oppressors and thus usher in the Utopia where all men were equal in poverty and which would no longer make any claim on America's conscience (only on its purse). Those who felt a little queasy about inflicting further penury and deprivation on South Africa's black citizens were silenced with the answer that this is what South Africa's black leaders themselves demanded.

In any case, it was suggested, sanctions would be felt more keenly by wealthy whites than by blacks who had little enough anyway—a proposition that ignores the integration of the South African economy and the simple fact that if you take food away from a fat man he will suffer, but if you take it away from a thin man he dies.

Above and beyond all these considerations was the conviction that a successful transfer of power to the black majority was inevitable, if not imminent, and that it was important for America's long-term interests in a resource-rich region to "get on the right side of history"; failure to do so would hand the area over to Moscow and its surrogates. That belief was shared not merely by sanctioneers in Congress—Senators Kennedy, Simon, Lugar, and Cranston and Congressmen Wolpe, Solarz, Gray, Rangel, and Leland—but by state and municipal governments across the United States which, through boycott and threat of boycott, have at the latest count sent 170 American companies in South Africa stampeding for the exit.



But just how effective has the whole sanctions package been—disinvestment included? How have the promises survived more than a year of practice?

The first answer was not long in coming. President Botha cashed in quickly, using this unexpected American bonus to call and win an election in early May, calculating correctly that external threat would induce the white electorate to rally round the flag. In a country in which history has bred a strong strand of isolationism, he could hardly go wrong. But South Africa is not unique. Other histories have—or should have—instructed us that a people who believe their security is threatened will put that security above material considerations.

Botha, however, miscalculated in one important respect. His own attempts at reform—however despised by the rest of the world—had weakened his image among his more conservative followers. If South Africa was under threat they wanted an even stronger man. The result was substantial gains by the far right-wing parties and the unseating of the liberal Progressive Federal Party (PFP) as the official opposition. Botha got the message, even if Congress did not. Far from making white South Africa more conciliatory, sanctions had merely fueled its intransigence.

Senators Simon and Lugar and Co. tried hard to conceal their dismay. The rise of the independent movement, the emergence of a few dissident nationalists on the left, and the over-sold meeting between some sixty white South Africans and the ANC leadership in Dakar proved, they claimed, that sanctions were working, albeit a bit more slowly than they had hoped.

Fleur de Villiers, a former associate editor of the Johannesburg Sunday Times, *is a visiting fellow at the International Institute for Strategic Studies, London.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was futile to point out that liberal Afrikaner disgruntlement had been growing since the 1970s; but attempts to use the dissidents as proof that sanctions were effective were the surest way to send most of them scurrying for cover—which they have. Meanwhile reform has ground to a halt, the far-right has grown in strength, and the only truly liberal voice in South African politics—the PFP—has been fatally weakened. It is a proud record for those who believed, or said they believed, that sanctions could change stubborn hearts and closed minds.

But surely all is not lost. Increased polarization of South Africa's fractured communities should at least please those who believed sanctions would hasten the revolution. The belief—fostered by savants of the left on Western campuses and played back to South Africa's embattled townships—that the battle was all but won was enough to persuade some, but by no means all, black South Africans to accept temporary deprivation to secure the final victory.

Today, they, the ANC, and even Moscow accept that this calculation was at least a few decades out. President Botha is not about to hand over the keys to the castle. Years of sacrifice for an uncertain goal may not disturb congressmen and senators, but they are not at the sharp end; those black radicals beginning to make a painful and sobering cost-benefit analysis, are. One painful discovery is that South Africa's whites, however politically uncertain they may feel, may have also been substantially enriched by measures that set out to impoverish them.

It does not require too much insight to discover why. As liberal South African businessman Tony Bloom commented recently: "South African companies have been able to acquire technology, management skills, brand names and market share that would have taken years to build." Of the nearly 170 U.S. companies that have quit South Africa in the last few years, more than half have sold out—at firesale prices—to South African companies or local managements, thus creating some 100 new instant millionaires, all of them white.

This unintended consequence predictably enraged anti-apartheid lobbyists who would have preferred a scorched-earth policy that would have turned thousands of black South Africans out of their jobs. A few departing U.S. multinationals have done just that, inducing profound second thoughts about the strategy among some of South Africa's black leaders. Most companies, however, have followed the pattern of General Motors, which sold out to local management which in turn promptly fired 500 black workers, removed itself from the Sullivan code enforcing social responsibility programs and integrationist work practices among American companies, and began selling its products to the South African government.

Indeed, the effect of disinvestment on the Sullivan code—and by extension on the welfare of South Africa's black labor force—has been startling, if predictable. From November 1986 until November 1987 the number of signatories dropped by half, as U.S. companies sold out to South Africans who believed they had no obligation in a depressed economy to set aside a considerable part of their profits on expensive social programs. But the code—which in its heyday made a significant contribution to the welfare of black communities—is not the only victim of the sanctioneers' zeal. Billions of South African government funds, which could be more creatively employed on building hospitals and schools and generally improving the quality of black life, have been spent on oil storage and an expensive home-grown arms industry—both legacies of earlier sanctions.

But isn't this precisely what the sanctioneers wanted? A withering of a diseased and isolated economy until blacks would rise up against the government, if whites didn't do it first. Once again, the practice has defeated the promise. After years of stagnation brought about not by external action but internal mismanagement, the South African economy is beginning to grow again, however slowly. One reason has been the low exchange rate of the South African rand—induced by the flight of American banking capital—which has made South African exports more competitive on world markets. Another has been the swing to import substitution and the growth of a new sanctions-busting industry as businessmen seek to replace lost markets. It should come as no surprise that South Africa's external trade showed a net increase in the past year, with Japan becoming South Africa's top trading partner. Undisturbed by moral considerations, Taiwan, Singapore, and South Korea have also rushed in to fill the vacuum left by the United States while there is no doubt—and a great deal of evidence—that East bloc countries have not allowed their support for the African National Congress to outweigh their need for hard currency. So much for sanctions securing American influence in a post-apartheid society.

Moral outrage and an instinct for meddling in areas that few politicians visit and even fewer understand are American qualities the rest of the world has come to dread.

Thus far, then, the only losers in the sanctions game have been black South Africans themselves. Figures on the number of job losses as a result of sanctions and disinvestment are imprecise at best. What is known is that in four sectors of the South African economy alone, a quarter of a million South Africans have lost their jobs in the last three years through sanctions and economic recession. Of the 600,000 who enter the labor market each year few, if any, will gain full-time employment. As each wage earner supports approximately six dependents, the scope and scale of the suffering is immense.

And again, isn't this what black South Africans themselves have demanded? The answer is no. In one opinion survey after another, irrespective of who has framed the question, the response has remained constant: only 25 percent are in favor of sanctions and disinvestment if this means that they will suffer personal hardship. These results were reflected again in a recent German poll that went over the heads of the radical National Union of Mineworkers to put the question directly to workers in South Africa's coal industry. The discrepancy between the opinion of the union executive and its members is not difficult to explain. The NUM leadership, like that of other radical black unions in South Africa, believes that capitalism is the ultimate enemy of the socialist state it seeks to install and is willing to sacrifice its membership to destroy it.

Other unions, however, have proved a little more willing to temper their ideology in the interests of their members. In a case that should be familiar in the United States—courtesy of Congressmen Wolpe and Gray—Ford Motor Company engineered an unusually graceful pull-out from South Africa after threatened boycotts of its products by U.S. state and city governments had made the choice inevitable.

Faced with the option of sacrificing 4,500 jobs with the close-down of Ford's South African plant, or modifying its stance on capitalism, the National Union of Metal Workers of South Africa agreed to a deal whereby 18 percent of Ford's 42-percent South African holding went to Ford's partner, the Anglo American Corporation, and the remaining 24 percent went to the workers themselves in a unique share offer, the dividends of which would be plowed into black community welfare projects. Moreover, for the first time in history black workers will join management on the board of a South African company. To keep its former plant open, however, Ford agreed to transfer $64 million to discharge the company's debts.

It was then that Mr. Gray and Mr. Wolpe woke up and, studiously ignoring the wishes of the very unions they have so assiduously cultivated in the past, tried to block the transfer under the sanctions ban on new investment in South Africa.

Their efforts, however, pale into insignificance beside the work of Congressman Charles Rangel who, while the Administration slept, quietly slipped the most savage sanction yet into the Budget Reconciliation Act, imposing double taxation on the 100 or so U.S. companies still operating in South Africa. Faced with a bill of $57 million most, if not all, will eventually decide to pack up and go home.

It was indeed a savage sanction, but savage for whom? Not for South African business, to whom Rep. Rangel gave the best present in years: a golden opportunity to snap up another rich harvest of American bargains at give-away prices. But it was a gloomy Christmas for thousands of black workers whose jobs will be imperiled, and it offers an even more dismal prospect for those South Africans who cling to the belief that American influence is a force for good. Influence entails presence and there will, through Rangel's cunning contrivance, shortly be no American presence in South Africa.

Of course, the congressman and his fellow believers are not and never have been interested in influencing events in South Africa. Their overriding interest is influencing the American voter, who has been convinced, largely through their efforts as transmitted by an applauding press, that opposition to sanctions is analogous to racism.

There are those who would argue that it is racist to take from the black and poor and give to the rich and white; that it is racist to ignore the wishes of black workers; that it is racist to deprive black men of their jobs and condemn their families to penury, to strengthen South Africa's white rulers in their intransigence, and to deprive the United States of any means to persuade them otherwise.

But the people who might begin to say such things are poor and far away. And they do not vote in the United States. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carnes Lord

THE INF HARD-SELL

Here we go again.

After nearly a decade of abstinence, the American political system has once again dined on the red meat of arms control. The treaty on intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) signed at the Washington summit is a large mouthful indeed. Its hundreds of pages of fine print make baffling reading even for initiates; it is certain to attract intense scrutiny as a source of gain or peril for Republican presidential hopefuls; and it has opened a wider debate on the future of the NATO alliance with potentially enormous complications for U.S. foreign and national security policy in the coming years. The question is whether this morsel—which may well constitute only an appetizer before the main course of strategic offensive and defensive reductions expected later this year—will sit as well with the body politic as many seem to assume, or will afflict us with the gas pains so vocally experienced by former NATO commander Gen. Bernard Rogers.

The pro-treaty arguments are by now familiar, since all of them long pre-date the actual appearance of a treaty text and associated documents at the summit. According to its defenders, the treaty eliminates an "entire class" of nuclear missiles (those with a range between 500 and 5500 kilometers), does so with considerable advantage to the United States in number of missiles and warheads destroyed, includes the "tightest verification procedures in history," and opens the way for a comprehensive agreement on strategic offensive and defensive weaponry.

Will these arguments sustain the treaty through to ratification? Few are now willing to predict outright defeat for the treaty in the Senate. Yet there are already signs that the treaty's manifold deficiencies will guarantee at a minimum deep embarrassment for the Administration, and very likely a series of congressional amendments, reservations, and declarations that will cast doubt on the treaty's fundamental value and severely diminish its political worth to present or future occupants of the White House.

Is it a good thing to eliminate an "entire class" of nuclear weapons? The answer plainly is: it all depends. Particular classes of nuclear weapons presumably serve particular purposes. The U.S. INF systems (Pershing II ballistic missiles and ground-launched cruise missiles [GLCMs]) were intended to make up for the weakness of NATO's conventional forces and to improve linkage of nuclear forces in the European theater with the American strategic deterrent. The Administration has yet to explain why it is beneficial to do away with a class of weapons perceived by many Europeans as a critical element of their security. It will not do merely to argue that the missions of the Pershings and GLCMs can be taken over by other nuclear or nuclear-capable theater forces, since such a step would obviously not be cost-free for the alliance. (Abandonment of the Pershings in particular requires NATO to give up unique capabilities for prompt assured attack against vital military targets—such as communications and command facilities—within the Soviet Union.) Confidence in the Administration's grasp of these issues is not strengthened by the apparent absence of any clear plan for strengthening NATO's shorter-range nuclear missile force or its conventional capabilities. Understandably, the INF treaty has aroused deep apprehensions in Europe, whatever European leaders feel compelled to say in public about it. The treaty's primary effect there has been to reinforce anti-nuclear sentiment and to raise widespread doubt about the seriousness of the American commitment to Europe. For what?

It needs to be further asked whether the term "class" has the same meaning when applied to American and to Soviet INF systems. The fact of the matter is that the Soviets have never recognized a distinction between theater ballistic missiles and missiles of intercontinental range: in Soviet eyes, both are "strategic." American INF systems do indeed represent a unique capability—that of striking deep in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union from sites in Western Europe. But Soviet theater and intercontinental systems (ICBMs) are generically similar, and the latter can easily substitute for the former. For years, Soviet SS-11 and SS-19 ICBMs are believed to have been targeted against Western Europe. The Soviet SS-20 intermediate range ballistic missile (IRBM) is identical to the first two stages of the obsolescent SS-16 ICBM, and apparently very similar to one or more stages of the new SS-25 ICBM. In the absence of a treaty constraining ICBMs, it is not clear that an INF treaty imposes any meaningful limitation on the overall Soviet threat to Europe. If an INF treaty is to stand alone, then, it must somehow be argued that the elimination of nuclear weapons is good in itself. But this is very far from self-evident.

Probably the most solid argument on behalf of the treaty is that it requires the actual destruction of missile hardware in a proportion that heavily favors NATO. Even here, however, the fine print tells an awkward story. Contrary to what is said or implied by

Carnes Lord is director of international studies at the National Institute for Public Policy in Fairfax, Virginia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many treaty supporters, the treaty does not require the destruction of actual nuclear *weapons*, as distinct from the launch vehicles and support equipment needed to deliver them. Given current and foreseeable shortages in so-called special nuclear materials (bomb-grade plutonium and uranium) in the United States, this may well be a net benefit for our side. But it tarnishes the treaty's political luster. It will be difficult to counter the contention that there is nothing to prevent the Soviets from recycling INF warheads into new strategic nuclear systems with identical capabilities.

Many treaty supporters—including many on the left who are interested in minimizing the political bonanza the Administration will reap from an INF treaty—have conceded the force of these criticisms, but argue nevertheless that the treaty is desirable as a stepping-stone to a wider agreement limiting ICBMs and other strategic weaponry. This INF-START linkage puts the Administration in a bind. If it accepts the argument that an INF treaty is worthless and even potentially dangerous taken by itself, it will have difficulty insisting on ratification of the agreement with no strings attached prior to concluding a START agreement. On the other hand, relinking START to INF will no doubt cause complications with the West Europeans, who now regard elimination of INF as a political *fait accompli*, and will seriously constrict the Administration's freedom of maneuver and bargaining leverage in START negotiations with the Soviets.

The problem here is that arms control is not something that can be pursued in neatly separable increments. The meaning of any INF agreement cannot really be defined except in the strategic context, just as the meaning of limitations on strategic offensive weapons depends on how one handles strategic defense. Moreover, as the INF debate has made Americans increasingly aware, it makes little sense to attempt to control nuclear arms if conventional weapons are allowed to run free, especially given the overwhelming advantage the Soviets enjoy in the conventional area. Yet reaching agreement on all of these areas of military competition, and doing so with reasonable simultaneity, is a daunting and probably impossible task.

And, last but hardly least, there is the question of verification. Here too, as is now apparent from the treaty text (and the subsequently released memorandum of understanding on treaty-related data), the Administration has dug itself a deep hole. Administration spokesmen will no doubt find it impossible to resist making the most extravagant claims for the verification arrangements of the new treaty, especially given the weakness of the substantive case that can be made on the treaty's behalf. Unfortunately, even a cursory examination of the fine print shows that such claims cannot be sustained. In fact, in its penny wisdom and pound foolishness, the Administration's approach to verification of the INF treaty amounts to little short of a fiasco, and can be expected to encounter a skeptical reception from many segments of the political spectrum.

To begin with what is only the most obvious and intractable problem, the U.S. has little real idea of the total number of missiles possessed by the Soviets in the various categories covered by the treaty. In the case of the SS-20, the Soviets provided American negotiators with several different sets of figures at different times during the final run-up to the summit. The higher figure (about 650) is still some 250 below the estimate of the Defense Intelligence Agency (though it roughly agrees with that of the CIA). While the Soviet total purportedly includes non-deployed SS-20s and other missiles, the U.S. will essentially have no way of verifying the non-deployed figures given our very limited knowledge of Soviet missile production and storage. It hardly increases confidence in U.S. intelligence estimates of such matters that we were apparently unaware that the Soviet SSC-X-4 intermediate range cruise missile was even in production before being notified by the Soviets that some ninety of the missiles were in storage at a facility in Latvia.

Then there is the question of the extensive commonality of the SS-20 and the unconstrained SS-25. This fact, together with the limited access the U.S. will enjoy under the treaty to SS-20 and SS-25 base areas and facilities, virtually ensures that the Soviets could covertly deploy additional SS-20s with little difficulty should they choose to do so. There is evidence that U.S. positions on various inspection provisions of the treaty were unduly compromised in the last few weeks of negotiations. Perhaps the most serious failure in the verification terms of the treaty as currently written is that U.S. access is restricted to declared, as distinct from suspect, SS-20 facilities. But even had the U.S. achieved all it could reasonably have sought by way of on-site inspection arrangements, the treaty would have remained rich in plausible cheating scenarios.

There are several ways the Administration could attempt to climb out of this hole. One is to begin downplaying the on-site inspection aspects of the treaty and to reemphasize the role of technical intelligence in monitoring Soviet INF activities. (This might include a credible program for improving intelligence collection against Soviet targets of opportunity—for example, developing a reserve of satellites capable of rapid launch.) Another (to which the Administration may be driven in spite of itself) is to downplay the significance of verification loopholes on the plea that Soviet treaty behavior will be different under Gorbachev—putting the matter somewhat brutally, to "verify—but trust," as it were. Unfortunately, there is as yet little reason to believe that the spirit of *glasnost* will affect Soviet arms control behavior in any significant way, other than improving the quality of Soviet propaganda on the subject. In particular, Gorbachev has so far taken no meaningful steps to improve Soviet compliance with existing arms control agreements. (Indeed, a new violation of the ABM treaty has evidently occurred on his watch.)

In the absence of a treaty constraining ICBMs, it is not clear that an INF treaty imposes any meaningful limitation on the overall Soviet threat to Europe.

The compliance issue is another on which the Administration is acutely exposed to attack. The White House has shown amazing insensitivity to complaints from its conservative flank in Congress about its inability or unwillingness to take any concrete measures to counter Soviet actions that the President has himself certified to be in violation of existing agreements. It is virtually certain that conservatives will attempt to force the Administration to adopt a compliance policy for both past and prospective treaties as part of the price for their support of INF. Such a policy would likely involve, among other things, a set of pre-agreed military responses to evidence of Soviet violation of the INF limits.

It is premature to predict the intensity of skepticism toward the treaty on Capitol Hill and elsewhere in the coming months, or the shape of the strategy that skeptics will devise. Also not clear is the effect of a serious INF debate in the Administration's timetable for START, though it seems not unlikely that a protracted wrangle over INF could make the START question moot for the remainder of the current Administration. Given the very real uncertainties associated both with the INF agreement and with the broader intentions of the Soviet Union in the era of *glasnost*, a more leisurely digestive period might be a good idea. □

How many undeserved radar tickets were issued last year?

a) 1,012,317
b) 649,119
c) 0
d) No one knows

Unfortunately, the correct answer is d) No one knows. Over 10,000,000 tickets were issued last year. By some estimates, up to 30 percent of them were incorrect.

Traffic authorities like to say that radar is as accurate as a yardstick. And that's the problem. You know how two people can get different answers using the same yardstick. Even if only 1 percent of the tickets issued last year were the result of radar errors, that's still 100,000 undeserved tickets.

Our credentials

Our engineers are radar experts. They had to know every detail about traffic radar before they could design ESCORT and PASSPORT, the most respected names in radar detection and warning. *Road & Track* called us, "The industry leader in detector technology."

The Free Report

Now these engineers have released their new report: "How Radar Works." It explains the capability—and the limits—of radar in plain language. And it's free. Just call us toll-free or mail the coupon.

FREE REPORT ON RADAR

YES, I want to know how radar works, and how it makes me vulnerable. Please send your *free* engineering report right away.

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 97838
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

TOLL FREE 800-543-1608

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bohdan Nahaylo

MOSCOW MANIPULATES THE MILLENNIUM

But the Pope has many divisions.

This year millions of Christians in the Soviet Union are celebrating a jubilee that makes the recent seventieth anniversary of Soviet rule pale by comparison. Having withstood the trials and tribulations of living in the world's first militantly atheistic state, they are proudly observing the thousandth anniversary of the Christianization of the medieval state of Kievan Rus' from which the Ukrainians, Belorussians, and Russians all trace their historical and religious heritage.

For the Kremlin, though, the millennium comes at a curious time. After all, religion has always been viewed by Marxist-Leninist ideology as a reprehensible vestige of the past and the refuge of the uneducated. Nonetheless, under Mikhail Gorbachev, worried as he admits to being about the ideological apathy and cynicism endemic in his country, has come open recognition of the enduring appeal of religion, and authorities are now intimating that a new deal with some religious groups may be in the offing: instead of aiming at the gradual eradication of religion, the emphasis might be switched to coexistence with it.

Needless to say, any such arrangement will have to be on the Kremlin's terms. Thus, while ostensibly distancing itself from the jubilee, the regime has in fact entrusted the compliant leadership of the Russian Orthodox Church—the Moscow Patriarchate—with the organization of the celebrations planned for this summer. For their part, the Russian Orthodox hierarchs have made it clear that they will use every opportunity to extol the "peace-loving" nature of the Gorbachev leadership and its "benign" attitude toward their church. The key objective will be to convince the world that today there is full freedom of religion in the USSR.

This will not be easy. For one, *glasnost* has encouraged activists to draw attention to the many ways religious freedom is curtailed in the Soviet Union and to press for the repeal of repressive religious legislation. Their demands threaten to expose the subservience of officially recognized church leaders who deny there are any such restrictions or any problems generally in church-state relations. Because these dissenters have found allies within the Soviet intelligentsia, it will not be easy to silence them.

The millennium also threatens to exacerbate national tensions between the Russians and their two Slavic neighbors, the Ukrainians and the Belorussians. The Moscow Patriarchate intends to observe the millennium, as Patriarch Pimen has specified, as a celebration of a thousand years of Russia's "historical existence," "statehood," and "culture." With the Ukrainian and Belorussian autocephalous Orthodox churches (and the Ukrainian Catholic Church as well) long since banned in the Soviet Union, no provision has been made to acknowledge the specifically Ukrainian or Belorussian elements of the jubilee. Moscow, not Kiev, is to be the center of official celebrations. The Kremlin has even provided the Russian Orthodox leadership with a new base of operations for the occasion—the restored Danilovsky Monastery in Moscow.

Not surprisingly, both within and outside the Soviet Union there are groups seeking to set the record straight. They point out that the Ukrainians and Belorussians resent the way Russian and Soviet historiography has usurped their historical and cultural patrimonies, creating the false impression that the protonational Kievan Rus' state was simply ancient Russia. In particular, they emphasize that the Muscovite state did not come about until the thirteenth century; that the name Russia (*Rossiya*) was not adopted until the time of Peter the Great; and that Kiev, the center of Kievan Rus', is today the capital of the Ukraine.

What further complicates matters for Moscow is the Vatican's close interest in the millennium and its recognition of the Ukrainians and Belorussians as legitimate parties to the jubilee. Pope John Paul II's strong support for the outlawed Ukrainian Catholic Church, his emphasis on the Ukrainian aspect of the millennium, and his avowed desire to visit the Soviet Union for the official celebrations have focused attention on the issue of religious freedom and implicitly challenged Moscow's approach to the anniversary. And lest the Pope be accused of simply playing politics, it is worth noting that the Vatican has a legitimate historical interest in the millennium: the actual baptism of the Kievan state occurred sixty-six years before the split of the universal church in 1054.

It is of course difficult to know precisely how many religious believers there are in the Soviet Union. In November, the journal *Nauka i religiya* conceded that as much as 20 percent of the population, or 60 million people, believes in God, which is probably a conservative estimate. The dissident Russian Orthodox priest, Father Gleb Yakunin, for instance, puts the total of Orthodox believers alone at 30-50 million. Add to this a sizable part of the almost 20 percent of the population with a Muslim background, and another five to eight million Roman and Eastern-rite Catholics, and the number of believers climbs to at least 75 million.

It has not escaped the regime's attention that the number of baptisms (of young and old alike) has been rising, as has the number of religious wed-

Bohdan Nahaylo writes frequently on Soviet affairs for the London Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dings and funerals. "We are not seeing a mass departure from religion such as occurred in the first years of Soviet rule," *Nauka i religiya* acknowledged. "In some regions, there is even a rise in the number of believers." In a remarkable recent article in *Sotsiologicheskie issledovanya*, a Russian Orthodox priest even took an American specialist to task for relying on Soviet sources that underestimate the number of religious believers in the USSR and their educational and social level. At a time when the entire population is being exhorted on behalf of *perestroika*, the authorities appear to have suddenly realized, as Metropolitan Aleksei of Leningrad and Novgorod reminded *Moscow News* in September, that "the overwhelming majority" of the USSR's religious believers "are conscientious toilers" and are due some consideration.

The semblance of a new official attitude toward religion has been fostered in a variety of ways. Government officials appointed to oversee religious affairs have openly admitted that "mistakes" were made in the past and have even suggested that restrictions on religion may be softened. *Glasnost* has been allowed to touch upon some aspects of religious life, resulting in the unprecedented appearance in the press of several reports about the infringement of believers' rights and the beginning of a public "dialogue" between believers and nonbelievers. Furthermore, foreign religious figures such as Mother Teresa have been welcomed to the Soviet Union and their visits publicized.

These developments, however, are only one side of the coin. The close restrictions on religion remain in place, and it is clear that any new tolerance will be extended only to the more docile religious believers. Groups that refuse to put up with state interference in religious life, such as unofficial Islam, and dissenting Baptists, Pentecostalists, Seventh Day Adventists, and Jehovah's Witnesses, are likely to remain outside the law and subject to persecution. Arrests of dissenting believers continue, if in smaller numbers than in previous years.

The Kremlin's current ambivalence is highlighted by continuing anti-religious propaganda in the media and in statements by Soviet leaders. Although Gorbachev has been reticent on the subject, on the one occasion when he did speak out, in Tashkent in November 1986, he demanded "a decisive and uncompromising struggle against manifestations of religion and a strengthening of political work with the masses and of atheist propaganda." More recently, the journal for agitprop workers, *Argumenty i fakty*, reminded Party members of their duty "to combat religious prejudices" and uphold atheism.

But again, none of this is keeping activists from speaking out and demanding concrete changes in the state's policy toward religion. The most sensational development came in September, when *Literaturnaya gazeta* published an outspoken attack on official policy by one of the country's most respected scholars, Dmitry Likhachev. The octogenarian historian not only called for an end to state interference in religious life, but also argued that "enmity toward believers comes from ignorance" and "from a lack of culture of democracy."

Apart from drawing attention to the general predicament of Soviet Christians, the millennium is bringing into the open as never before the continuing suppression of the Ukrainian and Belorussian churches. The situation is an anomaly: two of the major Orthodox peoples are not allowed their own national churches, akin to the autocephalous Orthodox church in Georgia, say, but are serviced by an institution that scarcely conceals its Russian nationalism and in practice acts as an agent of Russification. →

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1.00 EACH

(First price is Publishers' List.
Boldface shows Members' Price.)

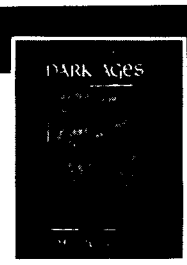
With No Risk, No Commitment.

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

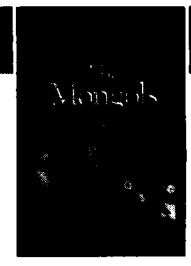
2154. **The Peopling of British North America: An Introduction,** *by Bernard Bailyn.* A look at the trans-Atlantic migration. $16.95/**$12.95**

2535. **MAYA: The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost Civilization,** *by Charles Gallenkamp.* Incorporates a century of research. $22.95/**$16.95**

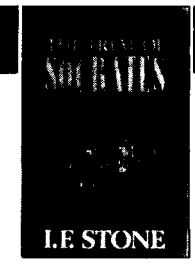
1339. **The Discovery of King Arthur,** *by Geoffrey Ashe.* Extracts fact from legend in search of the "once and future king." $18.95/**$14.95**



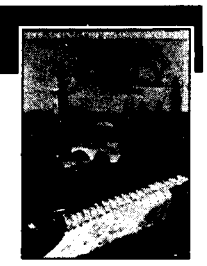
6981. $22.95/**$16.95**



2642. $19.95/**$15.95**



6460. $18.95/**$15.95**


5439. $25.00/**$17.50**

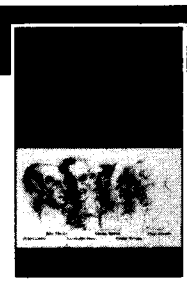
STATESMEN, GENERALS & THE RULING CLASS

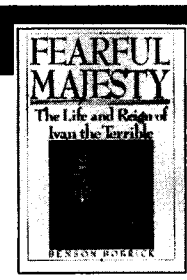
7187. **Eleanor Of Aquitaine And The Four Kings,** *by Amy Kelly.* A ruler with great depth and strength of character. $20.00/**$14.50**

3509. **The Autobiography of Henry VIII: A Novel,** *by Margaret George.* A riveting story of a king overcome by power & its peril. $19.95/**$15.95**

1917. **Eisenhower at War: 1943-1945,** *by David Eisenhower.* Alters long-held assumptions about Eisenhower as Supreme Commander. $29.95/**$22.50**

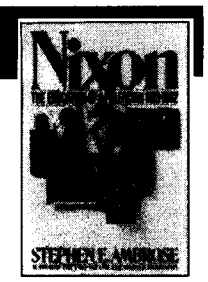
3244. **Frederick the Great: The Magnificent Enigma,** *by Robert B. Asprey.* A hypochondriac or daunting military leader and king? $29.95/**$19.95**


3780. $22.95/**$16.95**



1388. $22.95/**$16.95**

5660. $26.95/**$18.50**



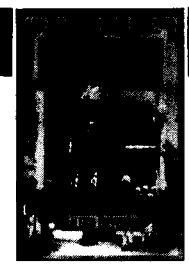
3962. $22.95/**$16.95**

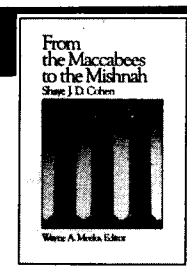
TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

3012. **The Bible As History, 2nd Revised Ed.,** *by Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science document biblical history. $14.95/**$10.95**

2402. **Arab and Jew: Wounded Spirits in a Promised Land,** *by David K. Shipler.* Pulitzer Prize winner and provocative record. $22.50/**$17.50**

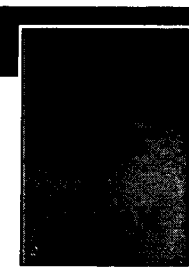
6205. **Thinking in Time: The Uses of History for Decision Makers,** *by R. E. Neustadt and E. R. May.* History—a tool to knowledge. $19.95/**$14.50**


3392. $24.95/**$16.95**



4754. $20.95/**$15.95**

5215. $19.95/**$15.95**


3327. $24.95/**$17.95**

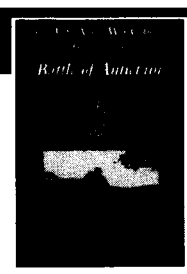
THE WARRING WORLD

3103. **The Zimmermann Telegram,** *by Barbara W. Tuchman.* The critically acclaimed tale of war, espionage and diplomacy. $14.95/**$12.95**

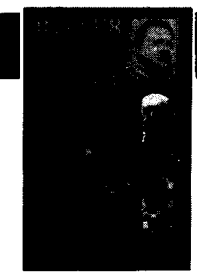
4408. **The Fall of the Roman Empire: The Military Explanation,** *by Arther Ferrill.* How the collapse of Rome's army led to its fall. $22.50/**$17.50**

7666. **The Holocaust: A History of the Jews of Europe During the Second World War,** *by Martin Gilbert.* A powerful testimony. $24.95/**$17.50**

5991. $25.00/**$17.50**


5934. $21.95/**$15.50**

3202. $20.95/**$14.95**


7989. $25.00/**$17.95**

Save on the best recent history titles. Including this No-Risk, No-Commitment Offer, you can save more than 50% on some of the finest history books being published today. Our list covers a wide variety of topics, such as American Personalities, Civil War, European History, Science and Religious Thought.

We don't sacrifice quality. The History Book Club always offers its members quality publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints. All our books are available to members at truly substantial savings.

Choose any 3 for $1.00 each. Simply select any three books shown on this page—for just $1.00 each when you agree to take a fourth book at the low Members' Price.
Thereafter, you are not obligated to order any further books. Ever.

How the Club works. Approximately every four weeks for at least the next six months, you will receive the Club's magazine *The Review* and a dated reply card. You will be able to choose additional selections from the 150 to 200 books it describes. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.) If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

The History Book Club, Dept. N,
40 Guernsey Street, Box 790 Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at $1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. I understand that I am not required to buy any additional books. You will send me *The History Book Club Review* for at least six months. Either the Club or I may cancel at any time. All Club purchases will be at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. AQ0380NC▲

Print Name_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada Mail to U.S. Address

BA88K

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ukrainian case is further complicated by the existence of the Ukrainian Eastern-rite, or Uniate, Catholic Church. This body has been an anathema to the Russian Orthodox Church ever since some of the Ukrainian Orthodox hierarchy joined with Rome in 1596. Persecuted under the czars, it was officially liquidated in 1946 through forcible incorporation into the Russian Orthodox Church after its western Ukrainian stronghold came under Soviet control. Even though the hierarchy and many of the clergy were executed, the four-million-strong church refused to die. To this day it survives underground as the Soviet Union's largest banned denomination.

The Moscow Patriarchate has additional reason to worry: according to estimates, around half of the USSR's functioning Russian Orthodox churches are located in the Ukraine, and over a quarter of these are to be found in the traditionally Uniate regions. Last summer, a Soviet journal confirmed that the Russian Orthodox Church's "strongest" eparchy, with "over a thousand functioning churches," is Lvov-Tarnopol, which is the very heart of Catholic Ukraine. Many of the "former" Uniates who attend Russian Orthodox churches, it seems, still secretly harbor an allegiance to Rome.

Small wonder, then, that the Moscow Patriarchate is so touchy about the issue of the Uniate Church. What has made things all the more vexing is the recent resurgence of activism by Ukrainian Catholics and their skill in publicizing their church's grievances and demands. Since 1984, at least twenty-six issues of the samizdat journal *A Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Ukraine* have appeared. Meanwhile, the campaign for the legalization of the Ukrainian Catholic Church took a new turn last August when part of its clandestine hierarchy and clergy came out into the open, and, referring to the approaching millennium, appealed to the Pope to press their case. At the same time, another unexpected development drew international attention to the western Ukraine. Beginning last April, apparitions of the Virgin Mary were reported near Lvov. As word spread, the local population was galvanized to such an extent that even the Soviet press could not remain silent. In early September, *Moscow News* acknowledged that "some half-a-million people had dropped everything and rushed" to the site of the apparitions, a locked-up Uniate chapel in Hrushiv.

The millennium is bringing into the open as never before the continuing suppression of the Ukrainian and Belorussian churches.

Faced with this challenge from a church that officially no longer exists, the Moscow Patriarchate and the Kremlin may be forced to review their inflexibility. In November, Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev and Halych admitted to Western journalists that perhaps there are "a few thousand" Ukrainian Catholics in the western Ukraine after all. Also of interest is that the above-cited *Moscow News* report, though avoiding the Uniate question, did criticize local officials for thinking that "they can 'defend' atheism only by violating the law and trampling on the believer's rights."

A major player in the Uniate revival has been Pope John Paul II. Under his predecessor Paul VI, Catholics in the Soviet Union had been written off as "a church of silence." By contrast, the first Slavic Pope has been a source of inspiration to the USSR's Catholics. He has sought to improve the status of the legally recognized Roman Catholic communities in Lithuania and Latvia, and has spoken out in defense of the rights of the banned Ukrainian Catholic Church while exhibiting concern for its large community in exile. One of John Paul II's first public acts, in March 1979, was to issue a letter to the exiled leader of the Ukrainian Catholics, Cardinal Osif Slipyi, commending his flock for its devotion to the faith and calling on the Ukrainian Catholic hierarchy to prepare for the "millennium of Christianity in the Ukraine."

Not surprisingly, representatives of the Russian Orthodox Church have repeatedly criticized the Vatican's support for the Ukrainian Catholic Church. In 1980 Partriarch Pimen went so far as to warn John Paul II that the Vatican's interventions threatened to negate all progress made in improving relations between the Roman Catholic and Russian Orthodox churches. The Pope has remained undeterred. Even though Soviet authorities blocked his visit to Lithuania, which last year celebrated 600 years of Christianity, he continues to express a desire to travel to the USSR for the millennium celebrations—but only on two conditions: that he be allowed to make pastoral visits to Lithuania and the Ukraine, and that the Uniate church be recognized by the Soviet government.

Last fall, while Moscow procrastinated over whether to invite the Pope, John Paul II took a bold step of his own. Behind the scenes he brought to Rome the leaders of the Polish and Ukrainian Catholic churches in order to resolve longstanding tensions between the Polish church and the estimated 300,000 Ukrainian Catholics who ended up in Poland after the war and whose separateness the local Church authorities have not always recognized. At a ceremony on October 17, the Polish primate, Cardinal Joseph Glemp, and the head of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, Cardinal Myroslav Lyubachivsky, mutually pardoned past wrongs and pledged cooperation and solidarity. Significantly, Glemp spoke of "the few altars" open to Ukrainian Catholics in the USSR and invited Lyubachivsky and his bishops to participate in Polish celebrations of the millennium in Częstochowa.

The prospect of émigré Ukrainian hierarchs concelebrating the millennium in Poland's holiest shrine while just over the border their coreligionists remain an outlawed church now threatens to detract from the official ceremonies being planned by Moscow. (The Kremlin hasn't helped itself any by ending the jamming of Radio Free Europe and Voice of America broadcasts into Poland, which will enable Soviet Catholic Ukrainians to follow closely any celebrations taking place in Częstochowa.) When Metropolitan Filaret recently told Polish and Western journalists that "conditions are not ripe to invite the Pope," he stressed that the main stumbling block remains the Vatican's position on the Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Whether this will be Moscow's final word on the matter will depend on what happens if Gorbachev meets with the Pope during his expected visit to Italy sometime this spring. For now, the prospects of a papal visit to the Soviet Union appear very slim. The regime is unlikely to risk undermining its alliance with the Russian Orthodox Church by paying the minimal price for a papal visit—the granting of religious freedom to Ukrainian Catholics.

As if to signal what can be expected, late last year *Izvestia* cited Ukrainian Party boss Vladimir Shcherbitsky to the effect that the millennium has led young Ukrainians to display a growing interest in their nation's cultural past. But that same week, the paper also carried a crude diatribe against Ukrainian Catholics.

Likewise, in the first week of this millennial year *Izvestia* announced that a number of former churches and other historic religious buildings in Kiev are being restored for the jubilee. A few days later, a courageous Russian Orthodox bishop, Feodosy of Astrakhan and Yenotayevka (actually a western Ukrainian who was moved in the 1970s from a more prominent post in central Ukraine, as punishment for dissent), broke ranks to stress in an unofficial religious publication that restoration is not enough. Christians want churches and monasteries not just repainted and kept up as museums of atheism, he said, but returned to them. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charlotte Low

LAWRENCE WALSH'S HOLY WAR

The man who would be Leon Jaworski.

Among lawyers it is almost a cliche nowadays to remark how the practice of law has changed from a lofty profession to strictly a business. What this means, mostly, is that the practice of law has gotten more competitive because clients have started scrutinizing the bills. The virtual blank checks once handed over to the great Wall Street law firms to pursue lawsuits with meticulous leisure have been replaced by units of in-house counsel with red pencils going over every hour billed on the outside lawyers' statements. The in-house lawyers, cheaper to hire, do far more of the work themselves these days. There is a much-mourned loss of gentility, as the branches of upstart megafirms like Finley, Kumble, Wagner, Heine, Underberg, Manley, Myerson & Casey crash together, then drift apart, like ice floes.

There is one place, however, where the old if-you-have-to-ask-how-much ethic lives on, where the checks are still blank, where the lawyers can spend as much money as they like, and where the equivalent of in-house attorneys are barred from exercising the smallest modicum of control over the cost, much less the direction, of the litigation: the offices of the four independent counsel currently investigating or prosecuting alleged misdoings in Washington. The section of the 1978 Ethics in Government Act that removed the Justice Department from supervision of special prosecutors investigating high-level government wrongdoing was ruled unconstitutional on January 22 by a 2-1 decision of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. The ruling did not halt any prosecutions under the act, however, and is not likely to do so unless the Supreme Court upholds the D.C. Circuit decision.

As of October 31, 1987, the last date for which the government has figures, the efforts of the four independent counsel had cost U.S. taxpayers $6.3 million. More than half that sum ($3.8 million) was spent by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh, whose twenty-eight-lawyer office has been investigating the Iran-contra affair since his appointment by a three-judge panel on December 19, 1986. (Because of a parallel appointment from the Justice Department, Walsh's investigation will remain unaffected even if the Supreme Court goes along with the D.C. Circuit court.) The Walsh team's total expenditures, says a Justice Department source, is probably more than $5 million by now.

Walsh's results so far: two convictions (guilty pleas) for conspiracy to commit . . . tax fraud! That was in April 1987. Walsh and his associates, plus thirty-five FBI agents, eleven IRS agents, and six Customs Service agents, are still grinding away, however, trying to decide whether to launch criminal prosecutions against anyone over the White House's secret arms sales to Iran and the apparent diversion of some of the proceeds to the Nicaraguan contras. The press likes to describe their efforts as "painstaking."

The slow rate of progress is typical of the 76-year-old Walsh. He is a man the *Economist* once described as "from another age"—that golden Louis Auchincloss era of the great Wall Street law firms, when money was only money, time was only time, and hardly anyone looked at the bills. A former American Bar Association president with a distinguished professional résumé that includes service as chief negotiator at the Paris peace talks, Walsh spent twenty-two years in two stints, until he neared the mandatory retirement age of 70 in 1981, as a litigator for New York's Davis Polk & Wardwell. With a 142-year history, Davis Polk has a reputation as one of the most prosperous and respected—and stuffiest—old-line law firms in the country, with Harvard Law as its primary feeder school. Walsh (a Columbia man himself, college and law school) seems to be in the process of bringing more than just that old-line Wall Street billing ethos to his current appointment.

For what he has also brought is an assurance of unquestioned moral superiority that only a Wall Street Brahmin could possess. In an American Bar Association prayer breakfast homily last August, after the Iran-contra congressional hearings had ended in a standoff with Oliver North but while Walsh's own probe was apparently still only in its early stages, Walsh went into high dudgeon, with pointed references to Moses, the Eighth Commandment ("Thou shalt not bear false witness"), and Ananias and Sapphira, the married couple in the Acts of the Apostles who were struck dead for telling a lie to St. Peter. Moving on to the U.S. Constitution, Walsh told the breakfasters, "To the extent that concealment and deception play any part in the relationship between the three branches of government, the rule of law and our constitutional structure of government are alike subverted." He hinted darkly: "Penal statutes dealing with lying and obstruction underline the importance of this concern." Walsh sounded like a conservative liberals love to love.

Walsh is the only independent counsel since the Ethics in Government Act was passed in 1978 to work out of six separate offices coast to coast, and perhaps the only one in the history of federal special prosecution to have more than one base. While most of Walsh's staff of eighty-one operates from Washington, D.C., the scene of the presumed Iran-contra crimes, six attorneys are based in New York, including Walsh's right-hand man, Guy Struve (Harvard Law), a top

Charlotte Low is a senior editor of Insight *magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeals lawyer with a reputation for enormous intelligence who was also Walsh's right-hand man at the litigation department of Davis Polk. Also in New York is another key member of the Walsh team, Audrey Strauss (Columbia), former head of the frauds division at the U.S. attorney's office for Southern New York.

Why didn't Struve and Strauss move down to Washington? It would seem difficult to investigate Washington wrongdoing from 235 miles away. "[Walsh] wanted them very badly, and he couldn't have gotten them any other way," says Jim Wieghart, the genial former *New York Daily News* editor (and former aide to Sen. Edward Kennedy) who is Walsh's office administrator. (After a handful of initial press encounters, Walsh has regularly declined interviews, and he refuses to let anyone on his staff except Wieghart and his aides talk to the press.) Besides refusing to leave New York, Struve and Strauss have declined to sever their ties with their law firms; Struve is still a Davis Polk partner, while Strauss remains a partner at Mudge Rose Guthrie Alexander & Ferdon, another old-line New York firm.

Other part-timers on the Walsh team who have stayed put are John Douglass (Harvard), a former assistant U.S. attorney in Maryland and now an associate at a Richmond, Virginia law firm; John Keker (Yale), who practices in San Francisco; and William Lee (Cornell), who practices in Boston. All commute to Washington for Iran-contra work. Richard Ford (University of Oklahoma) operates the Oklahoma City branch for the Iran-contra investigation team, headquartered at the offices of Crowe & Donlevy. (Walsh moved to Oklahoma City and served as "of counsel" at Crowe & Donlevy after his retirement from Davis Polk. His second wife, Mary Alma, whom he married in 1965 after the death of his first wife, is from Oklahoma City.) Ford started out as a payroll part-timer for the independent counsel's office, but now is "a volunteer," the office says.

Two Washington lawyers, Paul Friedman (SUNY-Buffalo), former president of the District of Columbia Bar, and Geoffrey Stewart (Harvard), also work for Walsh only part-time. Friedman is the only senior lawyer on Walsh's staff with long, strong ties to Washington. Part-time work is a financial break for these lawyers, because the top full-time salary for an independent counsel—$72,500, the salary of a U.S. attorney—is just a little more than what the top New York firms pay their greenest associates. Completely giving up a partnership in a large New York firm, where middle six-figure incomes are the rule, would put a crimp in the life-style of Walsh's senior attorneys. All lawyers working full-time in the Iran-contra office make the full $72,500, including Walsh himself; the part-timers earn pro rata shares of that. Most of the Walsh full-timers are younger lawyers, some former associates on leave from large firms, others from the U.S. attorney's office for Southern New York, the most highly regarded prosecutor's office in the country. Their point of origin is, overwhelmingly, New York.

The fact that all senior lawyers on Walsh's staff have retained ties to their private practices could generate conflicts of interest—a private client or employee of a corporate client could turn out to be a key witness or the target of an investigation, or the target of another independent counsel's probe. Such was the case with far-right fundraiser Carl "Spitz" Channell, one of the two convicted parties in the Iran-contra case. Alexia Morrison, an independent counsel investigating former Assistant Attorney General Theodore Olson in alleged Superfund wrongdoing, has also represented Channell. So far, insists Wieghart, no conflicts have arisen for lawyers on Walsh's vast staff, but the potential remains high, and it is one reason why part-time prosecutors are used infrequently in garden-variety cases.

Walsh is a man the *Economist* once described as "from another age"—that golden Louis Auchincloss era of the great Wall Street law firms, when money was only money, time was only time, and hardly anyone looked at the bills.

The New York branch of Walsh's office, which includes two secretaries, has been operating rent-free out of a federal building—although it will soon have to find new offices because another federal agency is taking over the space. The flagship office in Washington is another story. Walsh's offices occupy about 30,000 square feet of Columbia Square, a glitzy downtown Post-modern building in fashionable pink granite that is universally recognized as Washington's premier office address. Such tony law firms as Debevoise & Plimpton of New York and O'Melveny & Myers of Los Angeles have their Washington branches there. Walsh sublets his space from a major Washington firm, Hogan & Hartson, the building's largest tenant. The monthly rent is $80,000, up from $59,000 since Walsh recently expanded into additional space. (This might be called the high end of the real estate market for special prosecutors, although it is not atypical: Morrison rents quarters at the Watergate, another upscale Washington address. At the low end, Independent Counsel Whitney North Seymour, Jr. worked out of rent-free quarters at the U.S. courthouse in Washington and as of October 31 had spent "only" $842,000 to bring perjury convictions against Michael Deaver.)

In Washington, which has a 12-story height limit, "skyscrapers" express their grandiosity horizontally. The gilt-and-marble atrium at Columbia Square seems to stretch as far as the eye can see. Wieghart says the Government Services Administration, not Walsh, found the office space, which is just two Metro stops from the U.S. courthouse, and that the fancy Columbia Square quarters were the only ones "that fit many of his requirements." High among those was that the offices have thick walls and be completely isolated, which they are, separated from the floor's only other tenant by a wide hallway. The GSA also converted a conference room into a soundproof, ultra-secure document room. Walsh evidently plans to stay at Columbia Square for some time. His lease, signed in June 1987, is for two years, with an option for a third. Secretaries and the like also come expensive for Walsh's office, because their employment is classified as "temporary."

Walsh, a doctor's son born in Nova Scotia whose family moved to New York City when he was two, made his reputation as a lawyer by developing an obsession for detail and secrecy. Observers say that he isn't known as the brainiest of lawyers—his reputation at Columbia was mostly in athletics—but he makes up for it in preparation and long hours. "You don't become a partner at Davis Polk because your wife clips coupons," says a lawyer acquaintance.

His first job after graduating from Columbia Law was to spend two years assisting a New York state special prosecutor investigating corruption in the Brooklyn district attorney's office. He then went to work for a fellow-Republican, Thomas Dewey, then district attorney for Manhattan. Dewey was famous for his time-consuming, meticulous approach to cases, boasting that his office once examined 200,000 bank deposit slips to make a case against a bootlegger. After a two-year stint at Davis Polk, Walsh returned to Dewey's employment during Dewey's years as governor of New York, putting in six- and seven-day work weeks.

Dewey, a two-time presidential contender, and Herbert Brownell, President Eisenhower's first attorney general, were the leaders of the Eastern Establishment wing of the Republican party, and Walsh, as might be expected, allied himself with them. In 1954, at Dewey's urging, Eisenhower made Walsh a federal district judge for Manhattan. Three years later, William P. Rogers, an old colleague of Walsh's from the Manhattan district attorney's office, succeeded Brownell and invited Walsh to fill the number two slot in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attorney general's office. One of his actions there was to recommend Potter Stewart for the Supreme Court in 1958.

Back at Davis Polk in 1961, Walsh got the nickname among his opponents of "Killer Walsh," a brilliant, no-compromise trial lawyer. His strategy was to leave no stone unturned—nor to allow anyone at the firm who assisted him to leave a stone unturned. "He is an extraordinarily careful lawyer who explores every possible contingency in a lawsuit and leaves nothing up to hunch," says a partner at Davis Polk, where Walsh is still fondly known as "Judge Walsh."

The actual research, of course, was seldom done personally by Walsh. "He would say: 'I want to have that issue [researched] and I want to have it on my desk tomorrow morning,' " says the partner. Such practices are hardly unusual at large law firms, where all-nighters are a way of life for young attorneys. "It wasn't whimsical," says the partner. "It meant that when he got to court, every screw in the machine was in place. The clients loved it. If he ran up huge bills, he also ran up disproportionate praise."

Walsh's were the clients every lawyer dreams of. Other lawyers who worked for Walsh say they had no complaints about him; if he was demanding, one says, "it was because he demanded the same of himself, and that's what the clients were paying for." But a New York lawyer not connected with Davis Polk says the word on Wall Street was that Walsh's torrents of billable hours were a constant source of consternation at his firm, even back in the easygoing, genteel days. "You can imagine what his partners thought when they saw the kinds of bills he sent out," says the lawyer. "Eventually, his partners refused to let him handle new cases." The story—denied by Walsh—is that one way his associates pulled their all-nighters was in whiting out copy machine flyspecks from Walsh-produced documents.

One of Walsh's last cases at Davis Polk, still remembered around the firm as "that ghastly lawsuit," epitomizes the Walsh approach: hard-hitting, immensely time-consuming, and claiming the moral high ground. It concerns a major Davis Polk client, Richardson-Merrell Inc., the pharmaceuticals manufacturer. After being acquired by Dow Chemical in 1981, the drug division was renamed Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc. Walsh started handling Richardson-Merrell's litigation work soon after rejoining Davis Polk in 1961. In 1964, he served on the company's board of directors and held a bit of its stock until the Dow acquisition, when he received Dow stock in exchange.

A Richardson-Merrell anti-nausea drug, Bendectin, approved by the FDA for morning sickness in 1956, has been the subject of about 1,700 lawsuits in the U.S by women claiming it caused birth defects in their children. Lawyers for the women claim Bendectin is unsafe to take during the first trimester of pregnancy; the manufacturer insists the drug is safe. The results of the suits have been mixed. According to Merrell-Dow, twenty of the cases have gone to trial. In four of those, the plaintiffs won substantial damages, including a verdict against the company for $97 million last summer. Merrell-Dow has won rulings in its favor in sixteen of the cases (including a consolidation of about 1,100 claims in Cincinnati), either because the plaintiffs waited too long to file or because a court found no causal link between the drug and the claimed birth defects. Walsh led the Davis Polk defense on all Bendectin cases, and stayed on several of them after he left the firm.

One of the cases on which Walsh remained until shortly before he became independent counsel was filed in 1980 by the parents of Anne Elisabeth Koller, born without arms and legs in a Washington hospital in 1979. In the complaint filed in the Washington federal court and in two depositions, the child's mother, Cynthia Koller, said that she had taken Bendectin during the early months of pregnancy. Residents of California, the Kollers were represented by lawyers in Washington and Miami (another Bendectin suit was pending in Florida) and by the Los Angeles firm of Butler, Jefferson, Dan & Allis which handled most of the trial preparation. The case was originally scheduled to go to trial in October 1981, then rescheduled for early 1983.

Eight years after its filing, the Koller suit has yet to be tried. The documents on the case take up three entire filing cabinets at the U.S. courthouse in Washington: there are thirty-three separate files. That does not include discovery—deposition transcripts, interrogatories, and the like. Barry Nace, the Washington lawyer who won the $95 million Bendectin verdict and has taken over the Koller case, estimates that he has fifteen grocery boxes full of Koller documents in his office storeroom, most bearing Walsh's name. Over-papering is a common tactic of large law firms with deep-pocket clients squaring off against small law offices, but Davis Polk ranked high in papering even by these standards. "They've got a motion for everything," says Nace.

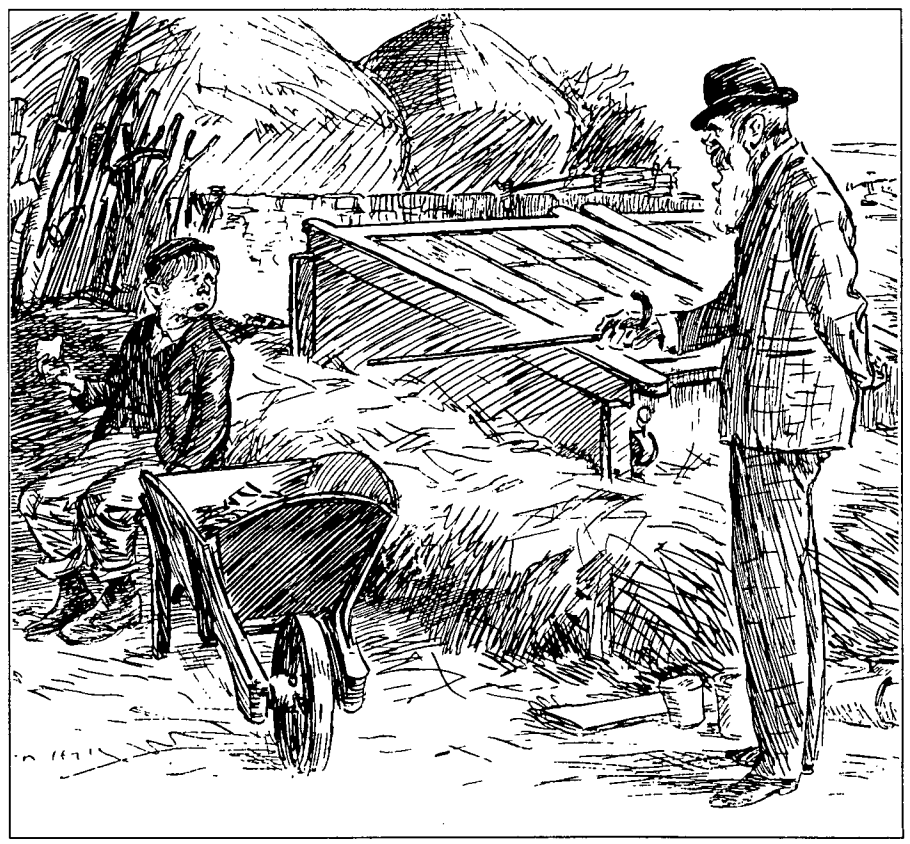
"They had the advantage over us," says Allen Eaton, a Washington lawyer who worked on the Koller case in its earlier years. "They filed motion after motion. They had at least twelve lawyers working on the case at various times. They had paralegals, they had computer backup. I'm not saying there was anything wrong with what they did, but they definitely had the advantage." (Davis Polk's litigation department could not be reached for comment on the case.)

Completely giving up a partnership in a large New York firm, where middle six-figure incomes are the rule, would put a crimp in the life-style of Walsh's senior attorneys.

As a sample of what the defense was costing Richardson-Merrell, the company reported to the Securities and Exchange Commission that it paid Davis Polk $3.3 million in fees and expenses for Bendectin litigation during 1980. At that time, only a handful of Bendectin suits were pending. Because Davis Polk did not then have a Washington office, Walsh and his team set up temporary quarters at the Watergate, renting two entire floors for $85,000 a month. The vast space was so that the Walsh quarters could not be bugged; "he was paranoid about eavesdropping," says a former Davis Polk associate. Guy Struve and Richard Ford, now on Walsh's independent counsel team, were his top assistants on the Koller case.

The worst contretemps in the Koller matter, slowing it down for years, came about when Krystyna Janowski, a secretary who worked for plaintiffs' lawyer Nicholas Allis and who was apparently about to be let go, called the offices of Davis Polk in late December 1982 and left messages indicating that she had heard Cynthia Koller say she had not taken Bendectin during the crucial first three months of pregnancy. Davis Polk promptly sent an investigator and a lawyer to Los Angeles to talk to Janowski. According to deposition testimony, Richardson-Merrell also found a new apartment for the financially strapped Janowski, rented a car for her, gave her at least $3,000 in expense money, and hired a lawyer for her—the last only after the Davis Polk lawyer had taken a statement from her. And, according to the Koller team, lawyers for Richardson-Merrell then informed U.S. District Judge Norma Johnson in Washington that Mrs. Koller had a fraudulent case, but they did so without telling the other side about their communication to the judge, a possible breach of ethics.

Janowski soon had second thoughts. A few days later, Allis, accompanied by his own investigator, visited Janowski and persuaded her to sign a statement under penalty of perjury retracting her allegations and asserting that she knew nothing about when Cynthia Koller took Bendectin. The investigator taped the interview without Janowski's consent. Janowski later recanted that signed statement, virtually on the eve of the trial. The next move for Walsh and his team was to request that the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Los Angeles law firm be removed from the case on grounds of misconduct. Johnson promptly complied, citing not only the Allis visit but an attempt by one of Allis's partners, James Butler, to publicize the case by giving a *Washington Post* reporter copies of reports he had submitted to the FDA about birth defects that Johnson had ruled were too unreliable to be admissible in court.

The D.C. Circuit court overturned Johnson's disqualification order, ruling that neither Allis nor Butler had done anything improper. While not faulting Walsh or any of the Davis Polk lawyers by name, the appellate court criticized "the tactical use of motions to disqualify counsel in order to delay proceedings, deprive the opposing party of counsel of its choice and harass and embarrass the opponent." The case went to the Supreme Court. In a 7-1 decision in 1985, the high court reversed the appellate court on a technical issue, ruling that orders disqualifying counsel are not appealable until after trial. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, author of the majority opinion, also expressed concern that disqualification motions could be used as harassment techniques, but said it was the job of the district judge to control the course of litigation.

Clearing the decks of the Butler-Allis firm has done nothing to hasten the progress of the Koller case (Johnson seems to be waiting for the outcome of appeals in other Bendectin cases, and there have been periodic efforts by the plaintiffs to persuade her to recuse herself). Nace says that the minute he became attorney of record after the Los Angeles lawyers left, Walsh's team filed a 400-page motion for summary judgment without trial in Richardson-Merrell's favor, a repeat of a motion it unsuccessfully made years earlier. When Nace tried to get a ten-day extension of the ten-day response period, the team objected. The one thing that has happened is that Merrell-Dow—strictly as an efficiency move, it says—has been easing Davis Polk and all attorneys who ever worked for the firm out of all its Bendectin cases. Walsh severed his connections with the Koller case in October 1986. Hogan & Hartson, his current landlord, is now sole defense counsel of record.

Walsh's devil-may-care attitude toward time and money would make little difference if he were subject as special prosecutor to some of the constraints of the not-so-special prosecutor. Financial constraints on him are nil, of course. The independent counsel send their bills to the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts, which forwards them to the Justice Department, which pays them. So far, Congress has appropriated only $2 million to cover the extra expenses, says a Department of Justice spokesman, which means the overage comes out of the department's $5 billion budget. This is not much, comparatively, but it means a few fewer FBI, Drug Enforcement, Bureau of Prisons, and Immigration and Naturalization Service agents.

But the expense—an extra million here, an extra million there—is not the real problem. "You can't expect Walsh to work out of some hellhole in Southeast [Washington]," says a former Justice Department official. The real problem is that Walsh and his twenty-seven lawyers have just one big case. "The ordinary prosecutor has to weigh every case against every other one," says the Justice official. "He has to decide—should I pursue this racketeer or that drug dealer? He has to say to himself, gee, I just can't afford to put another lawyer on this case, because the evidence doesn't look good enough. That leavens the dough of prosecutorial discretion."

"He is an extraordinarily careful lawyer who explores every possible contingency in a lawsuit and leaves nothing up to hunch," says a partner at Davis Polk.

For example, the U.S. attorney's office for the District of Columbia handles more than 30,000 cases a year, from petty theft to high treason, with a staff of 204 attorneys. When you mention twenty-eight prosecutors on one case, the lawyers over there just laugh. Lawyers of clients called into Walsh's office for questioning (his office has conducted more than 1,000 interviews) say the deposition teams typically consist of five to eight lawyers and agents. Two or three would be the maximum in an ordinary U.S. attorney's office, prosecutors say. As for documents requested by the Walsh team: more than one million pages so far. "What's the word—anal compulsive?" jokes an Iran-contra lawyer.

Furthermore, regular federal prosecutors don't just comb the U.S. codes looking for statutes that might fit the case at hand. They work with the nine-volume *U.S. Attorney's Manual*, a complex set of guidelines that attempts to ensure that prosecutors will pursue only genuine wrongdoers. A chain of supervisors all the way up to the U.S. attorney provides guidance—and accountability, for criminal defense lawyers have avenues of redress through superiors if they believe a client has been leaned on unfairly. These constraints are necessary, say prosecutors, because many federal criminal statutes—mail fraud, wire fraud, racketeering, tax fraud—are so broadly drafted they could theoretically encompass a whole range of activities we do not ordinarily think of as criminal. The federal conspiracy statute, for example, has been interpreted to include conspiracies to commit purely civil wrongs. "You could theoretically criminalize the entire civil code," says a former prosecutor. Fortunately, most federal prosecutors lack the time, the money, or the inclination to make arcane crimes out of flimsy leads.

Criminalizing the civil code, and perhaps even the Ten Commandments, lies at the core of the Iran-contra investigation. The alleged wrongs tend to run along the dubious lines of conspiracy to violate appropriations amendments, conspiracy to violate arms export reporting rules, conspiracy to violate the Separation of Powers clause of the U.S. Constitution. Add to these a few possible perjury peccadilloes—did Ollie North fudge his time sheets? Then figure in the psychological pressure any special prosecutor feels to come up with some sort of indictment—lest it appear that after all this time and money he hasn't done his job. To judge from Walsh's moralizing at the ABA prayer breakfast last year, his office seems to be on a manhunt for technical legal violations and, of course, lies. Self-righteousness seems to go along with the independent counsel's office these days; Whitney North Seymour even had his own seal made up, just like the Justice Department's, except with the eagle facing in the other direction.

Some independent counsel have bravely resisted the temptation to indict—Arthur Christy and Gerald Gallinghouse in the probes of Carter Administration figures, and Jacob Stein in the first Meese investigation, for example. Meanwhile the costs have risen exponentially in the ten years of the Ethics in Government Act. Stein spent "only" $311,848 on Meese in 1984. Alternatively, Walsh might follow the precedent he set in the Koller case and stretch out his investigation for years at taxpayer expense without ever returning an indictment. "It's very hard to read the tea leaves," says Assistant Attorney General John Bolton, the Justice Department's chief critic of the independent counsel law.

The D.C. Circuit's ruling on January 22 in the Theodore Olson–Superfund case held that the independent counsel law violates the separation of powers doctrine because a panel of federal judges, not the President, appoints the independent counsel, and it is almost impossible for the President or the attorney general to have the counsel removed for any reason. Prosecuting is supposed to be a function of the executive branch, not the judiciary or anyone else, Laurence Silberman's majority opinion said. Thus, wrote Silberman, the law "seriously weakens constitutional structures that serve to protect individual liberty."

Ironically, the decision does not apply to Walsh because Meese gave him a parallel appointment in an apparent attempt to appease congressional critics after North filed a constitutional challenge to the Iran-contra investigation. James McKay, leading a second investigation of Meese, also had such an appointment. Meese's actions in this regard were typical of the Reagan Administration's schizophrenia on the independent counsel issue. President Reagan expressed doubts about the law's constitutionality even as he was signing a five-year extension of it in December.

The only live prosecution affected by the D.C. Circuit ruling is Alexia Morrison's probe of Olson. (As of this writing, Morrison has asked that Olson be jailed for contempt of court unless he agrees to waive the statute of limitations in his case pending resolution of the constitutional issue. In court papers Olson's lawyer Thomas Martin criticized Morrison for trying to "coerce" Olson into choosing between imprisonment and waiving his rights—in order, one might add, to pursue an appeal the D.C. Circuit has already found meritorious!) Michael Deaver's perjury conviction may also be in jeopardy.

But the real question is as much prudential as constitutional—is the sky's-the-limit Walsh approach the way we want special prosecutors to run their offices? Should special prosecutors be the Brahmins of the political system, hunting down every technical legal violation, turning every moral wrong into a federal crime? "As a matter of policy, we support the creation of some special mechanism to investigate high-level wrongdoing, but there are ways to do it that are constitutional," says Assistant Attorney General Bolton. He offers a variety of alternatives: appointment of special prosecutors by the attorney general as during Watergate, a presidential appointment subject to Senate confirmation as during Teapot Dome, or a panel of rotating independent counsel. That would mean some built-in restraints. And it could keep costs down. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VIEW FROM BALUCHISTAN

by Robert D. Kaplan

Quetta, Pakistan

Looking down from 30,000 feet, Baluchistan is a series of boils and lesions on a scratched, sandpaper surface; the product of volcanic upheavals and tectonic shifts going back two billion years. Once on the ground, one's feeling of being lost in space persists: a visitor is apt to distrust much of what he sees and hears. The flimsiness of the setting creates an atmosphere of total unreliability. Like the crust beneath, everything here is unstable.

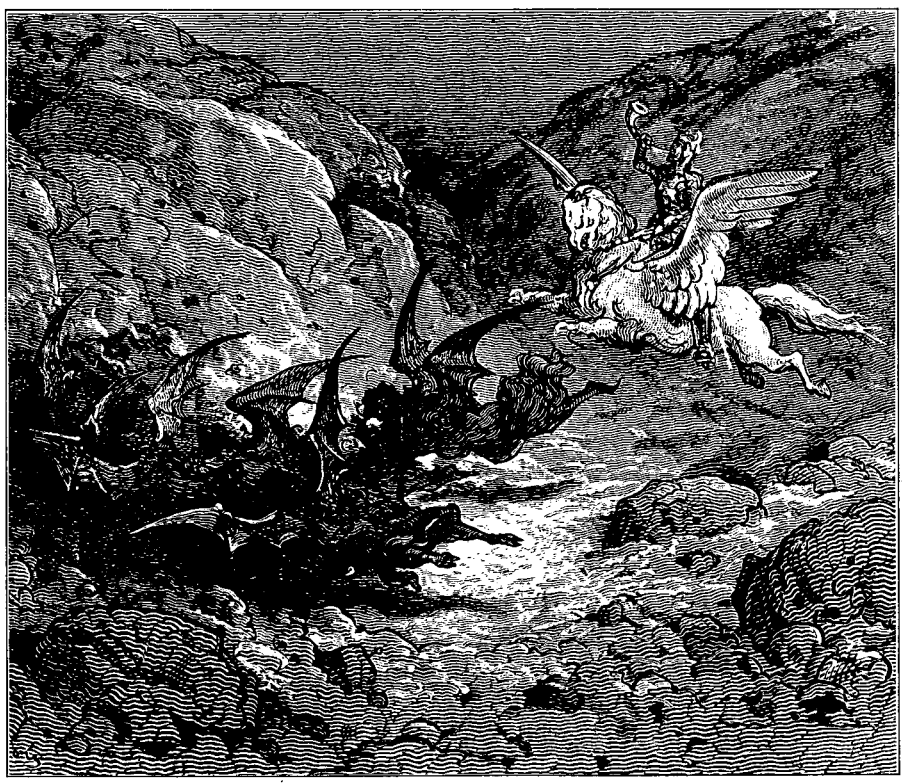
Quetta, the regional capital, is built on the ruins of a 1935 earthquake. Its single-level, unfinished cement houses are like theater props that could be ripped out at any moment by blasts of plateau wind. Plastic beachballs, cans of Heinz soup, Japanese radios, and the most up-to-date issues of magazines such as *Gentleman's Quarterly* and the *Washington Journalism Review* are available in the shops. As the flow of exotic goods suggests, Baluchistan is a free zone: an unregulated void of shifting identity lost among Iran, Afghanistan, and the other Pakistani provinces of Sind and Punjab, with its back to the Indian Ocean. Now that the Soviets are in Afghanistan, the Red Army has only Baluchistan to cross before reaching the warm waters near the Persian Gulf. The war has deposited close to a million refugees in the surrounding desert, placing the ethnic Baluchis, a people of Middle Eastern origin, under serious threat. Quetta is being taken over by exiles from Kandahar, an Afghan city that has been overrun by the Red Army. What are reputed to be the wildest elements of the Afghan *mujahedeen* use Quetta as their rear base.

One of the first people I met here was Atta Mahmoud, a 28-year-old Afghan refugee, who lured me to his carpet shop where we sat cross-legged on the floor, sipping cups of green tea. His eyes were crazed and untrustworthy beneath a black, green, and gold turban. And his words had the tone of a sales pitch; he implored with outstretched hands as if speaking to a multitude. Having had previous experience with carpet dealers, I was deeply suspicious. Mahmoud told me that, like many refugees, he spends several months of the year as a *mujahed* in Afghanistan, and had just returned from the Kandahar region.

"Kandahar city is no more, no more I tell you. There is not a street or a building standing. No more nut or apple trees. No bazaars. Just one meter of dust and new paved roads for Russian tanks and security patrols." I wanted more specifics, but he was hard to interrupt and his orations soon disintegrated into a mad tirade, most of it incomprehensible. "The only thing you can do with a Russian is slit his throat. . . . If you don't want to slit his throat you are a Communist." He mentioned that his two small sons were killed in a Russian artillery bombardment of Kandahar in March 1986. This seemed so horrible that I didn't know how to react, or whether even to believe him. Finally, I asked the price of some of his carpets. But he brushed aside my queries, saying that we could discuss carpets another day. Then it struck me: this man was not after my money, and much of what he had told me might be true.

I next went to see Zia Mojaddidi, a former faculty member at Kabul University and the local stringer for the Voice of America, because he had a reputation for being the most reliable source of information in Quetta. His phone was out of order and his address was vague: "near the orphanage." After banging on several doors I found him. Except for the carpets on the floor, the room he lived in was totally bare. His marginal existence made me uncertain. But his precise manner of speaking dispelled some of my doubts. Mojaddidi stated flatly that the current round of fighting in Kandahar, going on since May 1987, was the most savage in all of Afghanistan. (This was later backed up by conversations I had with Western diplomats.) The picture he drew was similar to Atta Mahmoud's, but more detailed. Aerial bombardment by Soviet planes had apparently reduced Kandahar to rubble. In order to wipe out remaining pockets of *mujahedeen*, the Soviets had built a road network for tanks and armored cars that effectively divided the city into small, easily patrolled sectors. The Soviets were now trying to win back local sympathies through a massive rebuilding campaign. But *mujahedeen* forces were again filtering into the area, and besieging Soviet positions. Thousands had been killed or wounded.

A hospital for war victims, run by the International Committee of the Red Cross, was where my feet finally touched solid ground. The corridors were packed with real people whose bodies had been torn up by bullets, mortar fire, and mine debris. The number of incoming patients—most from the Kandahar region—had doubled in 1987. The day I visited there were 103 patients, and since the hospital had room for only sixty at the time, tents had been set up on the lawn. The surgeons were working non-stop. I remember one little boy with a head injury who was shrieking in terror as a nurse shaved off his hair in preparation for surgery. The situation at other local hospitals was much the same. And these were the lucky few who had survived the twenty-day trek to the border and the grueling drive to Quetta without dying of their injuries first.

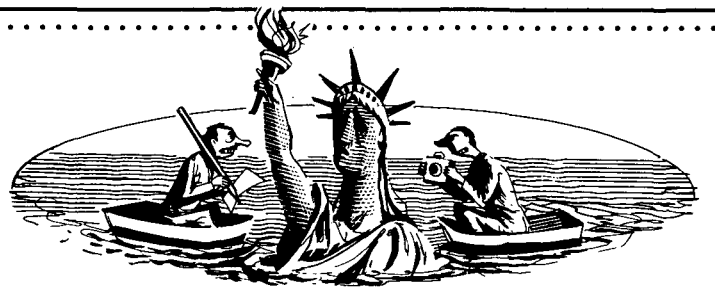


This was as close to the story as I was able to get. Kandahar, only 150 miles to the northwest, is no place for journalists. Even by Afghan standards, it is exceedingly dangerous. The Soviet ambassador in Pakistan, Vitaly Smirnov, warned in 1984 that Western journalists traveling in Afghanistan with the *mujahedeen* would be hunted down and killed. Because the flat desert terrain makes it difficult to hide from helicopter gunships, Kandahar is one region where the Soviets are able to keep their word. Helping them are numerous informers for Afghan state intelligence, Khad, who watch the handful of small hotels in Quetta, on the lookout for Westerners trying to make contact with the resistance. Charles Thornton of the *Arizona Republic* was one of the few American journalists to have crossed into Afghanistan from here. He was killed by machine gun fire in an ambush in 1985.

Afghanistan's second largest city, Kandahar, with a population of 180,000 before the war, appears to have been leveled. It happened in secret, with barely a word of news coverage. It will never be recorded in our memory, the way violence of a lesser magnitude in South Africa and Sri Lanka will be. The only available witnesses are here in Quetta, a place, like others in this world, beyond the frontiers of our very limited and censored reality. □

Robert D. Kaplan is an Athens-based journalist whose book on the Ethiopian famine will be published this year by Westview Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOUBLE STANDARDS

by Michael Ledeen

The old, street-wise reporter in the films I grew up with always used to tell the young cub out of school, "Just tell the story, and let the chips fall where they may." I cannot imagine such a line nowadays. All journalists think of themselves as part of the policy-making process, so they and their editors are highly chip-conscious; they don't like stories that hurt their heroes and their causes. And although it is a commonplace that the media are more powerful than in the past, the media elite imagine their products (stories or broadcasts, as the case may be) to have earth-shaking consequences. So they are careful.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the gingerly treatment our media give to the Soviet Union. Even the Pope is looked at more critically than the Kremlin leaders, and it is not merely, as some would have it, because of the public-relations skills of Comrade Gorbachev. Back when Brezhnev was in charge (a man best described by an Italian Communist friend of mine as looking like a rotten tomato), and the attempted assassination of the Pope took place, Flora Lewis of the *New York Times* wrote that it was in everybody's best interests to leave the story alone, because if it turned out the Russians had done it, world peace might be threatened. No talk about letting the chips fall in that column!

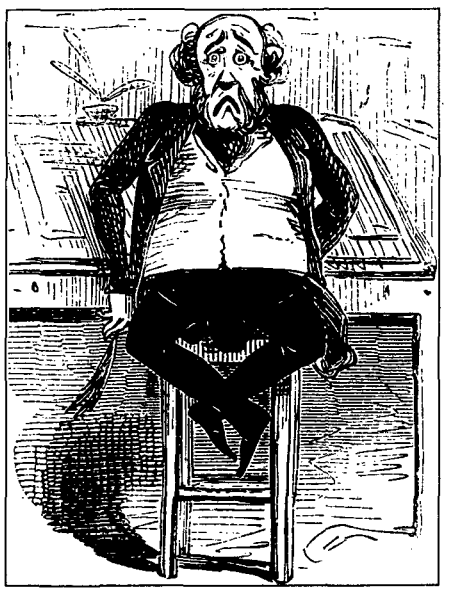
Notice, however, that there is no self-censorship when it comes to *our* covert activities. Anything and everything done by the CIA, DIA, military intelligence groups, special forces, even the NSA, seems to be fair game. So *their* malfeasances are treated differently from ours; they get the kid gloves, we are smashed by the iron fist.

You think I'm overdoing it? Here's the *New York Times* editorial of December 23, 1987. The subject is the (apparently botched) investigation into allegations of Marine complicity with the KGB at the American Embassy in Moscow: "The naval investigators need to be made aware that there are limits to the conduct of an investigation, even—perhaps especially—one that invites compelling national security questions."

The *Times* thinks the Navy went overboard (to coin a phrase) in investigating Soviet espionage; but the *Times* is not against investigations per se. The same editorial calls for a congressional investigation . . . of the Navy's investigation.

So what kind of investigation should be limited? Don't for a minute buy that nonsense about limiting an investigation because of national security concerns; the *Times* showed no such sensitivity during the Iran-contra investigations. During that period, the editorial column was the strong whip hand on the Joint Committees' flank, urging the committees on to ever greater investigatory exertions. Nor did the *Times* editorialists express concern that the torrent of sensitive information that swamped the world during the hearings might jeopardize national security. Nor did they worry when the names of sensitive intelligence sources were published by the Tower Commission.

Indeed, the *only* occasion in the recent past when the *Times* editorialists seemed to worry about national security concerns during a major investigation is this one, which was into Soviet espionage activities in and around the American Embassy in Moscow.



It's a double standard.

The Soviet Union got another gift from the *Times* editorialists just four days later. The lead editorial on December 27 (entitled "Has Gorbachev Already Lost Round I?"—note the Roman numeral, just like in the Super Bowl) meandered around the subject of the Gorbachevian reform movement and concluded that one could not expect quick results. Along the way, one encounters this remarkable sentence: "Thus, without successful reform the Soviet economy will go the way of Britain's, slipping toward senescence."

The Kremlin should be so lucky as to have an economy half as dynamic as the British! And that use of the future tense ("will go"), as if today the Soviet economic system is more advanced! And finally, don't they know at the *Times* that the British economy is decidedly on the way up?

That sentence may be worthy of the Disinformation Award of 1987 for the best short example of the art form.

Murdoch vs. Kennedy and Hollings

An award is due to Alex S. Jones of the *New York Times* for discovering, in the seemingly endless bowels of the infamous Continuing Resolution, a nasty piece of legislation aimed at compelling Rupert Murdoch to sell two media properties he owns in New York and Boston. Murdoch owns television stations in each city, and a newspaper in each as well (the *New York Post* and the *Boston Herald*). The FCC regulations currently in force forbid common ownership of more than one outlet per media market.

Murdoch asked for a waiver to consider his options, obtained it, and was studying his next move when the conference committee of Congress, in the dead of night (3 a.m., we are told), introduced the hitherto-undiscussed and unheard-of requirement that no further waivers could be granted, and that the FCC regulation could not be changed.

To date no one, even supporters of the legislation, has argued that the most likely outcome of the act—Murdoch will sell the *Post* and one of the two properties in Boston—is a good thing. Nor is there any serious dispute about the motives behind the legislation: Senator Hollings put the language into the Continuing Resolution at the behest of Senator Kennedy, who hates the *Boston Herald* (it's conservative; he isn't). Nor can anyone argue—although the *New York Times*'s chief sophist in residence, Anthony Lewis, has feebly tried—that this is a matter of high principle, since *only* Murdoch currently holds waivers.

So this was clearly a political maneuver, aimed at Murdoch, executed by his political enemies. The commentary has been lively. William Safire went directly to the heart of the political issue:

> The issue here is not Mr. Hollings's concern about cross-ownership of media. . . . The issue is the new ability of powerful committee chairmen to corrupt the legislative conference by delivering on political contracts—in a tight little club behind closed doors—that they could never get away with on the floor of the House or Senate.

Right he is (but where was he when the Select Committees on the Iran-contra matter violated their own rules by deciding, behind closed doors, not to call witnesses who had been damaged by previous public testimony?). And the editorialists at the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out that the Kennedy-Hollings covert operation was unconstitutional, since it illegally deprived the FCC of the option of issuing a waiver in specific cases. The Supreme Court had previously stated that "waivers are potentially available" in cases where to deny a waiver might lead to closing a newspaper (which may well happen in the case of the *Post*, a multimillion-dollar annual loser).

The best article of all came from New York City's mayor, Hizzoner Edward Koch. He noted that Hollings didn't tell New York Senators D'Amato

---

Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Moynihan about the bill, but, in Koch's memorable language:

> For some strange reason, however, Hollings did remember to notify Sen. Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts that he was introducing a bill "aimed directly" at Rupert Murdoch. . . . Later it turned out that the trail of ink-stained footsteps led straight to Ted Kennedy's door and that he himself had encouraged Hollings to do what he did.

The *New York Times* editorialists weighed in with their usual double standard: the end was worthy, but the means were tainted. "At the behest of Senator . . . Kennedy, Senator Hollings won an amendment that forbids extending the deadline. That's no trespass on press freedom. Mr. Murdoch knew the rules when he bought the properties." Sophistries; Mr. Murdoch also knew the Supreme Court ruling, and could always hope to change the regulation (after all, the Fairness Doctrine died last year, why shouldn't the "cross-ownership" regulation perish as well?). But the *Times* doesn't like the "legislating on the sly" indulged in by Hollings (they only mention Kennedy once; it's Hollings, the messenger, who gets the most attention).

Anthony Lewis doesn't like Rupert Murdoch, and is clearly happy to get him out of Boston's press. But he appeals to high principle:

> . . . diversity of press ownership is essential to the whole idea of the First Amendment. James Madison's vision of many independent newspapers giving the people different views is threatened by today's concentration of ownership.
>
> Congress could, if it wished, forbid any cross-ownership of print and broadcast outlets. To enforce the FCC's more limited regulation is plainly within Congress's power.

Egad. Congress is a legislative branch, not an executive body. Enforcement is supposed to be carried out by agencies of the executive, or so I thought. But that is not the point at all; Congress can certainly pass a law forbidding cross-ownership. It can even pass the law it has now passed. The issue is whether such actions can be tolerated when they are done in the dark of night in defiance of the will of the legislature. For there is no doubt that the bill would have been defeated if it had been debated openly. Just as there is no doubt—even in Anthony Lewis's mind—that it is a bad measure. After his lecture on Madisonian principles, Lewis reverses himself:

> The *New York Post*, losing money, is really in danger of disappearing. If Mr. Murdoch is willing to subsidize it from his television station in order to have the power of a newspaper proprietor in New York, that may be the only way to keep it going. It is the kind of issue a fair-minded Federal Communications Commission should hear and decide.

And then he adds, "Midnight legislation prevents careful weighing of such issues."

So, as befits the sophist in residence, he's gotten it both ways. The ultimate double standard.

But there is yet another double standard at work here, for the *New York Times* itself owns a radio station in New York City, and another company owns both Channel 11 and the *Daily News*. How is that, you ask? When the "cross-ownership" regulation was introduced, there were "grandfather" clauses that permitted certain existing "cross-ownership" situations to continue. So the attitude of the *New York Times* is best encapsulated in the old slogan, "I've got mine, Mac, so up yours."

Now, you might have expected that the conservatives would have gotten excited about this blatant effort to shut them down in New York and Boston. But no. Moynihan (who doesn't qualify anymore) and D'Amato (who may) complained loudly, but their efforts seem primarily designed to save the jobs of 1,200 workers at the *Post*. It is not an all-out attack on the covert action launched by Kennedy and Hollings, and no one, at least as of this writing, has picked up the war cry of Mayor Koch:

> I am calling upon every presidential candidate, Democratic and Republican, and upon President Reagan himself to urge Congress to reconvene immediately and undo this deplorable act. I will support no candidate—in either the primaries or the general election—who does not join in this defense of the First Amendment. I urge others to take the same stand.

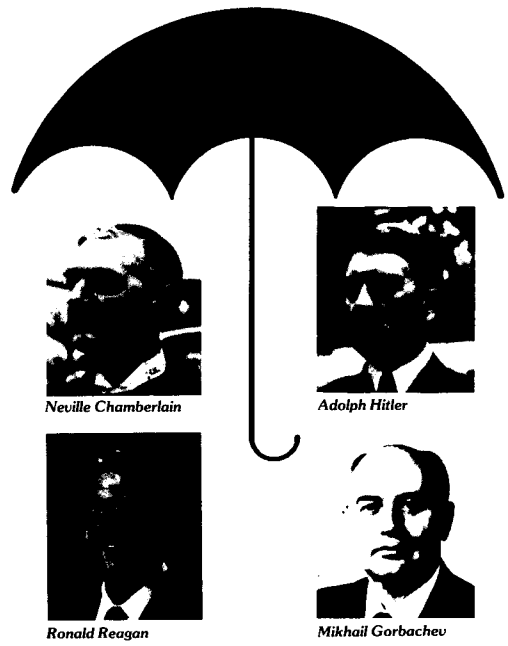
His campaign isn't doing well, but he has picked up one ally: Pat Buchanan, who had the wit to write in the *Washington Times* that this ought to be a major issue for the Republicans. It isn't, for the usual, sad reason. Republicans, and traditional conservatives generally, don't like the rough-and-tumble world of the media. They are vaguely uncomfortable with mass politics, and prefer to do things in an orderly fashion, among gentlemen, preferably at the country club with good brandy. I sympathize with their desire to live in a more tranquil environment, but I deplore their abandonment of the media arena, which is where most of the important decisions are made.

Every time I speak to a conservative group on the subject of the media, I am asked, "What can be done to make the media more representative, more objective, more thorough?" I always respond, "People with different points of view have to get involved, have to buy newspapers, magazines, and television stations, have to make movies and write and publish books. You must compete with the left, which prizes influence over the media, and resorts to all manner of stratagem to obtain and expand it."

Here we see it all at work once again: the Kennedys using covert operations to strike against their conservative opponents in the media; the conservatives standing awkwardly to one side, clucking their tongues but not fighting; one more step towards expanding the hegemony of the left over the media; one more sin-by-omission for the conservatives.

And we will shortly hear the conservatives whining, "Why doesn't somebody do something about the media?" As if they hadn't had their chances. □

APPEASEMENT IS AS UNWISE IN 1988 AS IN 1938



HELP US DEFEAT
THE REAGAN-GORBACHEV INF TREATY

- *INF is not verifiable—we lack certain knowledge of the USSR's pre-treaty totals.*
- *Even if INF were verifiable, there is no plan for dealing with verified Soviet violations, past and prospective.*
- *If the treaty is implemented, there will be no theater-based U.S. missiles capable of penetrating Soviet defenses, although Moscow will retain at least 92% of its missiles aimed at the West.*
- *The Pershings, which can travel 1,100 miles in less than 13 minutes, can hold Soviet forces and equipment at risk, thus deterring, and, if necessary, defeating vastly superior Soviet conventional forces.*
- *Those U.S. missiles remaining after INF have a reported maximum range of 66 miles—they would fall on NATO territory, rather than requiring the Warsaw Pact to bear the brunt of its own aggression.*
- *It is not credible to suppose that President Reagan or his likely successor would be prepared to initiate a nuclear war by responding to a Warsaw Pact conventional attack on Western Europe by launching intercontinental or trident-based ballistic missiles.*
- *It is highly unlikely that either NATO generally or America alone is prepared to spend the hundreds of billions of dollars necessary to offset massive Soviet conventional and chemical warfare superiority. Consequently, Moscow has an increased ability to intimidate and dominate Western Europe.*

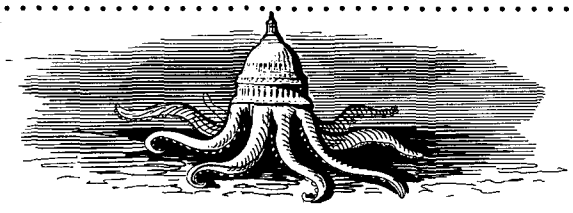
INF IS A BAD DEAL FOR AMERICA
URGE YOUR SENATORS TO REJECT RATIFICATION

THE CONSERVATIVE CAUCUS, INC. 1974-1988

The Conservative Caucus, Inc.
National Headquarters
450 Maple Avenue, East
Vienna, Virginia 22180

Howard Phillips
Chairman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RECESSION PREVENTION

by Richard W. Rahn

"It was a lousy $8 million."

—Rep. David R. Obey (D-Wis) of the House Appropriations Committee, justifying his support of a provision to build private schools in France, in the appropriation bill Congress passed at the end of the 1987 session.

Recessions are not the result of random occurrences; they are the result of mistakes in policy. And the wonderful thing about Congressman Obey's striking statement is that it captures in a mere six words a mindset that is quickly leading us toward disaster.

It is not exactly news, of course, that politicians waste the taxpayers' money, thereby slowing economic growth and the creation of jobs. But it is news that the government—long criticized as hopelessly ineffectual—has led us with such sureness and consistency to the brink of a major recession.

Are we close to a recession? I believe we are. A recession is two successive quarters of negative economic growth, which is an economist's way of saying: you're in a recession when for six solid months the GNP has gone not up but down. The last time that happened was in 1982. The recession of that year caused a considerable amount of pain: the unemployment rate, for instance, soared to 9.5 percent (today it stands at 5.8 percent). Unfortunately, our next recession, whenever it occurs, may be worse. Certain doomsday scenarios have the whole worldwide financial system unwinding crazily, like a ball of wool thrown about the room by a big old cat. Can we save the world from the cat (if there is a cat)? Can we save our economy and avoid a recession? I think we can.

The prescriptions that will work toward preventing a recession are: (1) the Federal Reserve must increase the rate of money growth; (2) the Administration and the Congress must not only avoid any tax increase but reduce the capital gains tax rate; (3) the President must announce that he will veto any spending bills, including continuing resolutions, that exceed the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings targets, even by one dollar; and (4) the President must veto any protectionist trade legislation. The prescriptions are simple but not painless. The disease, however, would be far worse.

Richard W. Rahn is vice president and chief economist of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

We are now in a period of economic turbulence because of policy mistakes of the past eighteen months. The single most serious mistake was made in February 1987 when the United States became party to the "Louvre Agreement," an attempt to stabilize exchange rates among the major industrial countries. Because the Germans and the Japanese continued to maintain restrictive economic policies from an unfounded fear of renewed inflation, our Federal Reserve was obligated in turn to restrict money growth and maintain higher interest rates than were fundamentally justified. In addition, Congress refused to reduce the growth of wasteful spending and passed some foolish tax provisions, i.e., higher capital gains tax rates and restrictions on deductible expenses for mergers and acquisitions.

Today the chance of a recession is clearly greater than the chance of renewed inflation; and so the first thing to do: the Federal Reserve Board should step moderately on the money accelerator. The Fed needs to stop trying to stabilize exchange rates, and instead get money growth back to the target ranges it had set early last year. The Fed does face a dilemma—too much money growth will result in inflation, too little in recession. Nevertheless, history clearly shows that when a major drop in the stock market occurs in conjunction with a drop in money growth rates *recession follows*—except when the Fed has immediately stepped in to increase money growth.

Throughout all of 1987 the Federal Reserve Board pursued a policy of extremely slow money growth. Beginning in January 1987 the Fed slammed on the monetary brakes, causing the narrowly defined money supply (M1) growth to plummet. Total M1 was less than one percent higher at the end of December 1987 than it had been in April. (The other measures of money growth were also well below target, even after the October market crash.) With inflation running at about 4.5 percent, this represents a negative real rate of money growth, insufficient to accommodate the current pace of economic expansion.

Now to the second point: tax increases must be avoided and the capital gains tax rate must be reduced. Truly bizarre arguments have been made as to why Congress cannot cut spending and why we must have a tax increase. Let's look at the facts:

•Each time Congress has increased taxes since World War II, spending has increased an average $1.58 for every $1.00 increase in taxes. Thus deficits have tended to get bigger rather than smaller after each tax increase. There are no guarantees this behavior will not be repeated: the incentives for members of Congress are all on the spending side.

•Increases in tax rates on labor, capital, or directly on goods or services tend to bring in less revenue than forecast because any tax increase raises the cost of whatever is being taxed, thereby resulting in a diminished demand for the taxed item. By increasing the cost of whatever is being taxed, tax increases lower production and thus reduce incomes. This results in fewer job opportunities and less progress against poverty: in sum, more economic misery.

Reducing the maximum capital gains tax at least to its pre-1987 rate of 20 percent, and ideally to 15 percent, would increase tax revenue to government and give a needed boost to our stock, venture capital, and real estate markets. Nothing shows the mean-spiritedness of the American left more than its opposition to lower capital gains tax rates. The historical evidence, plus a host of economic studies, clearly demonstrate that the revenue-maximizing rate of the capital gains tax is 20 percent. In 1978 capital gains tax rates were cut from a maximum of 49 percent to 28 percent, and revenues went up—not down. In 1981 rates were cut again, from 28 percent to 20 percent; capital gains tax revenues again went up. Opponents of the rate reduction seem to have a greater need to punish success than to create opportunity, new jobs, and economic growth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Number three: the President should veto every spending bill, including debt ceiling increases and continuing resolutions, that do not literally meet the Gramm-Rudman spending growth reduction targets. The Keynesians had argued that increased government spending was an effective answer to unemployment. And since somebody was always unemployed, the politicians, who enjoyed spending other peoples' money anyway, followed the Keynesian prescription.

Unfortunately, economic reality has caught up with the Keynesians. Recent studies of the U.S. and other developed nations make clear that government spending is a depressant not a stimulant to economic growth. In a 1987 study, for instance, Professors Barth and Bradley at George Washington University found that increases in government transfer payments had a depressing effect on economic growth —not surprisingly, since increases in taxes to support such payments decrease taxpayer incentives to engage in productive economic behavior, and the recipients of Social Security and welfare are penalized by reductions in payment if they work or make extra income. More importantly, Barth and Bradley also found that government purchases of goods and services were a net drain on economic growth because of the tax and debt "extraction cost" from the private sector to support them.

The fact is, increases in government spending as a percentage of Gross National Product work to reduce the growth rate of the economy rather than enhance it. Growth slows because government spending programs tend to be less efficient than those in the private sector, because tax administration and compliance become more expensive, and particularly because many government transfer payment programs tend to misallocate resources and, again, provide disincentives for productive economic activity on the part of both recipients and taxpayers.

To reverse this disastrous trend, the President—maybe this one?—could decide that it was time to become tough, resolute, and responsible by actually using his veto powers. To date, the Administration has let House Speaker Jim Wright and his allies win the spending public relations war. If at every speaking opportunity the President and Administration colleagues hammered home the facts—that Congress has spent $114 billion more than the President requested during the six full and completed fiscal years under the Reagan Administration, that Congress has not even once complied with the terms of its own budget acts during the Reagan years, and that Congress did not send a single appropriations bill to the President for signing before the beginning of the current fiscal year—the President could win a veto strategy. Yes, the federal government might be "shut down" a couple of times before the battle was won. But that is only to the good.

Why would the President and the White House staff suddenly embolden themselves after years of timid behavior? Well, at last they are outraged at the restrictions Congress has placed on even studying privatization, and at its refusal to cut even items it had promised to cut in the agreement that resulted in December's continuing resolution. In fact, the resolution has become a daily scandal as the newspapers discover what's in it. Congress's on-going "bad faith" is a thumb in the eye of an occasionally energized White House. With little to lose, and a chance to salvage his anti-spending reputation at least in part during his last year, the President may well choose to play the role of leader. But pressure—how about from the presidential candidates of his own party?—would certainly help.

There is one other thing that the Administration needs to do this year. Make it clear: no protectionism—not any, not now, not ever. No to any trade bill that even sniffs of protectionism—because a trade war would guarantee a worldwide depression.

Fortunately, the entire Administration, from the President all the way down the ranks, clearly seems to understand the damage a protectionist trade bill would cause. In addition, the responsible members of Congress also seem determined not to report out a dangerously protectionist bill.

For the non-economist, the problem of knowing which economist to believe is a difficult one since the profession has no defined standards of competence. Nevertheless one can take a look at the policy prescriptions of various schools of economics, see where they have been tried, and examine the results.

In this century the prescriptions of the Marxist economists have obviously been disastrous. The democratic socialist economies have performed somewhat better than the Marxist economies, but have still been no match for free-market, low-tax, strong property-rights economies. (We are now witnessing the marvelous spectacle of socialist governments selling off government-owned businesses to the private sector and reducing marginal tax rates.) Most economists in the United States now tend to be either some form of Keynesian or some form of neo-classical (including supply-siders and most monetarists). The Keynesians tend to minimize the disincentive effects of taxation and governmental regulation and to see government spending—at least on their favorite programs—as uniformly beneficial. They have largely ignored or downplayed the role of money creation both on real economic activity and inflation.

The neo-classical economists, for the most part, understand that high marginal tax rates are clearly destructive to economic growth and ultimately government revenues. They understand that the level of government spending is the true measure of the crowding out of the private sector, and thus that a high rate of government spending clearly reduces the rate of economic growth. And they understand that inflation is largely a monetary phenomenon—money growing faster than the supply of goods and services is inflationary—and that changes in the growth rate of money have at least a short-run effect on real economic activity.

We need only go back to the late 1970s and early eighties and look at the predictions of both of these schools to get a good idea as to who we should believe today. The Keynesians and their allies, almost to a man, argued that President Reagan's tax cut would be wildly inflationary and lead us into a long period of economic stagnation. Of course, inflation dropped sharply and almost vanished by 1986, and we entered the longest and strongest peace-time period of economic and employment expansion in our nation's history.

We should look at history: what worked in the past and what didn't, which economic doctors' prescriptions and prognoses worked and which didn't. The trick to keeping the economic expansion going is to realize that no tricks are needed. □

SARKES TARZIAN INC

WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGTC, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CORPORATE OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE 812 332 7251

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL'S LAST HOPE

by John Podhoretz

The Broadway songwriter Stephen Sondheim occupies a unique position in American cultural life, for by common agreement the future of a great form of popular art rests entirely and solely on his shoulders. He is the last best hope of the Broadway musical, the vineyard in which he has been laboring with distinction for more than thirty years. Every show of his is awaited with desperate hope: If he can really make a go of it this time and at last create the breakthrough financial success that has thus far eluded him, he will singlehandedly save the form. Without that triumph, the musical will go the way of its progenitors, the Victor Herbert operettas and the vaudeville circuit. It will become a memory, left to high school dramatic societies and sentimental archivists, and will in time seem only the hidebound representation of a certain peculiar age in American cultural history rather than a vital example of American popular art.

When Sondheim's tenth show as a composer-lyricist, *Into the Woods*, was in rehearsals prior to its opening on Broadway last November, it was the most hotly discussed show no one had ever actually seen. The *New York Times* took to reporting rumors from backstage as news stories on its cultural pages. Last-minute changes, new songs added, others dropped, fights between the producers and the director, and the wholesale removal of a central character all contributed to a Broadway-wide bout of opening-night jitters.

The nerves were understandable. In the 1980s, only two American musicals have been bona-fide box-office triumphs: *Dreamgirls* and *La Cage Aux Folles*. There have been some middling successes like *Nine*, a series of moneymaking revues like *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and some hit curiosities like *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, *42nd Street*, and *My One and Only* (which claim to be musicals but are actually revues).

John Podhoretz contributed "The Career Woman Lashes Out" to the January American Spectator.

The last few years have been particularly pathetic, as prestige musical after prestige musical—*Baby*, *Smile*, *Grind*, *Big Deal*—has opened, bombed, and lost four to six million dollars each.

That is why the fate of *Into the Woods* seemed so important. If it went the way of 1982's *Merrily We Roll Along*, Sondheim's disastrous sixteen-performance effort, that would be a devastating blow to the confidence of the theatrical establishment. Investors would henceforth avoid American shows. Broadway would become a vanquished industry, the victim of a gigantic trade deficit, effectively taken over lock, stock, and barrel by the British. In future, the only viable musicals would be the spectacular operatic extravaganzas that have been coming over from London and taking most of Broadway's box-office receipts for the last five years: *Cats*, *Les Misérables*, *Starlight Express*, *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Nor would there be anyone left to pick up the slack from Sondheim. The sad fact is that precious few American artists are interested in Broadway anymore. In recent years, only two Broadway-sized talents have emerged. One is Howard Ashman, who wrote the book and lyrics to the long-running off-Broadway *Little Shop of Horrors* before stubbing his toe and breaking his heart over the ill-conceived *Smile*. The other was Rupert Holmes, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics to the gimmicky *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. A third, a prodigious Sondheim clone named William Finn, has not produced anything of value following his 1981 hour-long chamber musical, *March of the Falsettos*.

Young songwriters who in earlier days would have been eager to try their hands at writing a musical have instead devoted themselves to the world of pop music. The most melodic and witty pop artists, like Billy Joel and Warren Zevon, write numbers that cry out for a stage, but they are too busy recording albums and giving concerts in basketball arenas before 20,000 people. The fact that Broadway cannot compete with the more fashionable world of album-oriented recording is indicative of its decline as a cultural institution. Rupert Holmes of *Drood* was himself a successful pop recording artist of the 1970s, and if his career had not taken a nose dive in the 1980s he might never have worked on Broadway at all.

That leaves Sondheim, and only Sondheim. He first hit the Broadway stage in 1957, as the precocious 24-year-old lyricist of *West Side Story*. Since 1970, with the premiere of his breakthrough musical as composer-lyricist, *Company*, he has reigned as undisputed master of the form. In *Company* he demonstrated that he was without peer as a sophisticated lyricist in the great tradition of Irving Berlin, Ira Gershwin, Lorenz Hart, Cole Porter, Frank Loesser, and Alan Jay Lerner. He had also matured as a composer, judging from the difference between the *Company* score and that of his previous hit, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. His music had become supple, amusing, and memorable, occasionally very beautiful and always a match for the sophistication of his lyrics.

The word "brilliant" is overused, but in Sondheim's case it is the perfect way to describe his gift. His lyrics call attention to their glittery rhymes, puns, and clevernesses. In a song called "I'm Still Here," a boozy has-been sex goddess reflects on the vicissitudes of stardom:

> First you're another sloe-eyed vamp,
> Then someone's mother, then you're camp,
> Then you career from career to career,
> I'm almost through my memoirs, and I'm here . . .

Hearing a Sondheim lyric, after living through years of witless and gaudy bombast of the sort practiced by Jerry Herman (author of *Hello, Dolly!* and *Mame*), can be a startling and bracing experience. There are endless pleasures to be had in listening to the original cast albums of his shows. The songs actually improve over time.

The only real problem was that his shows—conceived in collaboration with director Harold Prince and a series of librettists—were bracing as well, but not at all in a pleasant manner. They were, by design, off-putting, intended to provoke and stimulate, rather than entertain, an audience. *Company* was the first serious "concept musical"; instead of the boy-meets-girl-etc. plot that every musical before had featured, *Company* was about the anxieties and neuroses of affluent New Yorkers. *Follies*, his next show, was about a showgirls' reunion and was dominated by a phantasmagoric sequence in which the pathetic fantasies of the main characters come horribly to life. *Pacific Overtures* was a Kabuki-style rendition of the opening of Japan in 1853. *Sweeney Todd* was a full-scale Grand Guignol operetta about cannibalism during the early Victorian age.

Only one of Sondheim's musicals, *A Little Night Music*, went easy on its audience in telling a slight but lovely story of summer romances and mismatched couples. Otherwise, the only Sondheim show to send the audience out smiling was *Side by Side by Sondheim*, not a musical at all but a cheerful and lighthearted revue of his best and wittiest songs.

As usually happens with art that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self-consciously seeks to expand the frontiers of human experience, most of these shows are amazingly dated now. The attitudes that inform them are barely recognizable today; in the concluding song to *Pacific Overtures*, the blame for modern Japanese industrial pollution is laid squarely at the feet of Commodore Matthew Perry, the American who opened Japan's markets to the West. So, too, is the Japanese economic miracle: "Do it better, do it faster," sing the colonized Japanese with savage irony, "let the pupil teach the master."

Even more timebound is the dark spirit that guides the score to 1979's *Sweeney Todd*, which is less suggestive of the mood of early industrial London than of Jimmy Carter's America. In determining to kill his clients and then dispose of the remains in meat pies, the barber Sweeney Todd sings bitterly: "There's a hole in the world like a great black pit/And it's filled with people who are filled with s---/And the vermin of the world inhabit it/But not for long/They all deserve to die . . ."

Is it any wonder that audiences did not exactly flock to these shows? If Sondheim were a great artist whose work was too shocking for the bourgeoisie to stomach, that might be a cause for concern about our cultural philistinism.

But the fault resides in Sondheim and not in his audience. In its sixty-year history, the Broadway musical has stayed away from large and serious subjects for a good reason. And that reason is that the form itself cannot carry them. The old-time Broadway songwriters, like Berlin and Gershwin, created the first really distinctive popular American art.[1] They used bits and pieces of previous musical styles to create a new kind of song, a brassy, melodic, short, and memorable piece that was as characteristic of its nation as "Greensleeves" was characteristically British or "Plaisir d'Amour" characteristically French.

The music was a revolt against the high sentimentality of the operettas that preceded it and the 12-tone style that was beginning to dominate serious classical music. The qualities that made the Broadway song (and the Tin Pan Alley songs that were written up the block) so American were its commonsensical and no-nonsense directness and clarity. At its best, the Broadway song tried to capture one specific emotion in one specific way and succeeded indelibly: "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," or "My Funny Valentine," or "Alexander's Ragtime Band," or "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," or even "I'm Still Here."

Sondheim's effort to expand the frontiers of the form came smack-dab against the frontiers themselves. This was made most tellingly clear in *Sunday in the Park with George*, his 1985 effort with a new collaborator, James Lapine. Enthusiasts consider the show a signal accomplishment of the American theater, a profound evocation of the creative process. It is, in part, the story of the trial and trauma of creating a great art work, Georges Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grand Jatte."

Seurat was a pointillist, a painter who rendered his images by means of specks of color. Sondheim's score for *Sunday in the Park* is a musical version of pointillism: The first song in the show is accompanied only by tinkling piano, and as the painting proceeds farther and farther along the music becomes richer and fuller until finally the painting is completed and the first act concludes with a gorgeous harmonious chorale.

In other words, the score is largely tuneless by design. Sondheim, whose later work indicates a close study of Benjamin Britten and Paul Hindemith, has been moving away from the standard Broadway chords and chord progressions to a more modernist style.

It is a misbegotten misconception, the kind born of a frantic desire to do things differently even if the style is prima facie ludicrous. Were Sondheim capable of writing music in the manner of Hindemith and Britten, he would trivialize it by setting it in the fluffy surroundings of Broadway. Conversely, Sondheim demonstrates contempt for his chosen form by performing the artistic equivalent of destroying the village in order to save it.

James Lapine's book—the quality of whose wit is indicated by the fact that he names Seurat's fictional girlfriend Dot—was similarly misconceived, although the show had an inventive set. *Sunday in the Park* found a champion in *New York Times* drama critic Frank Rich, who waged an ultimately successful campaign to get the show a Pulitzer Prize. It became what William Goldman once called a "snob hit," the sort of show that sells tickets because people think they should really go to see it in order to improve themselves. Even though it ended up losing money, *Sunday in the Park* did manage to complete a 500-performance run, the magic number that signifies a long-running show (rather like a .300 batting average or a 100-r.b.i. year).

Still, the truth is that very few people liked *Sunday in the Park with George*, and its audiences left the theater unsatisfied. It was not the holy grail for which the Broadway musical had been searching. *Into the Woods*, however, just might be. Its subject matter, fairy tales, is uncustomarily light and frothy for Sondheim and Lapine. Its star is Bernadette Peters, the critics' darling. What is more, its premiere in November followed a very good year at the Broadway box-office, whose receipts were skyrocketing as a result of the success of *Les Misérables* and another British import called *Me and My Girl*. The common wisdom is that hits breed more hits, and if Sondheim could write something that would appeal to the audiences generated by those two imports, that might turn things around.

The pressure seems to have gotten to Sondheim, because *Into the Woods* is an oddly tentative and gentle show. It combines the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, Little Red Riding Hood, and a new tale about a baker and his wife. Lapine's book and staging are full of fun. This is the first Sondheim show that children might be able to stomach, and throughout the first act the theater is alive with the tonic sound of genuine laughter. The second act, which features the by-now standard tack we have come to expect from a Sondheim show of punishing the characters for the fun they have had in the first act, is this time not so terrible.

But *Into the Woods* is, in the end, unsuccessful for a most surprising reason. And that is that Sondheim's songs are largely unmemorable, uninteresting, and bereft of sophistication. Apparently, in his quest to save the musical, he has decided to jettison his greatest strength as a lyricist in order to appeal to the greatest number.

Sadder than that is the quality of the music. Still in the thrall of Benjamin Britten, Sondheim has set his lackluster lyrics to the most inappropriate music imaginable, whose odd keys and odd rhythms only serve to make the action on stage seem distant and uninvolving.

Sondheim has laid a theoretical trap for himself. To survive, the Broadway musical needs an infusion of the old brassy and vibrant clarity of its greatest days. But Sondheim's own taste is for the somber and magisterial works of the great twentieth-century composers, and that is a suicidal tack.

Into the Woods is doing quite well at the box office, and might well break even if it can stay open a year. Meanwhile, Andrew Lloyd Webber's *The Phantom of the Opera*—whose score is part Puccini and part Richard Rodgers—is sold out until December.

It is hardly surprising that the only American musical this season that is playing at capacity is a reworked revival of Cole Porter's 1936 *Anything Goes*. It is, however, another death knell for the form. In the early 1970s, when Sondheim had set himself the task of redefining the musical, the biggest hit on Broadway was a revival of a 1920s musical called *No, No Nanette!* Now, more than fifteen years later, the same pattern is reasserting itself. Ask not, Stephen Sondheim, for whom the bell tolls. □

[1] Jazz enthusiasts will disagree. That is their right as Americans. I cannot be held responsible for their poor judgment.

Ralph J. Lemley & Co.

Investments
Asset Management
The Lemley Letter

SPECIAL OFFER FOR AMERICAN SPECTATOR READERS

The Lemley Letter Model Portfolio was up 38%* for the year and 30% cash on October 1, 1987. Unfortunately, that conservative posture didn't make much difference as the crash caused the value of the Model Portfolio to drop 20% in two days. Fortunately, the Model Portfolio on 12/31/87 was up 20%* for the year. If you're interested in a **common sense** (no options, futures or margin) approach to the stock and bond markets, send for our analysis of the meltdown of 1987, and a free sample copy of the **Lemley Letter.**

*Past performance is no indication of future performance.

Ralph J. Lemley & Co., 208 South LaSalle Street, Suite 500, Chicago, Illinois 60604

YES, please send me your analysis of the 1987 market crash and a free issue of the **Lemley Letter.**

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

TAS-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALK TO THE ANIMALS

MASS LUNACY

by Bruce Bawer

I'd never seen a church so crowded. The right aisle—which was separated from the cavernous nave by a long row of massive stone columns—was as packed as the A train at rush hour. There were not only hundreds of people but dozens of cats and dogs, the felines squirming in their owners' arms, the canines padding nervously underfoot, getting their leashes tangled together and winding them around the legs of strangers. Some of the people were pushing their way, as I was, toward the front of the church, and some were moving just as determinedly toward the back, rather like the fairgoers who stream meaninglessly in both directions at one of those New York street festivals. What made it harder to get anywhere was that while some people were moving, others were standing stock still, scanning the faces of the passersby, of the animals, and (though some of them had to stand on tiptoe to manage it) of the hundreds of congregants seated in the nave.

And a few, remarkably enough, seemed actually to be absorbed in the words of the sermon which, spoken in a man's heavily amplified upper-class British voice, echoed eerily within the stone walls. "It matters little whether you believe in God," the seemingly disembodied voice boomed over the hubbub. "What matters is that God believes in you." My first thought was that the speaker must have seen *Elmer Gantry* recently; for the revivalist Sister Sharon Falconer (played by Jean Simmons) had spoken almost the exact same words in that film to the agnostic newspaperman Jim Lefferts (Arthur Kennedy). My second thought was that this Brit, whoever he was, had just blithely dismissed the doctrine of salvation by faith, upon which the entire Protestant religion happens to be founded. And this *was*, after all, a Protestant church.

But it wasn't just *any* Protestant church. On the contrary, it was the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, the seat of the Episcopal diocese of New York and the headquarters of the Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., the Episcopal Bishop of New York, who in many people's minds is the very embodiment of new-wave American Protestantism. It was to witness a manifestation of the New Wave that I had come, on this cold, rainy fall morning, to Bishop Moore's cathedral. I'd arrived forty-five minutes late, to be sure, and in the middle of the sermon, but I was here. The event? The Solemnity of St. Francis, a.k.a. Missa Gaia, a.k.a. Earth Mass, which a friend of mine had attended last year (a friend of *his*, who sign-language interpreted for the deaf congregants seated in the transept, had in turn introduced him to it) and which he'd insisted I join him at this year: "You've got to see this to believe it," he'd said.

The idea of the Earth Mass, he'd explained, was to celebrate the beautiful Earth that God had blessed us with, and all its appurtenances—the trees, rocks, oceans, what-have-you. Since animals came with the package the celebration was taking place this year, as it had once or twice before, on the Feast of St. Francis, the patron saint of animals.

Moving forward in the aisle, I was finally able to glimpse the distant pulpit and, in it, the speaker of the sermon. He was middle-aged, bespectacled, mousy-looking, and clad in a long brown frock; from 200 feet away, he looked rather like Philip Larkin. When, a few moments later, I miraculously espied my friend in a seat near the middle of the church and managed to slip into the seat he'd saved, I glanced at the missal and noted that the Brit was a Franciscan named Brother Michael. Appropriately enough, Brother Michael was now speaking of St. Francis, and of all the nice animals that St. Francis loved—and also of wolves, who were not, Brother Michael informed us, nice at all; his tone suddenly tinged with *saeva indignatio*, Brother Michael warned us that there were, as a matter of fact, wolves among us today in this very city: "Wall Street wolves," he growled, " . . . real estate wolves." He frothed at the mouth for a while about those wolves, whom he clearly considered to be among mankind's greatest enemies, and in closing asked us to pray for all suffering and victimized people, especially those in Nicaragua and Northern Ireland.

It was hard to concentrate on the sermon for all the activity around me. I'd expected things to be less chaotic in the nave than in the aisle, but such was not the case. Ushers moved constantly up and down the central corridor, walkie-

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

Spearheading The Recovery Of Traditional Values

If you think mindless radicalism has made a mess of society, schools, the economy, and our political institutions, you should see what it's doing to our churches. Formerly dignified and beautiful, America's major religious bodies are being run into the ground by middle-aged hippies who don't care what their vanishing parishioners think.

Fortunately, the spiritual heirs of C.S. Lewis, Dorothy L. Sayers, and T.S. Eliot are fighting back—and it's giving the liberals fits. And you can read all about it in the liveliest, most outspoken journal of religious news, commentary, and criticism ever published.

Here are just a few subjects covered:

- Tutu: Christian prelate or terrorist guru?
- The new cult of cultural illiteracy
- Mod liturgies; literally God-awful
- Our Mother Who Art In New Haven: The feminist campaign to rewrite the Bible

To learn what's *really* going on in the Church, send your name and address with a check for $20 for a year to:

THE Christian Challenge®

The Only Worldwide Voice Of Traditional Anglicanism

Department A
1215 Independence Ave. S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003

Isn't it about time somebody printed how *you* feel?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talkies in their hands. Shabbily dressed men carrying videotape cameras and recording equipment continually moved by in packs of three and four, hunched over like Marines storming a beachhead. Small children, some alone and some in groups of two and three, ran all over the place throughout the service, laughing and yelling; nobody tried to shut them up or make them sit down.

When we stood for the Nicene Creed, moreover, I noticed for the first time that, in this congregation of several hundred people, I was one of the very few men in a jacket and tie. People were wearing sweatshirts, jogging suits, T-shirts bearing the names of rock groups and soft drinks. And these weren't poor people, either, who couldn't afford good clothing; no, although we were on the fringes of Harlem here at Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street, the congregation was overwhelmingly white, Anglo-Saxon, and affluent-looking. Perfect teeth and beautiful complexions abounded. I knew that at home, these folks had closets full of Brooks Brothers suits and designer dresses, which they wore to their executive jobs in midtown, to power lunches and dinner parties, to the theater and opera and ballet.

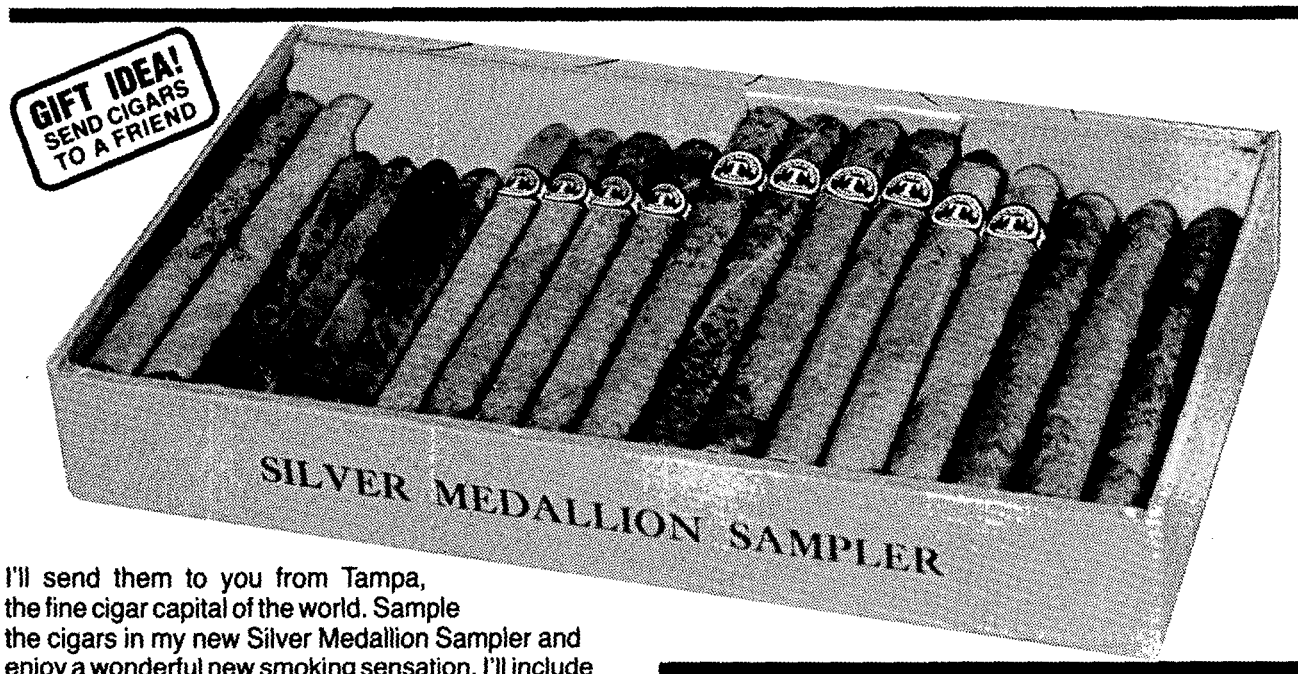
But not to church. A charitable friend suggested afterwards that perhaps they had all been dressing down in tribute to St. Francis's vow of poverty. But their extremely casual attire seemed, to me, to reflect a distinctly different notion: namely, that it just wasn't proper to get all *formal* with God. Several times, people around me glanced at my tie and jacket with looks of silent reproach. This attitude would explain not only the adults' garb but the children's lack of discipline. To these parents, apparently, taking the kids to God's House was like taking them to visit an indulgent Grandpa: here you simply had to let them get away with more than you did at home.

But I didn't pay attention for long to my fellow congregants. There was too much going on elsewhere. Much of it was the work of the Paul Winter Consort, a group of avant-garde instrumentalists and modern dancers (and one big-voiced blues singer who, we were told, had just left the cast of *Big River*) that, along with the church choir and organist, provided the music for the Mass. Periodically, in the apse and transept and up and down the nave's central corridor, the dancers, twenty or so in number and wearing white tights, frolicked to the reedy, hypnotic strains of the Consort's unmelodic hymns and chants; some of these musical pieces were hauntingly enhanced by the recorded sounds (mating calls?) of whales and seals. (The composer's credits for the "Sanctus and Benedictus Qui Venit" reads "Humpback Whale, Castro-Neves, Hailey, Winter"; for the "Agnus Dei," "Harp Seals, Scott, Winter." Do the whale and seals belong to ASCAP?) At one point, this novel variation on sacred music served as accompaniment while two of the dancers—a young black man and a young white woman—climbed up into the pulpit and did an erotic *pas de deux.*

Finally Bishop Moore took the mike, and reminded us (just in case we'd forgotten since Brother Michael's sermon) to pray for suffering and captive peoples, especially those in Nicaragua and South Africa. And he reminded us that our beautiful God-given earth is being despoiled by air and water pollution and overdevelopment, and threatened by the existence of nuclear weapons. This was not only bad, it seemed, but blasphemous, because, according to the "Canticle of the Sun" (I'd missed it, but the words were printed in the missal), the celestial

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO SMOKE CUBAN-SEED HANDMADE CIGARS!

HANDMADES FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!



I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Silver Medallion Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of Honduras handmades, plus a nice selection of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

—"Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years," one new customer wrote me the other day.

—"Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch," wrote another.

—"Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas," wrote H. E. O., of Columbia, SC

—"I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the sampler you sent," said J. J. M., of Lincoln, IL

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars—a special selection of Honduras handmades, vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

To order, fill in and mail coupon to B766

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.

5401 Hangar Ct., Dept. B766, Box 30303, Tampa, FL 33630.

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Silver Medallion Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only $10.90.

☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 5% sales tax)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my ☐ VISA ☐ American Express
☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club

Credit Card No. (Print all digits) Exp. Date

name

street

city state zip

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY CALLING TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559

IN FLORIDA, CALL 1-800-282-0646

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bodies and everything on them were our family:

All praise be yours thru Brother Sun,
All praise be yours thru Sister Moon,
By Mother Earth my lord be praised,
By Brother Mountain, Sister Sea,
Thru Brother Wind and Brother Air,
Thru Sister Water, Brother Fire
The Stars above give thanks to Thee. . . .

The ceremony's climax came after the communion: the big bronze doors at the back of the church were opened and there began what the missal referred to as a "silent procession of representative animals." One by one, an elephant, a camel, a llama, a horse were led down the aisle toward the altar. A young boy carried a turtle; a man carried a small bird; a woman carried a kitten. A parrot rode by on somebody's shoulder. The congregants watched with fascination, some of them standing on their chairs, or on the waist-high bases of the huge stone pillars, to get a better view; some took out cameras and snapped flash pictures as the animals filed past. A middle-aged woman stood near me, raising her right hand the way the Pope does when he's blessing people. But she had something in her hand. "What's she holding?" I whispered to my friend. "Magic crystals," he said. "They're supposed to have healing properties. She's blessing the animals." It was not till the animals had all arrived at the altar, and the congregation was in the middle of a "Prayer of Thanksgiving for the Animal Kingdom," that it occurred to me what this scene reminded me of: an ancient pagan ceremony of animal sacrifice (only without the actual sacrifice).

After the prayer came a sort of finale. With the elephant, llama, et al. still hovering around the altar, the whole company—all the humans, anyway—took part in a "Hymn of Acclamation":

For the Beauty of the Earth, Sing, Oh Sing Today,
Of the sky and at our birth, Sing, Oh Sing Always,
Nature, Human and Divine, all around us lies,
Lord of All to Thee we raise grateful hymns of praise.

While we sang this, we were supposed to raise and lower our arms—rather like Moslems, except that we weren't groveling on the floor but standing upright. Almost everyone went along, obediently imitating the dancers, all of whom were now synchronously waving brightly colored flags up, down, up, down. The dancers swayed a little, too, and so did the crowd. The combination of the chantlike music, the pagan lyrics, the white-garbed dancers, and the churchful of supplicatory arm gestures made it look as if this congregation were worshipping not Jehovah but Ra, the Egyptian sun god.

And that was it. The "representative animals" filed out, and then the priests, the choir, a half dozen or so Tibetan monks whom I hadn't seen before, and the Paul Winter instrumentalists, who in their seedy habiliments (e.g., dirty dungaree jackets and no-longer-white T-shirts) looked like a sixties acid-rock group after too much acid. When, after ten minutes or so of creeping slowly toward the door, my friend and I finally made it out of the church, it was cold and windy but had stopped raining; though the sky was still clouded it looked as if the sun might break through shortly. Most of the members of the congregation had the collars of their coats pulled up tight and were proceeding quickly, in groups of five and six and seven, in the direction of West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. A small crowd, however, had formed on the front steps around a man who was holding open an expensive-looking cat carrier. A priest had one hand inside the carrier and with the other hand was making solemn motions in the gray early afternoon air. He was blessing a pussycat. □

No Other Credit Card Can Make This Statement

LIBERAL SPENDING BROOKS NO DELAY.
IF YOU HAVE NOT YET RECEIVED AN APPLICATION FOR AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR VISA®, CALL 1-800-992-6544 IMMEDIATELY.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR VISA® CARD goes any other credit card you might be carrying one better.

That's because every time you use it to make a purchase, a royalty equal to one half of one percent of the price of your purchase will be given to *The American Spectator*.

So not only will you enjoy the benefits of carrying a VISA card without paying any annual fee for the first 12 months, you'll also be supporting the principles and programs of one of this country's finest conservative journals—at no cost to you beyond the costs of carrying an American Spectator VISA, the competitive terms of which you'll find outlined below.

Obviously, the more you use this card instead of an ordinary credit card, the more *The American Spectator* will benefit. In fact, for the first six months of this program, the *Spectator* will also earn royalties every time you obtain a cash advance or write one of the Convenience Checks with which you'll be provided. In this way *The American Spectator* can benefit if you use a Convenience Check to pay off your other credit card balances. (Note that for billing purposes, Convenience Checks are treated as cash advances.)

Compare what this card offers to what others promise and you'll see some obvious advantages. Among them: **No annual fee the first year.** And an annual fee of $15 (or even lower, as may be required by applicable law) for subsequent years. A competitive annual percentage rate of 17.5% (or even lower, as may be required by applicable law). A 25-day grace period on purchases.* Cash advances and Convenience Checks. And you can obtain cash advances at more than 191,000 financial institutions worldwide.

If you have not received an application for The American Spectator VISA card in the mail, call 1-800-992-6544. An application will be forwarded to you immediately.

Just think. You'll be able to spend liberally while making a statement that's unmistakably conservative.

What other card will let you do that?

*except for CT, NJ, and PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

MLA MALAISE

by D. G. Myers

Toward the end of a particularly grueling session of papers at the recent convention of the Modern Language Association in San Francisco, Stephen Greenblatt spoke yearningly of what every English professor wishes for—"the moral authority of homelessness." Greenblatt is a star of the profession, head monkey of the latest fashion in literary studies (the New Historicism), full professor at Berkeley in his forties. Yet still he envies the frayed, unshaven, coughing men who live upon the streets. Why? They don't have a lifetime job or a home in the Berkeley Hills. But they do have the one thing Stephen Greenblatt does not: the moral authority ceded to the weak in a social-welfare state.

In his envious recognition of what it is he lacks, Greenblatt could easily have been speaking for a large segment of the academic profession of literary studies. As the MLA convention illustrated, these days a good many left-leaning professors of literature are demoralized. You wouldn't think they would be. After all, they are fortunate enough, as Cecelia Tichi of Vanderbilt said at one point, to live in "the post-Vietnam era of a declining imperial power." They have captured the profession; they have radicalized literary studies; they have very nearly succeeded in transforming the MLA from a scholarly to a political organization. By all rights they should be celebrating. But there is no celebrating. For the professors continue to lack moral authority, even though they're feeling weak.

MLA is sometimes called "Malaise," and the name never seemed more apt than in San Francisco this year. At the very moment of its triumph, the academic left—at least in literary studies—has run out of gas. Just as it should be entering a period of concentration, of drawing back and consolidating its gains, the professoriat seems instead to be entering a period of fatigue, self-doubt, and nagging discontent.

Take the case of feminism (as if you had any say in the matter), the most prominent of the new theoretical movements in literary studies. Outgoing MLA President Winfred Lehmann reported that the women's studies section of the Association has increased in membership to rank second in size only to the section on literary criticism. Lehmann's figures were borne out by the program of the 1987 convention—fully 10 percent of the sessions were exclusively devoted to feminist topics (not counting the nineteen sessions on female writers or the endless number of papers given over to "feminist readings" of male writers). There were as many sessions on "Chicana" writers as on Shakespeare. (Esteeming writers solely on the basis of their "gender" or "ethnicity" is known in literary studies as "opening up the canon.")

The titles of MLA sessions are an easy mark for ridicule, but one will give a whiff of the present intellectual milieu of the MLA: "What Is a (Wo)Man Critic and What Does (S)He Want?" More than one convention paper raised the subject of "(en)gendering." Titles like "Let Us Speak" or "Speaking for Us" were characteristic, testifying to feminism's conception of literature as a branch of political oratory. Indeed, so prominent a part of the academic literary scene has feminism become that during one afternoon time slot at the convention no fewer than nine sessions on feminist topics from lesbian writing to "feminist dialogics" were droning on concurrently. Feminism has gone from being a special and rather narrow interest to having become one of the large clumsy categories by which literary study is organized in the university.

For all that, however, there are rumblings of discontent. What does feminist criticism have left to do when the last poem has been unmasked to reveal a male poet's secret desire for "immersion in the feminine"? Foreseeing a depletion of the literary works and problems that will yield to the feminist approach—what might be called feminism's impending energy crisis—Sandra M. Gilbert of Princeton and Susan Gubar of Indiana proposed a solution. There have always been, they said, two types of feminist critic. On one hand there is the critic who insists on her "expressive autonomy," her freedom from fidelity to the historically determined text, and who despises "the phallo-logocentrism of the very idea of history"; on the other there is the critic who "believes that literature inscribes social conditions" (usually evil ones) and who "imagines utopian futures." Gilbert and Gubar named these critics, respectively, the "mirror" and the "vamp" (their caricature of the title of M. H. Abrams's great study of critical theory in the Romantic age was meant as homage, but its effect was to suggest the literary bounding, the straining after unearned distinction, characteristic of much feminist criticism). These two types of critic have remained at odds too long; they and their separate functions must be merged into one.

Gilbert and Gubar demonstrated how this might be done in an incoherent reading of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. In their version of the poem, Coleridge announces that "the utopian City of Ladies" has arrived, and the next task is to bring the repressed to the surface of consciousness and set it free! "Though based on misreadings," Gilbert said, such an interpretation "might be more to the point."

But if the new two-in-one feminist approach proposed by Gilbert and Gubar only demonstrated the hollowness of the previous feminist approaches, if feminist criticism was demonstrated to be in deep trouble as an intellectual method, feminists themselves at MLA appeared to be internally divided, rancorous, and fretful. More than one objected to the fact that not all women in the profession are radical feminists. Catherine R. Stimpson of Rutgers complained that too many grants were going to women "in the middle," and Ruth Salvaggio of Virginia Tech declared bitterly that it is unethical to permit "conservative women" to review the work of feminists. What's more, men who express sympathy for feminism turn out to be just as dangerous as men who fiercely oppose it. Annette Kolodny of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute warned that male professors who seek to synthesize feminism with other methods or subjects are covertly seeking the "containment" of feminism. The result, she said ominously, would be the depoliticization of feminism.

Much as this might be welcome to feminism's opponents, there is better news still. Feminists in the academy fear they are reaching not so much a critical mass as a saturation point. Martha Evans of Mary Baldwin College said that, as women's numbers rise in the university, men are beginning to call for "balance" in the name of the same principle asserted to fuel the rise of women—Affirmative Action. "The very words we had used to attack white male hegemony are now being used to defend those interests," Evans said. "We need to rethink our rhetoric . . . to defend and protect our position. By our very success are we undoing ourselves?"

Feminists were not the only ones at MLA who felt their gains of the past two decades slipping away. Deconstructionists moaned that students continue to enroll in graduate school believing superstitiously that "texts" are actually "writings." Marxists, who once confidently expected Departments of English to wither away and be replaced by "cultural studies," are depressed to see how few courses in film and TV criticism are being offered in American graduate schools and how few articles on mass culture are being published in the scholarly journals. Worse yet, conservatives are beginning to develop cultural criticism of their own in journals like the *American Scholar*, the *New Criterion*, *Commentary*, and *The American Spectator*. Radicals warned that cultural criticism, meant to be "liberatory, feminist, egali-

D. G. Myers is a graduate student in criticism and modern literature at Northwestern University. Aimee Myers assisted in reporting for this article.

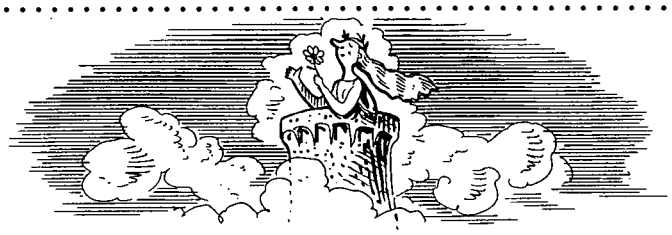
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tarian, socialist, and anti-racist," was being co-opted by the right. The more intelligent among the Marxists admitted that, after years of trying to dodge the issue, distinctions of value in criticism must at last be faced (though how this is to be done, if discrimination and judgment are to be denounced as instruments of repression, went unsaid). The less intelligent complained that, despite the best efforts of the academic left to re-educate them, common readers still display a retrograde interest in narrative and the lives of individual men and women—witness the current vogue of that form of criticism which has resisted the advances of *nouvelle théorie*, the literary biography.

But the highpoint of the convention occurred when Jane Tompkins of Duke, scheduled to participate in a panel discussion on the revival of mass-culture criticism along with Todd Gitlin and Richard Ohmann, rose instead to deliver a stinging rebuke to such well-known Marxist critics. "I am sympathetic to Marxist critics," Tompkins said, "but I'm also angry with them—I've carried resentment toward them around for a long time without knowing it." She described the Marxists as smug and knowing. They "condescend to the masses they would disabuse," and bear themselves with an insufferable "air of moral superiority." "My problem with Marxism has as much to do with being made to feel socially out-of-it as anything else," Tompkins said. At a cocktail party, Marxists prefer to slouch around in their work shirts and Levis and talk darkly of hegemony and contradictions rather than to introduce themselves to Tompkins or offer to get her a drink. Gitlin and Ohmann didn't know what to say in response. Their breath was fairly taken away. Afterwards the convention was a-buzz. "Jane Tompkins is throwing bombs," a friend said.

It says much about the condition of literary scholarship in America today that a public attack on Marxism at a national convention of literary scholars should take the form of a complaint about bad manners, and that such an attack should be deemed unanswerable. But this little episode may also reveal the extent of the demoralization on the academic left. Or perhaps only the lack of imagination. What passes for radical reform of academe these days is exemplified by the call, made by Henry Louis Gates, Jr. of Cornell, for MLA to be held in Africa. Next year (or maybe the year after) in Nairobi! But don't expect a large turnout. "I'm bored with trying to be politically correct," an attendee at this year's convention blurted at the end of a session—and if the sullen murmur of approval in the room was any indication, she may have spoken for a growing number of literary scholars who are bored with the politicization of their discipline. What's next? A renewed interest in the moral authority of great writers? □

THE PRINCELY PULSE



TITLES

by Alexandra Schönburg

During my early twenties, I thought little of being serious. I really did not know what the word meant. But I did know that being outrageous was fun. I would think with great amusement of the Prince of Wales, for example, who, while on an official visit to the court of Franz Josef and Elizabeth at the turn of the century, hurled chairs through the closed window, simply because he'd found the room stuffy.

One winter in Gstaad, a skiing resort reserved exclusively for the very rich and the "has beens" of the aristocracy, I was lunching with a large group of people when the ex-King of Greece, Constantine, turned to me and, making polite chitchat, asked, "Alexandra, do you use your title?"

"Yes, sir. Of course. But I use it only at the hairdresser and in restaurants."

My response, though out of line, came with a certain candor, but earned no admiration. It was, in fact, a downer. The table fell silent. Fortunately, some kind soul dove into the conversation and changed the subject. And I realized for the first time that outrageous behavior might not charm everyone. And that, perhaps, I was becoming too old to get away with it. And something else: I realized that the whole notion of titles left me ambivalent.

Some years later, I fielded a far more innocent question on this same subject. During lunch at the home of some dear friends in Greece, their daughter, Atalanta, then 12, asked, "Are you really a princess?"

"Well," I said, "my family held that title in Austria, when there was an Emperor."

"So, do you still wear a crown?"

"I do, sometimes, but only on Sundays, and unfortunately, I am leaving Saturday."

Shortly afterward, I was in England where I happened to spend a weekend at the Duke of Marlborough's castle, Blenheim. The first morning, I was barely awake, lying in my canopied bed, when a chambermaid came in. "Good morning, your highness," she said, drawing open the curtains. "It's a beautiful day."

I disappeared under my pillows, thrilled and embarrassed at the same time. That such formalities still existed, in a day and age when the Queen of England is only a wax doll at Madame Tussaud's! Then the maid placed a silver tray on my bed and up "we" sat, propped by a multitude of lace pillows, and had breakfast: fresh orange juice, crisp toast, soft-boiled eggs, and morning tea. Afterward, I got out of bed, opened the door of my room, and looked down the hall trying to find a newspaper. Instead, I caught a glimpse of the Duke's room, its door also momentarily ajar. He was wearing silk pajamas, the pockets of which were embroidered in gold with his initials and his crown. This gleaming crown also reappeared, same embroidery, on the linen sheets covering his wife's bed.

Hastily, I retreated into my room, jumped back into bed, and wondered about what I'd just seen. Did the Duke suffer from a fear of forgetting who he was? Of being dispossessed of his title during the night? Or did wearing crown-embroidered pajamas in a canopied bed draped with mountains of

Alexandra Schönburg reigns from New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brocade calm his restless sleep, help him doze, soothe his otherwise unruly dreams?

Socially, of course, using one's crown is a sure way to intimidate others, especially those easily intimidated. But is it all that impressive to the truly perceptive? In the days when crowns really mattered so did courtesans. Would you be impressed by a courtesan using stationery engraved from Cartier's, saying, "From the bed of . . ."?

Yet titles can be wonderful. Titles are romantic. They make for romantic love stories; they especially make for romantic headlines: "PRINCE MARRIES AU-PAIR!" "PRINCESS MARRIES GARDENER!" "QUEEN GIVES UP CROWN FOR LOVE OF COMMONER!" Every such headline increases a newspaper's readership. For every such headline shows that dreams can come true, and dramatically, like the lottery.

At least, so untitled folk think. It doesn't work as well the other way around. Once, when I was 20, a famous American actor I'd met briefly called me at home. My mother, aware of the call and of the invitation it held, gave me an icy stare when I hung up and said, "Don't forget, Alexandra, that you are a princess."

And so I have learned it's better to have a title than to be a movie star. For you're born with a title. You're special right from the jump. You don't have to "make it," you've got it made from birth. My mother, who was not born to her title but married one, knew this very well. She knew that a title made you glamorous and exotic and that it opened doors. She even had a 16-karat-gold crown encrusted on her handbags, which are otherwise rather banal accessories. My American-born stepmother, on the other hand, thought titles oddly shameful. They—and particularly my father's—made her cringe. Using his title would definitely close the doors she wanted open. What would the checkout girl at the supermarket think of a credit card saying "Princess," printed in thick black letters? Just seeing that "Princess" stamped there would raise instant suspicions. But my European mother is different. She does not have to live in a particular world. Frequently, when she rents a car with a driver, she pays in cash; and the driver, who has known her for years, never fails to take off his hat and, to her delight, greet her with a loud "Princess." Does *he* take her title seriously? Though I've frequently watched him going through this ritual, I honestly cannot say. I sometimes suspect he thinks she has a funny nickname.

Of course, the use of titles shifts with the times. In the old days, people with titles, sometimes with several, would change their names when traveling, leaving off all titles, trying to be less visible, more discreet. During the French Revolution, titled folk assumed common names, to avoid being beheaded. These days, however, people with common names will sometimes assume aristocratic names.

In France, I knew a rich and charming fellow called Monsieur Mouton. Though not, alas, to the manor born, he cherished the loftiest social ambitions. So he devoted a few months to studying the ways of the aristocracy until he knew every variation of difference between the titled few and the wealthy commoners. The results of his labors provide invaluable guidelines to any similarly ambitious person. As I recall, it took only a few years for everyone to forget Monsieur Mouton's original name. Oh, he was a clever one, Monsieur Mouton! What fun he had, how well he managed his props! And he never made a mistake.

First, he married a beautiful young girl. Soon he added to his calling cards a "de" *particule*, giving his name a new and elegant ring. Then, after amassing several more millions, he added to the "de Mouton" the title of "Count," and for another extra fillip, the additional "de Bayeul." Now a firmly established aristocrat, Monsieur le Conte de Mouton de Bayeul gave a splendid ball to celebrate his new status, for he well knew that balls are to the nobility what parties are to commoners.

Of course, before giving that ball, he'd found the right place to live, an old house on the rue St. Dominique, in the heart of Paris's privileged set. A wise choice, for had he bought a modern apartment, the result would have been disastrous. "Modern," so subtle a word, means "new," but it also suggests "newly acquired," like "new money." Moreover, houses should not be bought but inherited. His house, next to the Duke de Noaille's, was smaller than his neighbor's but perfectly proportioned, with a garden and a sixteenth-century courtyard. And he made sure to hire the right decorators. Efficiently, in what seemed a matter of hours, they gave the place an air of old money, filling it with 18th-century furniture which was said to have belonged to the Count's ancestors. Their gracious portraits adorned the walls.

Soon thereafter, Monsieur Mouton bought a castle for weekends during the shooting season. This castle, essential for his endeavors, he named "Mouton Maltruite," after his new great-grandfather. The servants, naturally, lived in a cottage; he'd mention "the chauffeur's cottage," "the cook's cottage," "the chambermaid's cottage."

On the grounds of the castle, only the dogs befitting an aristocrat ran about, yelping, howling, leaping: King Charles spaniels, labradors, small wire-haired dachshunds and corgis. You could spy their tails flitting and wagging around the trim herb borders of the French gardens; you could see their little sharp teeth snapping at the fine ankles of the female guests. And his Countess now spent many pleasant rustic afternoons embroidering petit-point pillows. They did enjoy their country seat, so important, the Count recognized, for a true gentleman.

All during this time, Monsieur Mouton was learning again how to speak. He practically acquired a new vocabulary. He took pains to address his wife, and also his children, in the third person. His conversations never directly mentioned money or possessions, but subtly, oh, so subtly, they were included, almost as an aside, reduced to their proper place in a variety of subordinate clauses. Language, he knew, could be a dead giveaway. He kept his tone well modulated, the sound discreet; he watched his words.

Yes, there will always be death and there will always be taxes, and humankind being what it is, there will always be a mostly upwardly-mobile Monsieur Mouton. A man, I must confess, in some respects I envy. Born a commoner, he knew what he wanted; for him, the idea of a title held no ambivalence. So, in one clever and fraudulent way or another, he got one and, say what you might, he worked hard for it, he earned it. But, to be born to it is quite another story.

The little girl with the title is very much like little girls anywhere, except that, for her, bad thoughts are harder to think, bad feelings guiltier to feel, bad habits harder to forgive. Untitled little girls are innocent of these burdens and grow up believing, against all the evidence, that, as in those wonderful stories, they too will one day meet their prince, fall in love, live happily ever after. If those girls find it hard to grow up, to come to terms with reality, consider the difficulty a princess faces, particularly a twentieth-century princess. Those marvelous tales are, after all, about *her*. She actually knows a number of handsome princes! But twentieth-century princes become twentieth-century husbands—and I need not tell you what *that* means. □

The "BUCK" starts here . . .

Pat Buchanan is back!

Yes, he's back. Pat Buchanan is once again penning a pointed, insightful column about national affairs. Now, when you subscribe to the CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE, you get two Buchanan columns printed in full every week along with the opinions of over 24 other distinguished columnists and 20 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

Buchanan revived his respected column after serving on the Reagan administration as communications director and assistant to the president. Previously an assistant to Presidents Nixon and Ford, he offers an insider's look at the workings of government and a behind-the-scenes perspective on policy-making in Washington.

Read Buchanan's "Dividing Line" feature in every CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE along with George F. Will, William F. Buckley, Jr., Donald Lambro, Jeane Kirkpatrick and many others.

To get Buchanan and a great line-up of his conservative contemporaries, call toll free or mail coupon and take advantage of an exceptional value — 52 issues of the CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE for only $36.00 — with a money back guarantee!

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE Box 29 Hampton, Iowa 50441 **CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-558-1244** (In Iowa call collect 515-456-2585)

YES I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment Method
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ M.C. ☐ AX ☐ Bill Me
Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

MAN OF THE HOUSE: THE LIFE AND POLITICAL MEMOIRS OF SPEAKER TIP O'NEILL

Tip O'Neill with William Novak/Random House/$19.95

Francis Russell

They gush from the presses, these autobiographies of the noted and the notorious, details gabbled into a tape-recorder, then written up by an able hack. Formerly such books were subtitled "as told to," but now the form is "with." The new Grub Street, become Madison Avenue, is decidedly profitable. Lee Iacocca's autobiography "with William Novak" has sold into millions. One of the more expansive "with-its," Novak has also written *Mayflower Madam*, the dial-a-date call-girl syndrome, and now another best-seller with Tip O'Neill's *Man of the House.*

From Presidents down, most of our political figures are pen-struck. Not since Hoover have we had a President who wrote his own speeches except perhaps and occasionally Truman. At the highest level even the "with" is omitted. Joe Barnes wrote *Crusade in Europe*, while sticking in a few of his red hen-tracks. *Profiles in Courage*, as we know, was written by Ted Sorensen, though even then Joe Kennedy managed to wangle the Pulitzer Prize for the book his son never wrote. The celebrated reverse phrase of the Kennedy inaugural is Sorensen's awkward crib from the Authorized Version: "Ask not what your country can do for you." One asks in return: "Prithee, why not?" It so happens that this was said much better by Harding in his forgotten inaugural address (which he wrote himself): "Our most dangerous tendency is to expect too much of government, and at the same time to do for it too little."

So Tip O'Neill is "with" the political tradition. He talks, a grub-streeter records and then fills in the gaps and interstices with scraps from other books. Tip himself is an epigone, the last of the line of Boston Irish-American politicians dating back to the gaslight era: Honey Fitz, Knocko McCormack, Smiling Jim Donovan, Pea Jacket Maguire, Up-Up Kelley, Diamond Jim Timulty, others no longer recalled.

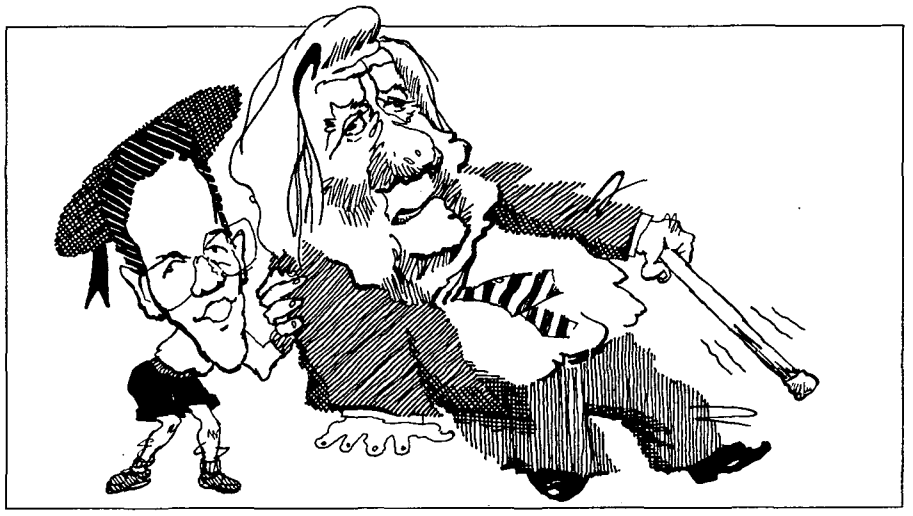
Tip tipped in a generation later. Unlike the Honey Fitzes and the Jim Curleys, he did not have to elbow his way out of the gutter. The O'Neills lived comfortably in blue-collar North Cambridge, remote from Harvard, where his father as a city councilor and superintendent of sewers dispensed jobs to the faithful. From him Tip learned the elemental lesson of the wards, beginning his career with the slogan "Work and Wages." Whether such jobs performed a useful function or not, they were a political constant. Novak has Tip say that "jobs for me would *always* be the main issue."

Growing up among the massed three-deckers of North Cambridge's Celtic matrix, Tip claims he knew he was Irish before he knew he was American. From those little streets he absorbed politics by osmosis. At 18 he campaigned for Al Smith. As a Boston College undergraduate he was voted "class politician." He was personable. A few years later he got himself elected to the state legislature. The Massachusetts State House is a postgraduate school of practical political science. There, in channels often subterranean, Tip grew knowledgeable in the techniques of political manipulation, the tricks of the trade-off. Gregarious, sharp-witted, single-minded, oversized, and affable, he rode the Democratic escalator with few stops along the way.

Once there had been a Republican escalator in Massachusetts that carried the elect from the house to the senate, to speaker, to governor, and then to a State Street counting-house. It even carried Calvin Coolidge to the White House. But with the onset of the Depression the escalator clanked to a grinding halt and the Democratic escalator took over. One of the local complaints about the Kennedys has been that they did not take their place on the escalator, they commandeered it. But for Tip the Kennedys were not real Democrats. Rather they were their own party.

Tip kept his place on the treads, riding the escalator to speaker of the Massachusetts house and even considered bypassing the senate level to reach for the governorship. But when Jack Kennedy, after several lackadaisical terms in the national House, made his long-planned bid for the United States Senate, Tip took aim instead at the vacant congressional seat, a safe seat in a district so Democratic that it might be considered a rotten borough. I once knew an elderly Irish-American of that district who had met and liked Coolidge and had perversely turned Republican. When he went to vote in the primaries, the officials could not at first find a Republican ballot.

Once nominated in that district, Tip was assured of his election and future elections. In Washington he made a point of knowing everyone on Capitol Hill. He liked people, he liked doing favors, he liked get-togethers and card games and beer and baseball and football. He played golf. He was a backslapper. And he grew to be an expert in the mechanics and machinations of government. Confident, knowledgeable, and persuasive, he became Democratic whip, then Speaker of the House, a presence, a familiar of Presidents, third in the line of presidential succession, a good pal too, a more than deft parliamentarian. After ten years as speaker he retired.



And with that, the story of Tip O'Neill, like Jack-a-Nory's, is done. No insider revelations, no new and revealing aspects of the old scene, just incidentals. Tip admits he did not like Bobby Kennedy and seems almost neutral about Jack, but Ted is something else. "I really love that guy," Novak quotes Tip. "I think he'd make a great president." Geraldine Ferraro is "the bright, attractive woman who believes in the same principles as I do." Ah, well.

Tip's mind never stretched beyond its early political horizon. Has he ever read a book in adult life? He gives no sign of it. Did he ever as a student queue up on the steps of Boston Symphony Hall for the Friday afternoon concert's rush seats? Did he ever attend a lecture at the Ford Hall Forum on Beacon Hill? Did he ever cross the threshold of the Museum of Fine Arts? There is no hint of any such activities in his dictated recollections.

His introduction to literature seems to have come from James Michael Curley, a man to whom Tip devotes an admiring chapter. Curley liked to stun the gaping ward-heelers by quoting Shakespeare. Indeed he may even have read some of the plays. He introduced Tip to Kipling's "If" and to "Abou Ben Adhem." Tip's prime favorite, one he later recited at annual get-togethers with his old Cambridge cronies, was Charles Hanson Towne's "Around the Corner":

Around the corner I have a friend
In this great city that has no end. . . .
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I've been thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow goes
And the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner!—yet miles away. . . .
"Here's a telegram, Sir. . . ."
"Jim died today."
And that's what we get and deserve in the end
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Francis Russell is author, most recently, of The Knave of Boston and Other Ambiguous Massachusetts Characters *(Quinlan Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Novak's "with" books have an interchangeable style, modeled—so it seems—from old Boston & Maine timetables. He writes "with a punch," that is he sprinkles his pages with shopworn colloquialisms, solecisms, and mildly titillating scatologies. In *Man of the House* men are always "guys." The phrase "You've got to be kidding" recurs like a hiccup. But Tip's recollections and Novak's researches at times go blatantly astray. The old chestnut of the Ursuline convent in Charlestown being burned down by an anti-Catholic mob bobs up. Yes, it happened, in 1843. But Tip and Novak are innocently unaware that *all* the convent school pupils were from upper-class Protestant Yankee families, sent there to learn manners and French and to avoid the vulgarities of the public schools. This, more than religion, may have incited the lower-class mob.

Tip recalls seeing NINA signs in his boyhood: No Irish Need Apply. If he did see them it must have been in some historical society's collection, for those signs faded away in the 1870s. Tip was born in 1912. He tells a wistful story of taking a summer job in 1927 as a groundskeeper at Harvard and from this lowly position watching the class-day festivities as the "privileged confident Ivy League Yankees" in their smart summer clothes drank (then illegal) champagne. "Some day," Tip remarked to Novak, "I vowed, I would make sure that my own people could go to places like that." If champagne was being drunk in the Yard that day it was probably bootlegged by Joe Kennedy for the fifteenth anniversary of his 1912 class. Long before Tip was born, Boston had had its first two Irish-born mayors, Hugh O'Brien and Patrick Collins, men of competence and integrity. Another Irishman, Stephen O'Meara, Boston's police commissioner from 1906 until his death a dozen years later, made a national reputation for himself and indeed became a lecturer in municipal government at Harvard. There would have been no NINA signs while those men governed Boston nor would they have existed under Boston's rogue-mayor, Honey Fitz, elected in 1905.

I keep wondering just what it was Tip subsequently did to make life possible for Irish-descended students at Harvard. There were plenty before his day even if most of them didn't get elected to the final clubs. Yet such nonsense as Harvard's exclusiveness keeps cropping up in *Man of the House*! The world of Tip O'Neill. When he became of age, he declaims, there was no middle class, "only a handful of rich people at the bottom." Nothing in between. Marx couldn't have said it better. The world according to Tip. In the end even his primary powers of observation seem to have crossed him up. Curley's mansion on Jamaicaway never had purple shamrocks painted on the blinds. *Purple Shamrock* was the title Joe Dinneen gave to his Curley biography. The actual house had wooden shutters with a shamrock design incised, as anybody can see who drives by today. Nor did Curley interrupt a recitation of the Lord's Prayer to say what Tip has him say. Curley gives his own version. In the thirties mail was *not* delivered on Christmas Day nor did firemen work 104 hours a week and policemen eighty-four, though this may have been true before 1914. Possibly Tip confuses fact with what he heard from his father.

Tip's life—as retailed by Novak—is, frankly, *ennuyeuse*. Because Tip is a political presence the book has been played up, become a best-seller. Every Massachusetts politician will buy a copy, and many a pol outside Massachusetts as well. And that's what we get and deserve in the end. Around the corner a Novak. □

All three volumes NOW available

LibertyPress/LibertyClassics

SELECTED WRITINGS OF LORD ACTON
in Three Volumes

By John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton
Edited by J. Rufus Fears, Boston University

Lord Acton was among the most significant figures and illustrious historians in the intellectual life of nineteenth century England. *"A major resource for academic readers — a collection like this has been needed for very many years — but also a work that will be useful for general readers concerned with some of the seminal ideals of modern western culture."* Edward Norman, Cambridge University

Essays in the History of Liberty
The unifying theme of Volume I is Lord Acton's famous work on the history of freedom.
588 pages Liberty Fund edition, 1985

Essays in the Study and Writing of History
Volume II covers Acton's distinguished study of history and his belief that it had to be impartial and based on moral judgment.
607 pages Liberty Fund edition, 1986

NEW

Essays in Religion, Politics, and Morality
Acton focuses on moral and political issues as they relate to religion and to liberal Catholicism. "The Acton Legacy" is composed of excerpts from his remarkable letters and unpublished notes.
776 pages Liberty Fund edition, 1988

Individual Volumes:
Hardcover $15.00 **Paperback $ 7.50**
Three Volume Set:
Hardcover $45.00 **Paperback $22.50**

Please send me: Selected Writings of Lord Acton

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price Per Copy	Total Price
	The Complete Set	Hardcover	$45.00	
		Paperback	22.50	
	Essays in the History of Liberty	Hardcover	$15.00	
		Paperback	7.50	
	Essays in the Study and Writing of History	Hardcover	$15.00	
		Paperback	7.50	
	Essays in Religion, Politics, and Morality	Hardcover	$15.00	
		Paperback	7.50	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

We pay book postage rate.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

□ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.

□ Please send me a copy of your latest catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.
7440 N. Shadeland Avenue, Dept W-101
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPYCATCHER: THE CANDID AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SENIOR INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Peter Wright/Viking/$19.95

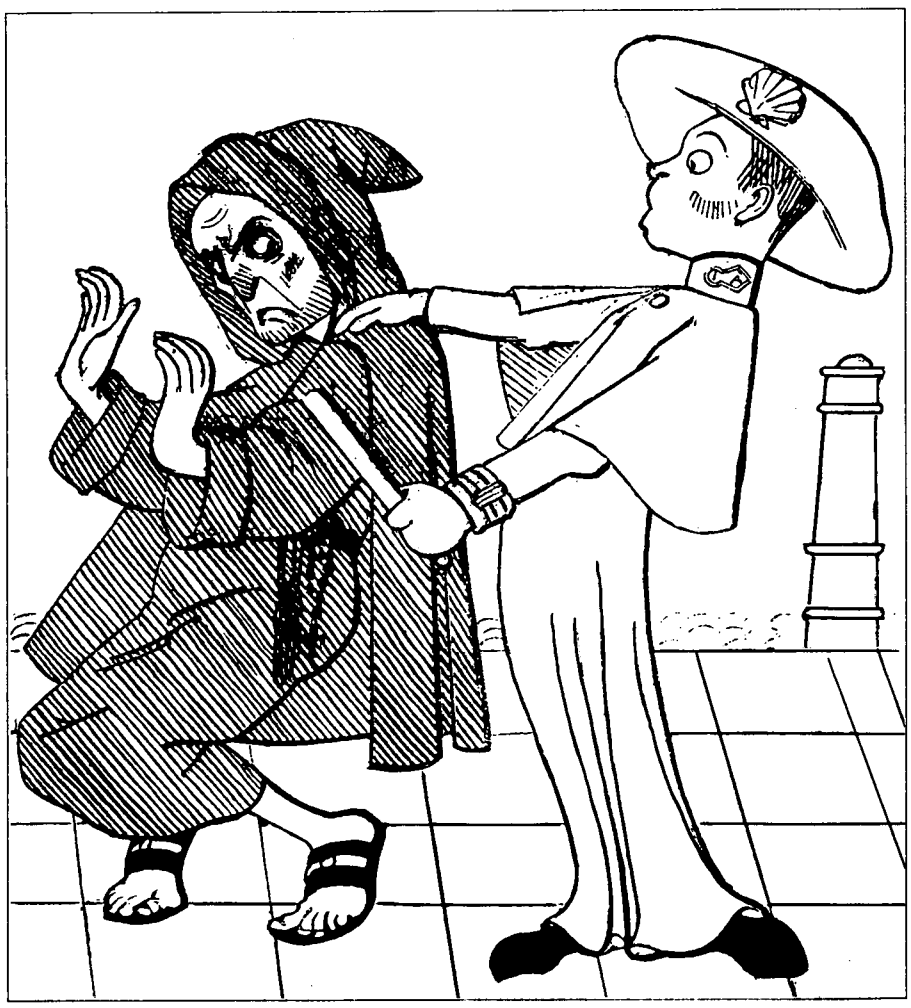
George Szamuely

The story of the British government's unsuccessful attempt in the Australian courts to prevent the publication of *Spycatcher* has been told and retold in tedious detail. Little attention, however, has been paid to the twenty-five year row in which Peter Wright was a leading participant and which forms the centerpiece of his memoirs.

It all began in December 1961 when Anatoli Golitsyn, a KGB officer stationed at the Soviet embassy in Helsinki, arrived at the home of the chief CIA man in the city, handed over hundreds of documents, announced that he wanted to defect to the United States, and offered to provide lots more information on Soviet espionage. Four months later, an MI5 (counterintelligence) officer, Arthur Martin, departed for Maryland, where Golitsyn was being kept in a "safe house," to glean what he could about Soviet infiltration of the British government. It had been a mere twelve months since another defector, Michał Gołoniewski, had exposed MI6's (intelligence's) George Blake as a Soviet spy, and since that time Martin and his colleague, Peter Wright, had been convinced that there were many more "moles" burrowing away within Britain's security services.

And, sure enough, apparently from memory Golitsyn was able to reproduce in exact detail a highly classified memorandum prepared by Peter Wright himself that he had seen in Moscow. Moreover, added the Russian to excite and infuriate his English interrogator, the Soviet embassy in London was the only mission abroad not to have a special security officer (someone who ensures that no defections take place among Soviet personnel) assigned to it. We had nothing to worry about, he laughed, because we knew we would always get advance warning of any impending defections!

George Szamuely is a former associate editor of the Times Literary Supplement.



Martin returned to London in a thoroughly foul mood. Something had to be done, something had to be done, Arthur Martin and Peter Wright were both heard to mutter each time they walked past the closed door of the office of the director-general, Sir Roger Hollis.

The following January Kim Philby of MI6 confessed to having been a Soviet spy for almost thirty years and immediately disappeared, to reappear again in Moscow. And something was finally done. A reluctant Hollis authorized Wright and Martin to investigate the deputy director-general of MI5, Graham Mitchell. This was a fateful decision. There was no more reason to believe Mitchell to be the Soviet "mole" than, say, Martin or Wright himself or, come to think of it, even Roger Hollis. In allowing an investigation to go forward without any particularly promising leads, without any clear terms of reference, one that was moreover conducted by two men who were themselves possible suspects, Hollis was obviously asking for trouble.

Perhaps Hollis was the Soviet spy and was using Mitchell to draw attention away from himself. Or perhaps he was the conscientious counterespionage chief assigning his best spycatchers to the case and giving them the widest possible brief. Or perhaps he just wanted to be seen to be doing something. In any event, he almost certainly believed the whole issue would be sorted out before the Whitehall summer vacations. What he obviously had not counted on was the eagerness of some of his officers to make amends for MI5's somewhat lamentable record, first, in failing to keep the "secrets of the atomic bomb" secret and, second, in preventing the Russians from getting a foothold in the British government. Moreover, thanks to the skill and ingenuity of Peter Wright (who was MI5's resident scientist), all kinds of neat gadgets like closed-circuit television, secret writing materials, radioactive detectors, and bugging devices were available for MI5 surveillance work.

The MI5 files at the time included the (often) ambiguous testimonies of the growing number of Soviet defectors, any one of whom could be fake or part-fake. Also on record were the masses and masses of Soviet wartime wireless traffic which MI5 had been permitted to attempt to decode only after 1945. And if one had the taste for it (as Peter Wright certainly did), one could interminably peruse the files on past MI5 cases, some (most) of which were concluded unsuccessfully (and therefore in highly suspicious circumstances), and some (a few) of which were in fact brought to a successful conclusion (but in circumstances—needless to say—no less suspicious).

Twenty-five years later, in Peter Wright's mind at least, the conclusions of that inquiry are not yet in. Ostensibly the publication of his *Spycatcher* has a purpose grander than his (understandable) desire to top up his £2000-a-year MI5 pension. The tale he recounts of how he first pursued the deputy director-general, then the incumbent director-general, Roger Hollis, then the future director-general, Michael Hanley, and then once again Roger Hollis, is not to be taken as a confession of failure, since, for all his efforts and ingenuity, he never did find out who that "mole" was. Almost unbelievably he seems to want to reopen the inquiry, for the fifth (or is it the sixth?) time. His request is unlikely to be fulfilled, not merely because he has, to put it mildly, hardly endeared himself to Mrs. Thatcher. (*Spycatcher* is not likely to be published soon in Britain.) Part of the problem is that even his erstwhile partner, Arthur Martin, has by now gotten thoroughly bored with the whole business. As Martin put it in a letter to the *Times*: "no amount of reexamination can resolve the case, only new evidence will do that."

But the real problem is that though Wright has been keen to entertain suspicions about his bosses he has not shown any comparable keenness to come up with evidence to confirm his theories. The Mitchell investigation fizzled out. By October 1964 Wright, Martin, and a young man from MI6 who joined the team, Stephen de Mowbray, had drawn a blank. They had not succeeded in establishing anything left-wing, let alone Communist, in Mitchell's background, or a single connection, then or any time in the past, with known Soviet agents, or even—and this despite minute-by-minute surveillance—anything suspicious about his life. True, Hollis had refused to sanction an interrogation of Mitchell, but it is by no means obvious that this would have led anywhere since they had nothing with which to confront their man. The story might well have ended here had it not been for the shock of Sir (as he then was) Anthony Blunt's confession earlier in the year to having been a Soviet spy throughout his time at MI5. For Wright this was decisive confirmation of Golitsyn's allegations. Since the Russians had raised no objections to Blunt's retirement from the service in 1945, it had to mean that they could rely on another one of Stalin's Englishmen in MI5, someone moreover who must be near the top of the organization.

Hollis barely had time to pause for breath after closing the Mitchell case before he was more or less forced by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MI6's Dick White to set up a joint MI5-MI6 committee to go through all the records of both intelligence services and to confirm or deny, once and for all, that there was a "mole" who fitted Golitsyn's description, and to whom every single past counterespionage failure could be ascribed. (Quite why it was assumed that there had to be just one "mole" neither Wright nor Wright's John the Baptist, Chapman Pincher, in his massive *Too Secret, Too Long*, bothers to explain.) The committee was given the code-name Fluency and a chairman who was none other than Peter Wright. As a *quid pro quo*, however, Hollis fired Martin. MI6 agreed to take him on, but promised to keep him well away from the inquiry.

But Hollis had got it wrong. It was Wright, not Martin, who was the source of his problems. Under his direction, almost from the first day, the committee, instead of dealing with the general issue of "penetration," got down to the general issue of the boss, Roger Hollis himself. Not much deduction had been needed to persuade members to suspect Hollis. For one thing, he wasn't a very nice man, so if there had to be a viper in the bosom of MI5, it was better that it should be him rather than someone else. And, second, since the man was the boss, and had been in the organization for twenty-five years, as likely as not he had probably been involved in more MI5 investigations than any other employee, past or present, who—importantly—was still alive, of course. (It would almost certainly have been impossible to justify the expenditure of scarce resources to the uncovering of "moles" who were already dead.) And third, as likely as not, he probably was more responsible than anyone else for most of the past MI5 screw-ups. All that was needed now was the evidence.

But just as with Mitchell there was precious little to go on. Hollis had not been living it up beyond his means so as to put into question the source of his income. There was no proof of his having removed files from the office on any regular basis. There was nothing to connect him with any known Soviet agents past or present. Not a single one of the recently decoded wireless messages transmitted by the Soviet embassy to Moscow during the war seemed to contain information that could point to him. There were no cipher pads found in his possession. What else was there?

Almost forgotten, indeed barely taken note of at the time, was the testimony of two Soviet spies who defected to the West within weeks of each other almost twenty years before—in 1945. Both Konstantin Volkov, the NKVD representative in the Soviet consulate in Istanbul, and Igor Gouzenko, the GRU cipher clerk in the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, had mumbled something about there being a Soviet spy within British counterintelligence. Since Philby was at the time working in the counterintelligence division of MI6 and since he had gone out to Istanbul to debrief Volkov, and since he had moreover ensured the Russian's almost certain death by conveniently delaying his departure, it had been more or less assumed by MI5 (though not by his chums in MI6) that he was the "mole" the two defectors had referred to.

But MI5's approach to the evidence had been slapdash, to say the least, and Wright pounced on its deficiencies: Volkov's message had been mistranslated; Gouzenko was adamant that the Soviet spy, code-named Elli, worked for the GRU, and not for the NKVD, as Philby did; Elli was supposed to have been able to take out files on Russians serving in London, which neither Philby nor Blunt had the opportunity to do; Gouzenko's allegation had not been followed up even though his testimony had led to the arrest and conviction of the atom spy, Alan Nunn May; and, best of all, the man who debriefed Gouzenko was none other than Roger Hollis himself.

Wright could barely suppress his excitement. At last he had something with which to confront Hollis. For if his translation of Volkov's statement was correct, then what the Russian was saying was not that the "mole" was "fulfilling the duties of Head of a department of British counter-intelligence"—which could certainly be taken to be referring to Philby—but that he was the "acting head of a section of the British Counter-Intelligence Directorate" which, according to Wright, was a pretty accurate description of Hollis who during the war headed the F Division of MI5. Furthermore, in this capacity he was responsible for monitoring Communist subversion in Britain, requiring him to take home files on Russians serving in Britain and thus making him the likeliest candidate for Gouzenko's Elli.

Nevertheless nothing happened. Perhaps Wright thought that he might look foolish going into Hollis's office and asking him to authorize his own interrogation. Hollis's retirement in 1965 gave Wright his chance, but his successor, Martin Furnival Jones, refused to authorize any questioning of the out-going director-general. As a *quid pro quo*, however, he agreed to allow Wright to investigate pretty much anyone else who might take his fancy in MI5—including the future director-general, Michael Hanley—just so long as he kept clear of the wretched Hollis affair. Although Wright did not come up with a single genuine "mole," he had plenty to keep him busy and amused until his retirement. But he remained dissatisfied. He was occupying himself with small fry while his former boss, whom he so detested, was being allowed to escape his net. He demanded that the inquiry be reopened once more (on the grounds, one must assume, that since he had failed to catch a single MI5 "mole," and, since there had to be a "mole," then the only person who could be that "mole" was Hollis).

And persistence paid off. In 1969 a reluctant Furnival Jones finally agreed to recall Hollis from retirement and have him interrogated, but it had to be conducted by someone other than Wright. The questioning took place in a house in Mayfair and lasted two days. Nothing of any significance transpired. At the end Furnival Jones turned to

DOLLARS DEFICITS & TRADE: The Changing World Economy

Cato Institute's Sixth Annual Monetary Conference
February 25-26, 1988 • The Capital Hilton • Washington, D.C.

The wide swings in the foreign exchange value of the dollar, the role of futures markets in reducing risk, the persistent trade deficit, the growing protectionist sentiment, and the emergence of the United States as the world's largest debtor nation are topics that will be discussed at Cato's Sixth Annual Monetary Conference. Speakers include Manuel H. Johnson, Leo Melamed, Martin Bailey, William Niskanen, Anna Schwartz, Alan Walters, Jacob Frenkel, Gottfried Haberler, Richard Cooper, and Ronald McKinnon.

Registration is $250 ($100 for nonprofit organizations). It includes all lectures, two luncheons, and a reception. For additional information, please contact Sandra McCluskey at (202) 546-0200. Make check payable to the **Cato Institute, Dept. A, 224 Second St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.**

CATO INSTITUTE

The time, the moon, hi-tech and great looks, with . . .

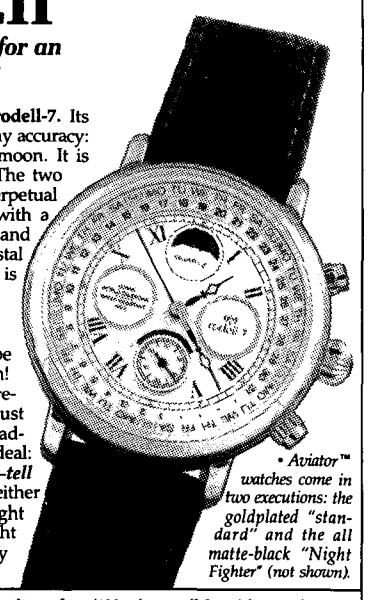
Aviator™ Watch

Just $99.00* ***But read the ad for an even better deal!**

This handsome watch is another inspired design by **rodell-7**. Its jeweled quartz movement is your assurance of uncanny accuracy: 15 secs./month. The upper dial shows the phases of the moon. It is steered by a separate 29½-days lunar month movement. The two outer day/date bezels rotate independently and make a perpetual calendar. The *Aviator*™ is micron goldplated and comes with a lizard-patterned brown leather band. The back is transparent and lets you watch the precision movement in action. The face crystal is hardened mineral glass, it will never scratch. The watch is water-resistant to 100 ft.

The *Aviator*™ is also available in a "Night Fighter" execution (not shown). It has white dial and a totally black matte anodized body. The matching metal band is of the "flexo" type (it slips over your wrist and adjusts). It's a very sporty watch!

We are the exclusive importers of **rodell-7** watches and therefore can bring you the *Aviator*™ at the extraordinary price of just $99. (You have seen almost identical watches advertised in leading catalogs for $149 and $199). But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $198, and we'll send you a third one (either model—tell us which!) with our compliments, — absolutely FREE!*** Pick either model: the "standard" goldplated *Aviator*™ watch or the "Night Fighter" version. You'll have a watch that'll give you the right time, the day/date, the moon, much enjoyment for many years! Treat yourself and order your *Aviator*™ Watch(es) today!



• Aviator™ watches come in two executions: the goldplated "standard" and the all matte-black "Night Fighter" (not shown).

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#2520E423** for "regular" *Aviator*™ or **#2521E423** for "Night Fighter". If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and exp. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charges. UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Aviator*™, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), possibly with your logo, call Mr. Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wright and, with an air of finality, announced: "I hope we can move on to other things." Wright had to accept that but he remained disgruntled. The questioner, as he puts it in *Spycatcher*, was just no damn good: "He never got close enough to street-fight, to grapple and gouge him, and make him confess." So once again the matter refused to rest.

Yet not long before his retirement in January 1976 Wright, almost incredibly, was to have one last chance. In May 1974, his old chum Stephen de Mowbray had managed to secure an appointment with the prime minister, Harold Wilson, and succeeded in persuading him that a sufficient number of his MI5 and MI6 colleagues were so dissatisfied with the various inquiries into the penetration of MI5 that yet another investigation—this time by someone completely outside the security services—was called for. With the Watergate affair reaching its denouement in Washington, politicians and Whitehall mandarins were terrified that the dread word "cover-up" might suddenly surface in the London press. Perhaps, also, Harold Wilson had his own reasons for wanting to see MI5 discredited.

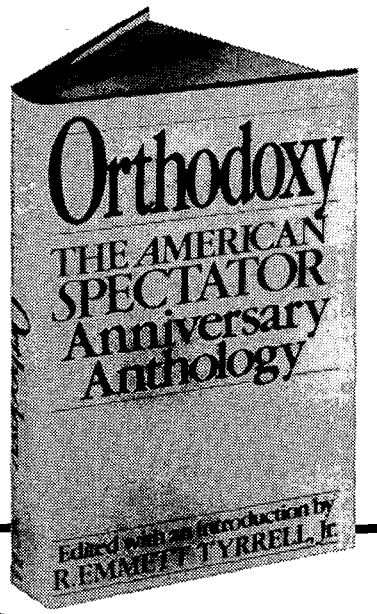
As a result, the former cabinet secretary, Lord Trend, was asked to go through the evidence once more. Wright was to know of his secret findings for some years before the whole world was to learn of them along with the existence of a "Hollis affair," not to mention the existence of someone called Roger Hollis, from the mouth of Margaret Thatcher on March 26, 1981 when she stood up in Parliament and uttered, in answer to a question, what she expected to be (wrongly, as it turned out) the epitaph to the twenty-year row: "Lord Trend reviewed the investigations of the case and found that they had been carried out exhaustively and objectively. He was satisfied that nothing had been covered up. He agreed that none of the relevant leads identified Sir Roger Hollis as an agent of the Russian intelligence service . . ."

The rest of the story of how Wright, first through the medium of the *Daily Express* journalist, Harry Chapman Pincher, then through direct appearances on television, and now through these memoirs, continued his campaign against Hollis and against the Whitehall establishment, is well known. What is less well known is what Wright is really after.

There are, it seems to me, three possibilities. First, Hollis was indeed a Soviet agent and, after repeated frustration at the hands of the civil service mandarins, Wright has elected to put his case before the public at large. Second, Wright is a deeply embittered man. He never got the recognition he sought, he was passed up for promotion, he had to be party to idiotic decisions made by his public-school-Oxbridge-educated superiors in MI5 that were subsequently to bring his beloved organization into disrepute, and, on top of that, he was left with a pitifully small pension. The publication of *Spycatcher* is his way of getting even and of cashing in. Or third, Wright is himself a Soviet agent. His attempts to sow dissension within MI5, his bringing into question the reputation of a former director-general, and now his revelation of just about every secret he can remember—each one of which presents the organization in an extremely unfavorable light—are in fact part of the well-documented Soviet effort to subvert the security services of the West.

One has to say straight away that Wright adds not a single piece of fresh evidence to Chapman Pincher's case against Hollis, as outlined in *Too Secret, Too Long*. From which one must conclude that whatever evidence does exist has now been set before us. Although it is by no means impossible that Hollis was a Soviet spy, what we have heard so far is, to say the least,

1817
HARPER & ROW



Celebrate
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

"There is always room, as Orwell wrote, for one more custard pie. There are plenty of magazines around that know everything. *The American Spectator* knows this one thing, and, teaching by example, it has changed American politics." —Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Celebrating the 20th anniversary of one of the country's liveliest and most unpredictable journals of opinion, *Orthodoxy* presents a collection of essays which richly reaffirms the reputation of *The American Spectator.* Here writers as diverse as George Will and P.J. O'Rourke, Tom Wolfe and David Niven, offer fresh observations on the personalities and dilemmas that have shaped our national life over the past two decades.

At bookstores or call toll free (800) 638-3030

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconvincing, all the more so because it is Wright's word we must take for the existence of the only two specific leads there are.

No one has seen the telegram that the MI6 officer, Peter Dwyer, is alleged to have sent back to London outlining Gouzenko's detailed description of Elli. It is at least noteworthy that in a memorandum Gouzenko submitted to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1952 and which the Canadian government released in 1981 he speaks of the "mole" in terms nowhere near as specific as Wright would have him speak. Similarly, we have to take Wright's word for the accuracy of his translation of Volkov's message. Translation is usually a tricky business, particularly when so much hangs on it. [1] Moreover, if Hollis was a Soviet spy, then it is surely a reasonable presumption that his successor, Martin Furnival Jones, was working for the Russians as well. Since the man had been Hollis's deputy, since he was appointed by the prime minister on Hollis's recommendation, and since the Russians would not have just allowed their man to retire without ensuring his succession, the conclusion appears inescapable. Yet curiously neither Wright nor Pincher casts any aspersions on Furnival Jones.

As to the second possibility, if Wright was an embittered man then he probably had quite good cause to be. From the farcical disappearance of Burgess and Maclean to the handling of the case of Anthony Blunt, the attempt to come to grips with the Soviet penetration of the security services had been a disaster, and it is easy to see why a man as full of social insecurities as Wright should harbor grudges against Britain's "best and the brightest." Indeed, though he often calls Hollis's competence into question, it is odd that he should nonetheless insist on his man being the executor of a fiendish Kremlin master-plan. This does not of course excuse the publication of a book which does at least as much damage to the services as did the activities of the men and women against whom he rails.

As to the possibility of Wright's being a Soviet spy, the least one can say is that the case for it is rather more credible than the corresponding one for Hollis. For instance, while *Spycatcher* is full of venom for his former MI5 colleagues, it only has kind things to say about Blunt and Philby. Wright often refers to Burgess as simply "Guy" even though he probably never knew him. Where Chapman Pincher is anxious to build the case against Hollis, Wright appears to be anxious only to reveal everything he can remember about everything he was ever closely involved with. His tone in writing about the Hollis affair—supposedly the overpowering obsession of his life—is oddly agnostic, rather distant. Where Hollis departed for a peaceful retirement, Wright has spent the last ten years—conveniently residing outside the jurisdiction of Britain—doing his damnedest to discredit his country's security services. As with Philip Agee one must wonder about the motives for such apparently bizarre conduct.

So which of the three is it? □

[1] Indeed the case against Hollis often sounds like the old story about Stalin being a British agent: Strange the way none of the old Bolsheviks knew much about Stalin's background! Why should he pursue such murderous policies unless his aim was to destroy the appeal of Communism? Why would he sign a non-aggression pact with Hitler thus enabling his great enemy to invade Poland and prepare for the onslaught on Soviet Russia, unless his aim was to save the British Empire from the covetous Nazis? Why were his relations with that great foe of Communism, Churchill, so good? How come Churchill was so sure Stalin would accept his percentages deal for the division of Europe? Why did Stalin ditch the Greek Communists and help out the British? Why would he pursue such ruthless policies in Eastern Europe thus compelling the return of American forces unless his aim all along had been to strengthen the Anglo-American special relationship? And so on and so on.

100 Year Old United States Government Silver Trade Dollars

In Accordance with its Established Policy, The Washington Mint Hereby Announces the Limited Release of 1,200 U.S. Silver Trade Dollars Minted between 1873-1878.

A recently rediscovered private cache of 100 year-old Silver Trade Dollars -- one of our nation's most beautiful, yet little known, coins -- has now been authenticated and certified by The Washington Mint.

The specifications for the special public sale of these historic coins is as follows:

HISTORICAL DATA:

In 1873, the United States was fighting for a share of the newly-opened China trade. But our traders were severely handicapped by the Silver content of U.S. coins:

Our Silver Dollar weighed a little less than the Mexican Piece of Eight, so thrifty Chinese merchants were giving their business to countries that used the Mexican coin.

So Congress authorized the minting of an extraordinary Silver Coin - the United States Trade Dollar, a magnificent coin with more Silver than either our standard dollar or the famed Piece of Eight.

The high Silver content made the Trade Dollar popular with the chinese. And many merchants -- fearful of attack by Chinese warlords or bandits -- buried their Silver coins in secret caches. The coins in this special release have been hidden in China for 100 years.

The coins in this special release remain in extraordinary condition, and our experts have graded them Choice Very Fine/Extremely Fine.

COIN DESCRIPTION:

The obverse of each coin features the seated figure of Miss Liberty extending an olive branch. The coin's mint date is located at the bottom center. The reverse bears a heraldic American Eagle, the weight and purity of the Silver content, and the legend: UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TRADE DOLLAR.

Each coin was minted between 1873-1878 at United States Mint facilities in Philadelphia, San Francisco, or Carson City, Nevada. Each coin measures 38.1mm in diameter, the same as the famed Morgan Silver Dollar that it predates.

METAL CONTENT:

Each one of these Silver Dollars contains 420 grains (27.22 grams) of .900 Fine Silver -- the most Silver of any U.S. coin.

RESTRICTIONS:

This special release of United States Silver Trade Dollars is restricted to private citizens only -- NO dealer orders will be accepted. A limit of ten coins per order will be strictly enforced, and all orders are subject to acceptance by The Washington Mint.

SALE PRICES:

Each Silver Trade Dollar in this release is priced at $175.00 plus $5.00 for postage, handling and insurance. (TOTAL: $180.00)

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS:

The following discount prices apply for customers placing quantity orders:

THREE Silver Dollars for $490.00 plus $5.00 (TOTAL: $495.00)

FIVE Silver Dollars for $770.00 plus $5.00 (TOTAL: $775.00)

TEN Silver Dollars for $1420.00 plus $5.00 (TOTAL: $1425.00)

ORDER INSTRUCTIONS:

All mail orders *must* be accompanied by a check or money order for the full amount. Credit card customers are advised to place their orders by calling:

Toll Free 1-800-228-2323

(24 Hours a Day)

No lottery mechanisms will be utilized for this sale. Orders will be filled on a strict FIRST-COME, FIRST-SERVED basis according to the POSTMARK date of mail orders and the TIME AND DATE of telephone orders. The Washington Mint, one of America's foremost private mints, fully guarantees satisfaction with a 30-day, money-back policy. Certification of Authenticity will accompany each Silver Dollar in this release.

Check and money order customers should send their orders directly to:

The Washington Mint

Dept. 732, 1718 Connecticut Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20009

© 1986 The Washington Mint

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JACKSON POLLOCK: A BIOGRAPHY

Deborah Solomon/Simon and Schuster/$19.95

Eric Gibson

Because they can indulge a desire to look for the meaning of the artist's work outside the work itself rather than within it, artist's biographies present problems those of other prominent individuals do not. Moreover, with certain artists, a biography may present further obstacles by concentrating on lurid details and scandalous episodes, all at the expense of the person's art, which is then reduced to a visual chronicle of a pathological condition. Any biographer of Jackson Pollock faces all these hazards, yet they haven't been much of a deterrent, as the publication of Deborah Solomon's life of the artist—the fifth to date—attests.

Pollock continues to fascinate, and for obvious reasons. His saturnine temperament and his role in bringing American art into the modernist mainstream combined to elevate him above the ranks of his fellows, conferring on him near-mythic status. He embodied the two major archetypes of the modern artist, the artist-visionary and the *peintre maudit*.

Eric Gibson writes on art for the New Criterion.

In addition, there is about Pollock a central, enduring enigma that more than anything else explains his continuing appeal to biographers. Pollock's life and his art were each so extreme, and so polarized, that together they pose the question: how could this person, who had so much against him psychologically, and who as apprentice artist showed no particular aptitude for his vocation, have evolved to produce in his celebrated drip paintings work which seemed to exist at the very limit of what art could be, and which was of such pivotal importance to artists of his own and later generations? In her new biography, Solomon steers clear of sensationalism, but she never quite answers the central question. We come to the end of the book feeling something is missing. She gives us the life, but misses the man.

Pollock's achievement was to complete the task American art had set for itself a generation earlier, namely to originate an abstract pictorial language the equal of, yet free from overt allegiance to, the forms of European modernism. For Pollock, this involved a lengthy process of fusing European and American idioms: the recourse to the unconscious; Miro's "allover" composition; American Indian pictographs; and the scale and sweep of the murals painted by the Mexicans Siquieros and Orozco in the thirties. His efforts culminated in the celebrated paintings of the late forties in which, with broad sweeps of his arm, he poured paint from a can directly onto large canvases laid out on the floor. The resulting "gestural" style elevated American art to a new level of abstraction. It broke free of Surrealist imagery and Cubist construction, the dominant influences of the day, dissolving form in a dense, allover web of line that made no overt reference to nature.

The notion that interlaced and clotted skeins of paint could of themselves carry as high art was one of modernism's boldest gambits. Yet they do. Once past the haze of formalist criticism, which sees Pollock's pictures solely in terms of exploding the conventions of easel painting, and untransfigured pigment affirming the flatness of the material support, the viewer has access to the pictures' larger meaning. Like much modern painting, their "beauty" lies in the associative charges they unleash, rather than in anything they attempt to depict. The endlessly looping threads of paint set up a sustained, repetitive rhythm which serves alternately to focus and diffuse, build up and contain an explosive inner force that speaks to the deepest reaches of our psyche. Its pulsing, mesmeric character has something in common with tribal ceremony, a quality accurately reflective of Pollock's own view of painting as a ritualistic, almost shamanistic act. Yet while gesture was the new idiom Pollock bequeathed to artists of his and later generations, a manner, or rather an approach to painting, was all that could be learned from him. The animating spirit was embodied in the artist himself, making imitation an impossibility. There could be no "drip school" of any consequence as there had been, for example, a Cubist school in the wake of Picasso and Braque.

Yet one can imagine no less likely candidate than Pollock for such a crucial role in American art. All his life he was so shy and wracked by feelings of inadequacy as to be all but unable to express himself, either verbally or in paint. When he finally did manage to do something on canvas, he doubted the value of his efforts. His response was to compensate with arrogance, denigrating everyone's work, from his fellow art students' to that of masters such as Klee and Rubens. Worse, he sought relief in drinking, which unleashed a barely contained impulse toward self-destructiveness, an impulse that finally achieved its goal in 1956, when a car he was driving went off the road, killing him instantly.

All this made Pollock utterly unsuited for the public role he was called upon to play as the first artist-celebrity of the postwar era. The critic Clement Greenberg singled him out as the finest American artist of the century, thus setting him apart within his circle of artists. Then in 1949, *Life* made him a household word with a story "Is Jackson Pollock the Greatest Living Painter in the United States?", the title a wry dig at Greenberg's lavish encomiums. For someone of Pollock's troubled temper, the pressures, expectations, and misunderstandings brought on by his sudden move into the spotlight only made matters worse, isolating him from himself and others and fueling his urge to seek refuge in drink.

As if this weren't enough, a number of cruel ironies informed this newfound status. First, even as they publicized Pollock and the new art in their feature stories, *Time* and *Life* responded to the work with reviews that were openly philistine in their outlook (as, at root, were the features themselves). Second, in spite of his celebrity and the growing acceptance of his art among critics in the late forties and early fifties, Pollock was not made materially better off, since sales of his work were virtually non-existent. And finally, by the early fifties, Pollock had exhausted the possibilities of his drip technique and felt dead-ended, uncertain of what direction to go in and sensitive to criticism that in his last pictures, which restore figurative motifs, he was retreating from the vanguard. He stopped painting for long periods, drank more heavily than ever, and began to deteriorate physically and mentally. Under the circumstances, it is hard to imagine Pollock lasting much past his fiftieth birthday (he was forty-four when he died) even without the fatal car crash, which in any event was not his first.

Solomon gives us all of this information in her book. But hers is a facts-only approach that screens out almost all color or insight, leaving us a largely monochrome portrait of the artist. This may be because her background is in journalism, rather than art history or criticism, making her inclined to report rather than probe. There are some moments of analysis, but they don't go very deep. Moreover, fatal for a "life," her journalist's training has taught her to suppress any individual literary voice or point of view, the very thing that brings a subject to life, so that all incidents are given equal weight and told in an uninflected monotone. The effect is to remove Pollock from us, as if behind a mesh screen. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artist is present, but intangible.

But there is a deeper problem. To grasp Pollock as a unified whole, to reconcile the polarities between his life and his art, something beyond a simple chronicle is needed. This the art critic Brian O'Doherty attempted in his 1974 essay on Pollock, one of eight that appeared in his book *American Masters: The Voice and the Myth in Modern Art*. Accepting the necessary link between life and art, O'Doherty sought to plumb the meaning of both by situating them in the American historical and cultural landscapes. It worked, and produced some arresting insights. Solomon recounts the story of Pollock's changing a title from *Moby Dick* to *Pasiphae* at the suggestion of James Johnson Sweeney, then director of the department of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, who thought it a "cliché." For Solomon, the incident proves Pollock's titles are interchangeable, "outright misleading." But O'Doherty sees things differently:

> Pollock's career itself makes a kind of picture not unlike his own: "A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a sort of indefinite, half-attained, unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what the marvellous painting meant." This is a description of the picture that hung in the Spouter Inn, the picture that stood for Ahab's quest. *Moby Dick*, Lee Krasner reports, was one of Pollock's favorite books—he even called his dog "Ahab."

Solomon can't make a many-layered connection like that because her viewpoint is too shallow and constricted, and because at root she possesses no real feeling for art or for the creative process. Her descriptions of Pollock's paintings all read like good answers to an Introduction to Art History exam, no more, no less, suggesting she's read about but not really looked at the pictures, or that she possesses no real framework to understand them if she has. It all makes one wonder why she undertook the project to begin with. Why is a journalist writing about an artist, particularly Pollock? We never really find out. Solomon herself doesn't tell us, and there's no outside reason, like an exhibition, an anniversary, or the discovery of fresh material to prompt a new study of Pollock. Nor does she tell us anything novel about her subject. This in fact turns out to be the book's greatest drawback. Solomon never persuades us of the necessity of writing another Pollock biography. And with a subject as well documented and complex as this one, that's death to a "life." □

VEIL: THE SECRET WARS OF THE CIA 1981-1987

Bob Woodward/Simon and Schuster/$21.95

Albert Jolis

You cannot hope to bribe or twist,
Thank God! the British journalist.
But seeing what the man will do
Unbribed, there's no occasion to.
—Humbert Wolfe

Bob Woodward's book, already extensively reviewed, has generated considerable skepticism as to its accuracy. While purporting to be a history of the CIA during William J. Casey's tenure, a serious history it is not. A slick work of titillating journalism it is. It reads like a gossip column, as if Miss Rona Barrett suddenly became fascinated with issues of our national security.

The focus, of course, is William Casey himself. How do we explain the intense public controversy that swirled around his head during his tenure at the CIA? It was not just the Iran-contra affair, for it started from the moment he was appointed by the President. No other Director of Intelligence —Dulles, McCone, Helms, Colby, Schlesinger, Bush, Turner—excited such passions. It is my contention that Casey was controversial not only because he understood the true nature of the Soviet global threat—after all, others understand this too—but more significantly, because he showed every indication of succeeding in turning that knowledge to our advantage.

Casey knew that with the rise in the twentieth century of Marxism-Leninism, refined through seventy years of Soviet Communist rule, the nature of warfare radically changed. The Soviets have wisely chosen to advance their interests by deploying a revolutionary weapon: a vast global edifice of political subversion, manipulation of public opinion, disinformation, agents of influence, and front organizations—in a word, Active Measures. The masterful use of this weapon has indirectly enabled the Soviets to achieve victories that would have seemed dazzling forty years ago: the capture of Cuba and the scuttling of the Monroe Doctrine; the loss of America's preeminent position in Southeast Asia; the Soviet colonization of Angola, Mozambique, and Ethiopia; the invasion of Afghanistan; and most recently, the establishment of a Soviet beachhead on the American mainland.

Albert Jolis is the executive director of the American Foundation for Resistance International.

It is against this backdrop that Casey's tenure at the CIA, and *Veil* itself, must be viewed; for his part, Bob Woodward seems remarkably untroubled by it all. In this respect, Woodward's treatment of one of Casey's early actions—ordering a study from the agency appraising Soviet Active Measures—is illuminating. Casey wanted a wide hearing for the report, Woodward tells us, and so downgraded it from "Top Secret" to "Secret," and had about three thousand copies circulated. The thirty-page study covered Soviet actions in various parts of the world, including manipulation of United Nations organizations and the mobilization of opposition to the U.S plan to build a neutron bomb.

Woodward writes: "These active measures, which seemed to include everything the Soviets did, were, according to the report, 'one of the major instruments of Soviet foreign policy.' " Deputy Director Bobby Inman, according to Woodward, concluded that Casey was "in overdrive, using the active measures study for some ideological grinding. . . ." Later he adds: "But Inman judged most of the elements of the CIA study essentially accurate, based on good human sources." Now, inasmuch as Inman was hardly regarded as a Casey supporter, one might suppose his testimony would lead Woodward to discuss the importance, or lack thereof, of Active Measures. But no. Woodward limits his comment to an irrelevancy:

> The study's wide circulation was designed to raise consciousness and to suggest CIA action to counter the Soviets. But to Casey's disappointment, the CIA had been unable to calculate what these measures cost the Soviets. . . . The CIA study said merely: "The scale of the Soviet effort can be gauged by analogy. We calculate that, if the U.S. government were to undertake a campaign of the magnitude of the Soviet 'neutron bomb campaign,' it would cost over $100 million." Casey called such numbers "flaky."

Subsequently President Reagan told reporters, "We have information that the Soviet Union spent about $100 million in Western Europe alone a few years ago when the announcement was first made of the invention of the neutron warhead, and I don't know how much they're spending now, but they're starting the same kind of propaganda drive." Woodward buries the issue thus: "The record was never corrected. Inman felt that it served no purpose for the President of the United States to spread misinformation, but Casey wasn't particularly bothered. The Soviets lied all the time, and the CIA estimate was probably about right."

So there we have it. The reader is left with the impression that the entire subject of Soviet Active Measures was blown out of proportion by a Casey in "ideological overdrive," allowing the President to spread misinformation.

Edward Epstein, reviewing the book in the *Washington Times*, makes a telling point in this connection. "What this book omits, revealingly enough," he writes, "is any discussion of Soviet intentions and strategy. . . . The KGB is hardly mentioned, except to exonerate it from any involvement in terrorism or the shooting of the Pope. This absence suggests that the CIA that spoke so freely to Mr. Woodward no longer sees the Soviets as a potential enemy."

Woodward's leftward tilt, though deftly handled, is ever present. Feigning an Olympian detachment when describing arguments between hard- and soft-liners on foreign policy, Woodward in fact leaves the reader

GIANT HEAVY DUTY INFLATABLE BOATS

2 MAN $45
3 MAN $57
4 MAN $73

Call Free
Before Midnight For The Next 30 Days

As part of an advertising test, *Dunlap Boat Mfg.* will send any of the above size boats to anyone who reads and responds to this test before the next 30 days. Each Boat Lot No. (Z-26PVC) is constructed of tough high density fabric (resistant to abrasions, sunlight, salt & oil), electronically welded embossed seams, nylon safety line grommeted all around, heavy duty oar locks, 3 separate air chambers for extra safety (4 air chambers in 4-man), self-locking safety valves, bow lifting & towing handle are recommended for marine, ocean and fresh water recreation, camping, fishing or a family fun boat. Each boat will be accompanied with a **LIFETIME** guarantee that it must perform 100% or it will be replaced free. Add $7 handling & crating for each boat requested. *Dunlap Boat Mfg.* pays all shipping. If your order is received within the next ten days you will receive FREE a combined hand/foot inflator/deflator bellows style pump for each boat requested. Should you wish to return your boat you may do so for a refund. Any letter postmarked after 30 days will be returned. LIMIT three (3) boats per address, no exceptions. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: Boat Dept. #203-B, *Dunlap Boat Mfg.*, 2554 Lincoln Blvd., #122, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291. Or for fastest service from any part of the country call 1-800-255-3298 for Boat Dept. #203-B (CA residents call collect 213-397-1772), before midnight seven days a week. Have credit card ready.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the impression that the doves were the serious professionals and the hawks the amateur ideologues. In reporting the book, Woodward tells us, he interviewed more than 250 people, and there's no reason to doubt it. But it's also evident that most of his information came from Stansfield Turner, John McMahon, Bobby Inman, and John Horton, all of whom heartily disliked Casey. As a consequence, it is Casey who invariably emerges as the relentless ideologue, never his bureaucratic adversaries.

And Woodward has other artful means of twisting his tale. Sometimes it is done with the faint sneer, sometimes through the words of his characters; sometimes through omission, sometimes through the unalloyed barb. Thus, when discussing the murder of Richard Welch, the CIA station chief in Athens, he writes: "Welch's CIA position had been published by disaffected former agents caught up in the anti-CIA fervor of the times." No mention of Philip Agee, whose traitorous disclosure was directly responsible for Welch's murder. (In fact the only mention of Agee is buried in a footnote on page 384, where he is referred to as a "renegade agent who had published lists of CIA agents.") And there's this gratuitous anti-Casey slap: "Casey showed joy and relish only when someone brought him intelligence that supported his preconceptions of Administration policy."

Only someone on the inside, with first-hand knowledge and personal contact with the players, could make adequate comment on Woodward's mass of assertions, quotations, incidents, and "revelations." The author's practice of placing quotes around part of a conversation, and then carrying it on without quotes, disarms the reader of any means of measuring the accuracy of his account. Nevertheless, here are a few observations that occurred to me as I moved through this page-turner:

•Woodward describes Stansfield Turner's state of mind on the morning after Reagan's 1980 election victory. Turner wants to keep his job at the agency. He is reading a weekly journal, *Christian Science*, before breakfast. The lesson for next Sunday urges Turner to "look inward." Woodward writes: "It was, Turner conceded, an odd point, perhaps, for the head of *the largest and most sophisticated intelligence service in the world* [italics mine]." Does Woodward seriously suggest that Turner believes the CIA to be larger and more sophisticated than the KGB? Or does Woodward himself believe it?

•Woodward discusses a report on Grenada prepared at the Pentagon which disputed earlier assessments that the island was being readied as a major Soviet bastion. He writes: "A number of Administration conservatives were furious over the assessment. Herb Meyer, a Casey assistant, said 'I think it stinks.' " Meyer, former vice chairman of the National Intelligence Council, has told me that this reference to him is pure invention. Not only that. In March 1987, several months before *Veil* was published, the *Washington Monthly* ran an article by Marci McDonald containing the same Meyer quote. Meyer also denies ever speaking to McDonald about the Grenada report. Nonetheless, Woodward reports McDonald's story in almost identical terms. Who might be plagiarizing whom?

•Woodward alleges that Ariel Sharon met with Casey in the spring of 1982, prior to the start of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, and asked Casey for money and military help for the Lebanese Christians. Amos Perlmutter, editor of the *Journal of Strategic Studies* and professor of political science at American University, writing in the *Washington Times*, challenges these assertions, calling them "total fiction. . . . Mr. Sharon never met with Mr. Casey in the spring of 1982."

•Early in the Iran-contra affair, Woodward reports, Casey wrote a classified letter to the President suggesting that Secretary of State George Shultz be fired. What Woodward does not report is that Casey sent a copy of the letter to Shultz. By ignoring this detail, Woodward is better able to portray Casey as devious, scheming, and underhanded.

Woodward of course hated Casey, despite his statement that "Casey had been an attractive figure to me because he was useful and because he never avoided the confrontation." Nowhere is this more apparent than in his ultimate fiction, when Woodward puts those final words into Casey's mouth: "I believed. I believed." If this has any point at all, it is to cast scorn and derision upon the deepest sentiments of a dying man.

Of course Casey believed. Woodward possibly does not know the full extent of those beliefs. He does not know, for instance, that before the end of World War II, the U.S. and Britain agreed to a Soviet demand that all Soviet displaced persons and ex-prisoners-of-war in our occupation zones be *forcibly* repatriated to the Soviet Union, on the Soviet pretext that they were all putative war criminals. We complied: American G.I.s in Germany were made to place thousands of unwilling victims onto east-bound cattle cars to perish in the Gulag.

Once out of uniform, William Casey, along with this reviewer and a few friends including Frank Barnett (president of the National Strategy Information Center), formed a non-profit organization called Friends of Fighters for Russian Freedom. Horrified at our government's craven complicity with Stalin's murderous actions, we assisted those who had succeeded in escaping forced repatriation to the Soviet Union. We helped them to re-settle and remake their lives. Sneer as you will, Bob Woodward, Bill Casey really did believe. □

PIETY AND POLITICS: EVANGELICALS AND FUNDAMENTALISTS CONFRONT THE WORLD
Edited by Richard John Neuhaus and Michael Cromartie/Ethics and Public Policy Center-University Press of America/$23.95; $12.95 paper

John R. Dunlap

In May 1983, at the invitation of the liberal theologian Harvey Cox, the Reverend Jerry Falwell came to speak at the Harvard Divinity School. On the podium Falwell was greeted by an audience of jeering undergraduates who chanted "Hitler, Falwell, go to hell." Somewhat unnerved, Professor Cox took the microphone and begged the students to "understand that my presence here tonight should in no way be understood as an endorsement of what Falwell represents." But Falwell was up to the occasion; he earned the grudging attention of his liberal audience with an instant parry: "Students, please understand that my speaking here tonight should in no way be construed as an endorsement of the Harvard Divinity School."

Mencken would have tipped his hat to Falwell for that one. Two generations after the humiliating 1925 Scopes Monkey Trial, American Fundamentalists and Evangelicals are out in force again, and they aren't about to be put off, as before, by the ridicule and condescension of city-slicking divines. A recent study by the sociologists Wade Clark Roof and William McKinney (*American Mainline Religion*) reports that the old mainstream of liberal Protestantism is in steep decline (less than 9 percent of the population and still falling) while moderate and conservative Protestants (including black Protestants, most of whom are "cultural conservatives") have swelled in numbers to just over 50 percent of the population, with the proportion of conservative Evangelicals growing the fastest. To the dismay of liberal churchmen and the secular elite, many of these increasing numbers of Evangelicals—bright, sassy, and up on antinomies of secularism—have acquired an unseemly interest in politics.

Piety and Politics is an attempt by Lutheran Pastor Richard John Neuhaus and Michael Cromartie (a researcher for the Ethics and Public Policy Center) to trace the general contours of the Evangelical resurgence in American politics. None of the twenty-six essays and scholarly excerpts collected in this anthology is dated later than 1986, and only three are that late; most fall between 1980 and 1985. So there are no hot scoops, nor even much anticipation, regarding recent developments in the movement: the Bakker scandal, the upheaval in the Southern Baptist Convention, Jerry Falwell's public resignation from the political arena, the infighting among the Christian Reconstructionists, and so forth. But the book is intended not so much to be a timely chronicle as to cast a backdrop against which to measure the particular shifts and changes of a perplexing, sometimes contradictory socio-religious phenomenon.

The editors impose some preliminary order on their unwieldy topic by dividing the collection into three parts. Part One offers four scholarly views of the movement's "background and origins"; Part Two makes room for ten prominent Evangelical writers to "speak for themselves"; Part Three has twelve entries that make up a representative survey of "what others say." Although

John R. Dunlap teaches English at Santa Clara University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a number of essays throughout the collection (notably those by Pastor Neuhaus, A. James Reichley, Ronald Nash, Lloyd Billingsley, Nathan Glazer, Grant Wacker, and George Weigel) are distinctly pointed and informative, it may go without saying that the several entries, taken together, reflect quite a lot of confusion and uncertainty within and about the Evangelical movement. For all that, at least four principal themes emerge.

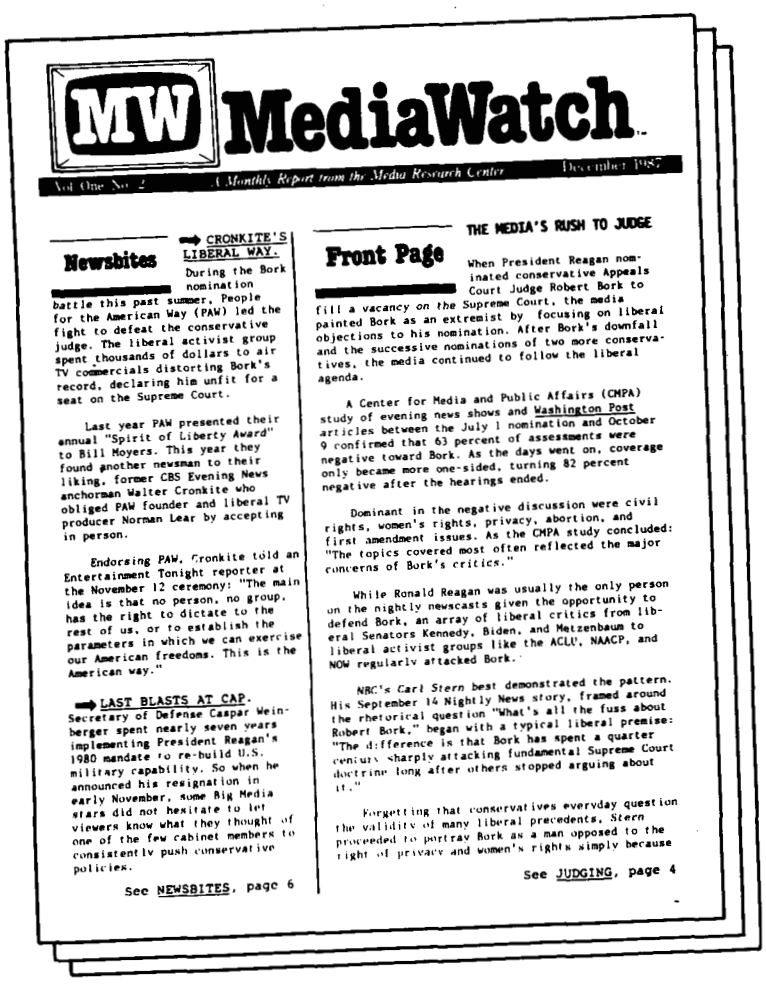
The first is that the movement is indeed perplexing—beginning with the labels used to identify it. The practice among church historians like George Marsden and Dean Curry is to use the broad term "Evangelical" to encompass a movement that ranges from the radical-left Sojourners (Jim Wallis) to Reform Evangelicals (Billy Graham) to soft-line Fundamentalists (Jerry Falwell) to hard-line Fundamentalist separatists (Bob Jones) to radical-right Reconstructionist theocrats (Gary North). Regarding public policy, in other words, the Evangelicals cut across the spectrum. The term "Evangelical" is not necessarily synonymous with terms like "New Christian Right," and very little of the New Christian Right is composed of the wacko theocrats harped on by hostile commentators in the media.

With all their diversity, however, the Evangelicals have enough in common to be distinguished as a "transdenominational community" (in Marsden's phrase) connected by a shared belief in the Bible as the infallible Word of God. A social corollary to that belief is what Grant Wacker calls the Evangelicals' "pastoral concern that tradition should still have a place in the modern world"—especially traditional expectations of moral behavior.

A second recurring theme is best expressed by Nathan Glazer, who regards the Evangelical resurgence as a "defensive offensive." By the 1970s, according to Glazer, liberalism had gone too far by imposing on the whole country "the views and beliefs of the cosmopolitan elite" regarding abortion, school prayer, support for religious schools, and public standards of conduct. Speaking for the Evangelicals, Carl F. H. Henry decries "the burgeoning secular mindset in American society," which confuses human rights with human wants and which flouts "the values traditionally considered normative in American society."

That mindset also goes by the name secular humanism—or "secular humanism," if you prefer the quotation marks required of secular journalists when they pooh-pooh the Evangelicals' alleged bogeys. The late Harvard sociologist Talcott Parsons called it "America's fourth faith," and the Evangelicals resent the hell out of seeing that faith imposed on their kids in the public schools. Echoing Jacques Ellul, Joseph Sobran writes that in the religion of secular humanism (the semi-official religion of the Fourth Estate, by the way) there is no authority above man himself, so that "the state becomes a *de facto* god." The Evangelical entry into politics is thus a "defensive offensive" against idolatry.

A third principal theme is that the separation of church and state, which almost everyone favors, is not the same as the separation of religion and politics, which the secularists favor selectively. Liberals who fret over the "divisiveness" of recent Evangelical forays into politics are wont to forget America's long tradition of mixing politics and religion: abolition, the temperance movement, the civil rights movement, various anti-war movements, the recent sanctuary movement. In a selection on "Religious Belief and the Constitutional Order," William J. Bennett remarks that the Founders "envisioned a federal government neutral between religions in particular, but sympathetic with religion in general." Religion "deepens politics" by offering "a sense of purpose and a frame of reference for the


MW MediaWatch

Vol One No 2 A Monthly Report from the Media Research Center December 1987

Newsbites

➡ CRONKITE'S LIBERAL WAY.

During the Bork nomination battle this past summer, People for the American Way (PAW) led the fight to defeat the conservative judge. The liberal activist group spent thousands of dollars to air TV commercials distorting Bork's record, declaring him unfit for a seat on the Supreme Court.

Last year PAW presented their annual "Spirit of Liberty Award" to Bill Moyers. This year they found another newsman to their liking, former CBS Evening News anchorman Walter Cronkite who obliged PAW founder and liberal TV producer Norman Lear by accepting in person.

Endorsing PAW, Cronkite told an Entertainment Tonight reporter at the November 12 ceremony: "The main idea is that no person, no group, has the right to dictate to the rest of us, or to establish the parameters in which we can exercise our American freedoms. This is the American way."

➡ LAST BLASTS AT CAP.

Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger spent nearly seven years implementing President Reagan's 1980 mandate to re-build U.S. military capability. So when he announced his resignation in early November, some Big Media stars did not hesitate to let viewers know what they thought of one of the few cabinet members to consistently push conservative policies.

See NEWSBITES, page 6

Front Page

THE MEDIA'S RUSH TO JUDGE

When President Reagan nominated conservative Appeals Court Judge Robert Bork to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court, the media painted Bork as an extremist by focusing on liberal objections to his nomination. After Bork's downfall and the successive nominations of two more conservatives, the media continued to follow the liberal agenda.

A Center for Media and Public Affairs (CMPA) study of evening news shows and Washington Post articles between the July 1 nomination and October 9 confirmed that 63 percent of assessments were negative toward Bork. As the days went on, coverage only became more one-sided, turning 82 percent negative after the hearings ended.

Dominant in the negative discussion were civil rights, women's rights, privacy, abortion, and first amendment issues. As the CMPA study concluded: "The topics covered most often reflected the major concerns of Bork's critics."

While Ronald Reagan was usually the only person on the nightly newscasts given the opportunity to defend Bork, an array of liberal critics from liberal Senators Kennedy, Biden, and Metzenbaum to liberal activist groups like the ACLU, NAACP, and NOW regularly attacked Bork.

NBC's *Carl Stern* best demonstrated the pattern. His September 14 Nightly News story, framed around the rhetorical question "What's all the fuss about Robert Bork," began with a typical liberal premise: "The difference is that Bork has spent a quarter century sharply attacking fundamental Supreme Court doctrine long after others stopped arguing about it."

Forgetting that conservatives everyday question the validity of many liberal precedents, *Stern* proceeded to portray Bork as a man opposed to the right of privacy and women's rights simply because

See JUDGING, page 4

Do you think the media are biased?

If so, **MediaWatch** is for you. Every month **MediaWatch** will give you examples, quotes, studies and analysis exposing the liberal bias of the media, especially the TV networks.

Get one year of **MediaWatch** for just $29.00, and read:

- The "Janet Cooke Award," a focus on the month's most outrageously distorted story.
- The latest examples of distorted doom and gloom economic reporting from TV networks.
- "Revolving Door," a listing of the latest reporters moving between liberal politics and the media.
- Analysis of how the media promote Gorbachev's views at summits.
- The networks' agenda to destroy the Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters.

What some of our readers say:

► *"Bravo to* **MediaWatch** *for exposing the hypocrisy in so much of what's going on in the 'news' business."*

—Senator Jesse Helms

► *"It is by no means impossible that the whole battle for fairer and better-balanced media in this country hinges on the continued success of* **MediaWatch.** *It is by long odds the most inspired idea that has hit the conservative movement in years.*

Your determined and comprehensive coverage of the media's performance has almost no competition and absolutely no equal whatever."

—William Rusher
Publisher, *National Review*

For a tax-deductible contribution of $29.00 to the Media Research Center, you will receive 12 complimentary issues of *MediaWatch*. Order now.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Send your contribution to:
MediaWatch
Media Research Center
111 South Columbus St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

MEDIA RESEARCH CENTER AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claims that transcend everyday politics."

A liberal such as Sidney Blumenthal, who dwells in this collection on the anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic past of American Fundamentalists, is also wont to ignore the ecumenical spirit evinced by most contemporary Evangelicals in playing coalition politics. Jerry Falwell likes to point out, for example, that the composition of the infelicitously named Moral Majority (lately rechristened as the Liberty Federation) is only 20 percent Evangelical-Fundamentalist; a plurality (30 percent) is Roman Catholic, and half the members are Mormon, Jewish, mainline Protestant, or non-affiliated. Falwell's boast calls up Martin Marty's shrewd observation that the Evangelicals are a "cognitive minority" giving voice to the sentiments of a "sociocultural majority." And George Weigel, a Roman Catholic, remarks on a "shared perception that the systematic effort to strip American public policy discourse of any relationship to the religiously based values of the American people portends disaster for the American experiment." Norman Lear has become "an odd matchmaker for Catholics and Evangelicals."

Perhaps the Evangelicals' most valuable contribution to the public arena so far is the light they have cast on the disproportionate influence (and the essentially reactionary nature) of solemn busybodies like the American Civil Liberties Union, Planned Parenthood, Common Cause, the National Organization for Women, the leadership of the National Education Association—and, of course, Norman Lear's eternally vigilant People for the American Way. The Evangelicals have a good case against the hedonism, the subjectivism, the utilitarian individualism, and the weird therapeutic ethos fostered by America's secularizing energumens.

But politics—and here is a fourth theme recurring through much of this splendid anthology—turns on prudential judgment, which can vary widely under the broad umbrella of such biblical principles as justice and freedom. As Lloyd Billingsley asserts in a stinging critique of the radical-left Sojourners, good intentions don't suffice; a truly Christian involvement in public affairs implies a moral obligation to be well informed in responsible discourse. If the Evangelicals hope to bring a lasting influence to bear on what Pastor Neuhaus calls "the naked public square," they will have to do more than be adept at forging coalitions, at capitalizing on electronic media, and at crystallizing disgruntlements. They will have to become adept at argument. □

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: STATESMAN 1945-1959

Forrest C. Pogue/Viking/$29.95

Karl O'Lessker

When President Truman in 1950 nominated General George C. Marshall to be Secretary of Defense, the most virulent attack on the 69-year-old former Army Chief of Staff and Secretary of State was delivered in "shouts and half-screams" by Senator William Jenner of Indiana:

"General Marshall is not only willing, he is eager to play the role of a front man for traitors.

"The truth is this is no new role for him, for General George C. Marshall is a living lie."

Marshall's response was characteristic. When told of the attack he said, "Jenner? Jenner? I do not believe I know the man."

Bill Jenner, in his hyperbolic fashion, was expressing a view of Marshall which, surprising as it seems almost forty years later, was passionately held on the far (I do not say extreme) right. One of the many virtues of the fourth and final volume of Forrest C. Pogue's biography of Marshall is that it helps us understand how a man so idolized by a generation of policy makers could have aroused such violent hatred on the part of a few.

Covering the crucial years of Marshall's civilian service, 1945-1951 (and thence to his death in 1959), the book recounts in great detail all of the world-shaping controversies in which Marshall played a lead role. One not included in this volume (it was covered in Volumes II and III) but vital to the anti-Marshall fervor was America's World War II Europe-first strategy, which kept General Douglas MacArthur on subsistence rations while concentrating on the defeat of Germany. Chief of Staff Marshall's unswerving advocacy of the policy earned him, for the first time, the bitter enmity of most strong conservatives outside the East Coast. For reasons that remain mysterious, at least to me, Asia-first was not only the preferred but, among those conservatives, the canonical policy and MacArthur its one true Prophet. Second only to the unspeakable Roosevelt, Marshall was the architect of that heretical opposite policy, so blatantly wrong as to be explicable only in terms of a commitment to Communism.

And then came the Mission to China, with which Marshall's postwar career begins. Pogue does an admirable job of summarizing the complexities of the China situation that Marshall confronted in 1945 when at President Truman's urgent request he ended his retirement the very day he and Mrs. Marshall moved into their home at Leesburg, Virginia. Pogue provides just enough historical background in one long chapter to make the scene comprehensible, then devotes the next five to detailing Marshall's efforts to ensure non-Communist control of China without a full-scale commitment of American military force. He did not succeed, of course, and by the time he returned to the U.S. in January 1947, the cause—though no one yet knew it—was lost.

For the purposes of this review the essential question is what Marshall could have done differently to help Chiang Kai-shek's government survive. Most important to recognize is that the Nationalists did not simply succumb to overwhelming military force. Even General Albert C. Wedemeyer, towering figure among the heroes of the Asia-first right, was bitterly critical of the Chiang regime and its war effort. As Pogue rightly notes (and provides many quotations to prove), "In later years, General Wedemeyer was to criticize Marshall for his failure to back Chiang Kai-shek during the days of the China mission. But in 1944-45 [when Marshall was chief of staff] he contributed decisively to convincing Marshall that Stilwell's [devastating] portrayal of the Generalissimo and China's weaknesses was accurate."

It now seems clear that only a major U.S. military involvement could have saved the Chiang regime. So shot through with corruption was it, so ineptly led, the morale of its troops so low, that increased arms shipments alone would have done no more than fill Communist arsenals. Under instructions to seek a negotiated settlement of the civil war, Special Ambassador Marshall had no leverage with Chiang other than to threaten to withhold badly needed arms. Like just about every other American on the scene, Marshall was convinced that the Nationalists could survive only if they undertook root-and-branch reform. But this they were unwilling, or unable, to do, no doubt counting on the inevitability of American aid offered in pursuit of America's own interests.

And here, really, is the crux of the great debate. *Should* the U.S. have declared the defeat of the Chinese

Karl O'Lessker, a senior editor of this journal, is a member of the Indiana Utility Regulatory Commission and a senior fellow of the Hudson Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communists a vital national interest? If Marshall had so argued, bringing all his great moral and military stature to bear, would we have done so?

For my part, I remain agnostic on the first question. But the answer to the second seems so obvious that the first becomes almost irrelevant. There was not the slightest chance in 1947 or thereafter that this country would have gone to war in China to save the Chiang regime: Having just demobilized after World War II, we would have required nothing less than a Soviet invasion of Western Europe to take up arms again. A civil war in China between a government widely understood to be corrupt and its antagonists widely, if fatuously, believed to be agrarian reformers could never have seemed to the American people worth the life of a single G.I., let alone full-scale mobilization and war.

Moreover, the policy makers in Washington were well aware that a war against the Chinese Communists carried with it an unacceptable risk of war with the Soviet Union. Under the circumstances, there was nothing to stop the Russians from sweeping through Western Europe. Many people at the time thought our possession of the atom bomb would have prevented that catastrophe, but those in the inner circles of the Administration (including, certainly, Marshall) knew we had so few such weapons that they would have been inconsequential in a U.S.-Soviet war.

Thus Marshall could do no more than try to persuade Chiang to undertake fundamental reforms and bring the Communists into a coalition government—which, of course, Mao and Chou were only too happy to agree to. The result of these hapless efforts was the fall of the Nationalist regime in 1949—and the destruction of Marshall's reputation among many conservatives.

Yet when he returned to America in January 1947 to assume his new duties as Secretary of State, he was still widely regarded, in the words of conservative publisher and columnist David Lawrence, as "just the kind of man who ought to be President . . . one of the great statesmen of our time." And indeed his reputation only grew during his two years in the State Department. These were the years that encompassed the creation of the Truman Doctrine of aid to Greece and Turkey, the European Recovery Program (the "Marshall Plan"), the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, the founding of Israel, the Berlin Blockade, the formation of NATO, and the expulsion of Chiang's Nationalists from the Chinese Mainland.

All of these great events receive detailed treatment from Pogue: too detailed, perhaps, for the interested layman (the 60 pages on the Marshall Plan seem more like 600). This being the authorized biography, however, one recognizes the biographer's concern to present an account that will be useful to scholars.

But even Pogue's exhaustive portrait lacks some facts of great interest. Regarding the Marshall Plan, for example, we now know from Robert Rhodes James's superb new biography of Anthony Eden that British foreign secretary Ernest Bevin was at first baffled by the implications of Marshall's Harvard speech and was uncertain how to respond to it. So he called in Eden, his predecessor, for a private conversation, and Eden urged him to do what Bevin later said he did do: "I grabbed the offer with both hands." Now, this is not a fact of decisive importance to the history of the Marshall Plan; Bevin would undoubtedly have seized the opportunity even without Eden's advice. But it is certainly of greater importance, and interest, than which minor French functionary said what to which minor American bureaucrat—the sort of fact with which Pogue's account is replete.

Nevertheless, *George C. Marshall: Statesman* is full of treasures. There is a morbid fascination, for example, in being reminded of the stature the United Nations once had. In the early stages of the Berlin Blockade (1948), for example, when the Western allies were trying to decide what to do, Marshall determined that, in Pogue's words, "The Soviets must refrain from violating Western rights *or face an appeal by the Western powers to the United Nations.*" My emphasis, but it's only a setup for the next sentence: "The Secretary of State realized, however, that the British and the French were reluctant to go *so far.*" Also fascinating—and eerily familiar—was the State Department's reaction to the possibility of a military confrontation with the Soviets over Berlin. Under Secretary Robert Lovett "warned against taking any provocative step until the Berlin issue was clarified in the United Nations." Not to be outdone in sweet reasonableness,

> The Policy Planning Staff also urged caution. In an October 1 report, its members favored continuance of the air lift, but not belligerence. If there were incidents in Berlin, the military governors should protest. If an American plane were shot down, they should demand an explanation and say that the United States would have to take defensive measures. . . . If there were repeated incidents involving loss of planes, an immediate report to Washington should be made by the military governor, discussing defensive measures to be taken and requesting instructions on putting them into effect.

To his credit, Secretary Marshall, while supporting his (and the Defense) department's stand against military confrontation, remained adamant against any further concessions to the Soviets in Berlin. "We will not be traded out of Berlin," he told John Foster Dulles, who, at Marshall's insistence, had been named head of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations. Moreover, when a number of State Department officials discussed postponing or cancelling the scheduled municipal elections in Berlin lest the Russians find them "provocative," Marshall insisted that they be held. (They were, and 86 percent of Berlin's eligible voters cast their ballots for the West.)

Sixty-eight years old now and recuperating from major surgery for removal of a kidney, Marshall retired (or so he thought) from public service in January 1949. In August 1950, President Truman summoned him back to duty, this time as Secretary of Defense. The Korean War had broken out two months earlier and Truman desperately needed someone of Marshall's reputation in the office. It was this nomination that precipitated Senator Jenner's frenzied attack on the Senate floor and only slightly less savage denunciations in the *Chicago Tribune* and other organs of the right. These culminated in Senator Joseph McCarthy's famous speech in June 1951, in which he accused Marshall of participating in "a conspiracy so black that its principals shall forever be deserving of the maledictions of all honest men . . ."

The proximate cause of this smear was Truman's dismissal, two months earlier, of Douglas MacArthur as Supreme Commander of United Nations forces in Korea. Secretary of Defense Marshall had of course taken part in the decision, following a unanimous recommendation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But for MacArthur's passionate supporters from World War II days, when Marshall was perceived as the principal architect of the Europe-first strategy, it was the culminating betrayal of America's greatest soldier by moral and intellectual pygmies, if not traitors, in the Pentagon and White House.

In this poisonous atmosphere Marshall finally prevailed on President Truman to allow him to resign, and he did so in September 1951, after a half-century of public service. Just over eight years later, at the age of 78, he died in Walter Reed Hospital.

Today's consensus on George Marshall is perhaps best captured in the opening paragraph of Drew Middleton's foreword to the present volume:

> Not long ago three Britons, an editor, a Cabinet member and an historian, and two Americans, a diplomat and a foreign correspondent, sat in a London club discussing the great men of the century. Great, that is, in strength of character, foresight, achievement and nobility of purpose. The five agreed on only two men: Winston Churchill and George C. Marshall. □

A "fact-filled and thoughtful study"* of a nation grappling with its greatest challenge since independence.

In 1960, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay were all governed by elected officials. By 1973 all had been overthrown. Now the pendulum has swung the other way and Argentines today are engaged in a herculean effort to convert their country into a democratic nation and society.

The author of this major study lived in Argentina during the time he was researching this book, and the result is a highly readable, objective study of South American politics and, indeed, the fate of democracy in the free world.

Argentina
Democracy on Trial
by DANIEL PONEMAN
JUST PUBLISHED.
Cloth. 288 pages. 16 photos.
ISBN 0-913729-56-6. $22.95

Now at bookstores, or from the publisher:
PARAGON HOUSE
90 Fifth Ave./NY, NY 10011
1-800-PARAGON
*ROBERT F. DRINAN, S.J., former member of Congress

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Our 16th Year

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:
AUDIO-FORUM® Room B338,
96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAST TENSE:
THE COCTEAU DIARIES, VOLUME ONE

Jean Cocteau/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/$19.95

R. J. Stove

Cocteau, like the Sitwells, can so easily be slotted into a particular historical niche that generation after generation has been provided with the best possible excuse for never actually bothering about his work. It would be hard for the literate to go through life *altogether* ignorant of Cocteau's persona: as Numéro Un pederast in what could once be called Gay Paree, as slavish acolyte at the altar of Le Jazz Hot, as goad and guardian to that bunch of composers known collectively as Les Six, as the impresario who spent his whole career living up to Diaghilev's terrible injunction "*Etonne-moi!*", as the man who just happened to invent modern French cinematography in an idle moment after breakfast. His public image came increasingly to resemble that of the man in the *New Yorker* cartoon who covered the walls of his apartment with the digits one, nine, five, and zero: and whose response to perplexed visitors was "Yes, it *is* a bit nineteen-fifties-ish, but I like it."

Yes, the furnishings of Cocteau's mental habitat *were* a bit nineteen-twenties-ish, but he liked them. Or so it appeared to those among us whose knowledge of French, and therefore of French culture, stopped at what Wodehouse magisterially deemed the eskervous-avez stage. We should have been astounded had we guessed that Cocteau possessed enough bourgeois application to keep a private diary (*Past Tense*'s very existence only came to light some five years ago); we should have been more astounded had we known that this diary was not merely a lovingly inscribed album of paedophile exotica, or a blow-by-blow account of soporific faction-fighting between the Anarcho-Trotskyo-Surrealists and the Surrealo-Trotskyo-Anarchists, but a humane and disappointing chronicle that could easily be taken for the work of an adult.

Past Tense (*Le Passé Défini* was what Cocteau himself called it) begins abruptly in July 1951 and ends equally abruptly in December 1952: further volumes, doubtless similarly inconclusive in their cut-off points, are promised. The sense of disappointment springs less from any overt faults than from Cocteau's infinite distractability. It is symptomatic that in August 1953—eight months, in other words, after *Past Tense* finishes—he should apparently have felt the need to exhort his future executors, "Omit what is [sic] no more than memoranda, as well as repetitions caused by my forgetting I have already told what I am telling." Such commendable concern for the niceties of structure would have been more impressive if Cocteau's forgetfulness had not extended to his actual syntax. His mind was so full of observations, hardly any of which are innately foolish, that he could seldom keep the subject of a sentence in his head long enough to remember it by the time he got around to penning the predicate. As for retaining the thread of an argument for a whole paragraph, forget it. Cocteau's paragraphs are generally no more than five or six sentences long, and the sentences themselves are of Hemingwayan terseness; but there is no reason why his paragraphs should not be all one-sentence ones, or alternatively fifty-sentence ones, since any connection between form and subject matter has been visibly dumped into the too-hard basket. This is actually one of Cocteau's most coherent passages:

> A message from Aragon for the homage to Chaplin. And from Georges Simenon, who comes to Monte Carlo Tuesday, staying with Pagnol.
>
> Yesterday it was snowing in Paris. Here the weather is murky. I am having difficulty figuring out what to do with *Oedipus Rex*. I see the date approaching with fear and trembling. I wonder what good it is, presenting such a work to such audiences—the kind of rich people who see nothing, hear nothing. Moreover it's a work which has to be accompanied by harsh scenic effects.
>
> Finished the work on Gide with Colin-Simard.

That last name, unelucidated save in the index (its owner turns out to have been Cocteau's secretary), fittingly exemplifies how the effect of Cocteau's discursiveness is aggravated by *Past Tense*'s annotator: most proper names are not explained at all (as in the above example), or explained to excess (some of us actually *know* who Tallulah Bankhead was), or equipped with such unreadable resumes as "Daughter of Countess Adhéaume de Chévigné (the model for Proust's Duchesse de Guermantes), and the mother of Marie-Laure de Noailles. She was widow of the banker Bischoffsheim (Marie-Laure de Noailles' father), and her second husband was the writer Francis de Croisset." With annotators like that, Cocteau may well be reflecting as he spins in his *tombeau*, who needs book reviewers?

Yet while it is patently absurd to saddle Cocteau with the blame for such verbiage, it is equally absurd to deny that in all but a very few pages of *Past Tense* he may well be said to have asked for such treatment. If Cocteau's seeming inability to stick to his topic were the result of some medical condition, like the stroke which left Mencken aphasic in his last years, one could only mutter suitably appalled condolences and resolve to find a worthier target for one's spleen: in fact *Past Tense* proffers no more evidence than do Cocteau's biographers of serious ill health, and much evidence of unusual toughness.

Cocteau may have been, as Ned Rorem asserts in his introduction, "the world's most conspicuous *opiomane*" since De Quincey; but thanks partly to the kind ministrations of none other than Jacques Maritain, let it be said to both men's honor, he was eventually detoxed. And *Past Tense* is not afflicted with the sort of lacerating self-hatred that would be expected from a present-day ex-junkie's writings: it is mostly the work of a man at peace with himself, or as much at peace with himself as is compatible with putting words on paper in the first place. "I feel younger than when I was young" and "I enjoy growing old" are how he sums up his *Weltanschauung*. He has become totally unafraid of what the modish may think of him, going so far at several moments as to express an ardent and quite un-Camp love for the elder Dumas's novels. A momentary surge of panic about the atom bomb; a rather morbid love for dogs (his least French characteristic); a ludicrous alarm at the realization that he never dreams about cigarettes, although to his waking self Gauloises are indispensable; traces of intermittent despondency at the decline of craftsmanship in the arts; annoyance at the seeming apostasies of Proust and Mauriac: none of these emotions, except the last, is allowed to rock his fundamental equipoise for more than four lines or so.

From the stock literary vices of homosexuals he is signally free. He clearly had a distinguished if watery intelligence, when he could be bothered to use it, and (the illustrations to *Past Tense* bring home to one anew) a style of draftsmanship which can be recognized at fifty paces. His humility prompted him to coin the almost Augustan epitaph, addressed to posterity, *Je reste avec vous*. The man's inherent harmlessness, exceptional for a modernist *maître*, is striking. He was sensible enough to be disgusted by Genet: and while he did plead on Genet's behalf at the latter's trial for burglary, his dominant attitude towards the younger author was expressed by Auden's lines, "The Marquis de Sade and Genet/Are most highly thought of today;/But torture and treachery/Are not my sort of lechery/So I've given my copies away."

Were it not for that fatal diffuseness, compared to which the labyrinthine dialectics of Cocteau's former friend Ezra Pound are a Roman road of straightforward argument, criticism of *Past Tense* would appear even more caddish than it already does. As things are, the book stands as far less of an entity than many stupider efforts. How to explain its principal shortcoming? It cannot very well be ascribed to the diary format: each entry in James Agate's nine-volume diary *Ego*—the work of a fellow-bohemian and fellow-deviant, completed shortly before *Past Tense* starts—is as tightly organized a piece of prose as one could reasonably want. Nor can it be attributed to Cocteau's rare versatility in the verbal and visual arts: such versatility did nothing to sap the authorial energies of that other writer-painter from the same vintage, Wyndham Lewis. Is there a sheer animal vigor about the British literary muse, that endows even its second-raters with an ebullience denied to the second raters of any Continental nation? Has French literature, however unofficial, been permanently leached by the Academy? Did Cocteau's treatment at the hands of the Resistance ("the Liberation, the shame of France, has been the Saint Bartholomew's Massacre of values") frighten him more lastingly than he even admitted?

The guess is anybody's, and the questions are not at all rhetorical: for *Past Tense* does scant justice to the novelist who created *Les Enfants Terribles*, the dramatist who created *La Machine Infernale*, or the film-maker who created *Orphée*. Not to mention that other, much less publicized Cocteau: the Cocteau who belied his later reputation as the ideologue of frivolity by pseudonymously driving an ambulance on the Western front in World War I, and who further belied it when (on October 11, 1963, at the age of seventy-four) he died from a heart-attack induced by the news of Edith Piaf's death. □

R. J. Stove's articles frequently appear in the Australian magazines Quadrant *and* 24 Hours.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MADWOMAN'S UNDERCLOTHES: ESSAYS AND OCCASIONAL WRITINGS

Germaine Greer/Atlantic Monthly Press/$17.95

James W. Tuttleton

To find oneself in *The Madwoman's Underclothes* is to get a whiff of the more fetid odors that still emanate from the sleazy international counterculture of the sixties and seventies. Germaine Greer—Australian-born author of *The Female Eunuch, The Obstacle Race*, and *Sex and Destiny*, now living in England—presents in this volume some fifty-odd articles composed between 1968 and 1986 for recognizable periodicals like *Esquire* and the London *Sunday Times* and for underground porno rags like *Oz* and *Suck*. But if the number of articles is large, the focus is tediously narrow: sex, seduction, rape, contraception, abortion, artificial insemination, nude male pin-ups, cosmetic surgery and female scarification, premenstrual syndrome as a legal defense, legalizing pot, rock and roll, and Norman Mailer as the prisoner of his *cojones*. In short the subject is politics—sexual and otherwise.

None of Greer's topics is uninteresting in itself, but as they issue forth in this book, article after article, the mind rebels against remembering the inane acting-out of the counterculture, especially as Greer so stridently represented it. But here she comes along, insisting that we remember her contribution to the period. And what a contribution it was!

While Greer likes to fancy herself a liberal (sometimes a radical, sometimes a Marxist), she is in fact an old-fashioned moral anarchist committed simply to doing her own thing. At least there is a wild anarchy here, from essay to essay as the years pass, that throws logic to the wind and consistency of principle into the dustbin. If her book has a theme, it is sexual liberation. If it has a method, it is the defiance of censorship. Hence we will have to put up with titled essays like "Welcome the Shit-Storm," "Going Without [Underpants]," and "Lady Love Your Cunt"—mere instances of her principal aim, to scandalize bourgeois readers, that is, members of her own class. The scandal she tries to provoke, however, goes deeper than the naughtiness of language and may be suggested by the simple quotation of her typical attitudes.

In "Flip-Top Legal Pot" (1968), she amplified on her notion that "marijuana is basically a good habit." One of those who shaped the permissive society, she instructed our spoiled kids on how to evade the fuzz and "learn the criminal's rule: to protect your own, especially your connection, and don't as one idiot did, toss your gear to someone else when you're getting busted." Funny, by 1986 the chicken of substance-abuse had come home to roost. With hindsight she remarks: "The years of social smoking were an unending ordeal, the combination of marijuana and sex an obscenity." Have the years given her wisdom? Not much.

Her notion of music in "Mozaic and the Revolution" (1969) is that "the rock revolution failed because it was corrupted. It was incorporated in the capitalist system which has power to absorb and exploit all tendencies, including the tendencies towards its own overthrow." There is no question that she hated "The System" and lusted for its overthrow. On the employment question, she opined in "The Slag-Heap Erupts" (1970) that "men don't really like women and that is really why they don't employ them." But it is the fake of an even-handed pose when she concedes that "women don't really like women either, and they too can usually be relied on to employ men in preference to women." In any case, "men are the enemy"—a refrain to which this book returns again and again.

In "Welcome the Shit-Storm" (1971) she complains at the arrest—for obscenity and corrupting minors—of three editors of *Oz*, who intended to put out a porno issue for kids. Other articles in *The Madwoman's Underclothes* avow that women are in the sinister hands of (male) doctors; that they have been duped by the advertisers of vaginal deodorants; that government has no right to "spy" on welfare mothers to determine whether they're otherwise supported; that chemical abortifacients are preferable to the pill; that abortion is desirable because an unwanted child "becomes an occasion of sin." Besides, our society no longer "greets the newborn with joy and makes of the mother a heroine, as it once did." In any case, "it is not women who have downgraded motherhood," she avers, "but Western society itself."

Such is her hatred of Western civilization and liberal democracy that political venom permeates much of her sexual theorizing. In Saigon in 1971, she can see only the go-go dancers and hookers are "casualties of American policy in Vietnam"—as if such women didn't exist in all times and places, war or not. An essay on population resettlement in starving Ethiopia whitewashes the brutal Communist government there as the champion of the people, while Western relief efforts are trashed as inadequate. In "Women and Power in Cuba" (1985), Greer tells us, based on a two-week trip, that Cuba is not "a fraud or a failure." Castro's regime is romanticized as creating a place where "life was not soap opera, but real." So public-spirited are Fidel's comrades that "men and women volunteer to clean the streets and plant public gardens in their free time."

But it is always sex that most interests her. She finds Cuban women wonderfully liberated under Communism but resents how they cling to "the bourgeois paradigm of the nuclear family which is what most Cubans take as the basic unit of the modern state." Yet she is willing to forgive this weakness because "the Cubans are involved after all in a much bigger adventure than sex, speed and smack could possibly supply." This, however, seems oddly contradicted by her own description of the Cuban women, "whose bottoms threatened to burst out of their elasticized pants." They "tottered round the exhibits on four-inch heels clutching their compañeros for support. Their nails and faces were garishly painted. Their hair had been dragged over rollers, bleached, dyed and coloured. Their clothes, including their brassieres, were all two or three sizes too small and flesh bulged everywhere." The grand experiment in Cuban Communism has produced a people who have not, she opines, "our prurient interest in domestic and sexual affairs." Yet a mere couple of pages later she reluctantly concedes that "the Cubans have accepted that adultery is their national sport." It perturbs her that feminists will not like the "machismo" of Cuban men, who will do anything for a lay, so she whitewashes their male cock-strut as "an attempt to counterbalance the dominance of women in family and kin relations." Fidel, it seems, hasn't changed some basic Cuban traits.

The most interesting piece in the collection is the "Introduction," a piece which describes Greer's three-month stay with some very poor villagers in Calabria, Italy. She had gone there, she tells us, to look for "a different notion of woman, for it seemed to me that consumer society could never regard human qualities as anything but commodities." What she found in Calabria were some truly remarkable women, full of life, serious about sex, devoted to their husbands and children, living —despite their impoverishment—full lives. "Those three months," she remarks, "destroyed all my certainties." In a rare moment of candor, Greer remarks that "given their deeply serious view of sexuality, I must have seemed like a child using sex as a toy, a distraction, a pastime." But, alas, this is an insight that Greer cannot quite grasp: she has treated sex as a toy all these years.

Still, after two decades of hell-raising, Greer now feels that she must have become wiser. Hence she tries on the mantle of the serious moralist. It is now wisdom that she is fain to give us. Unfortunately, the mantle doesn't fit. Her latest opinion is that "the so-called sexual liberation of our time" is "fundamentally masturbatory." Her new conviction is that "the only corrective to social inequality, cruelty and callousness is to be found in values which, if we cannot call them female, can be called sororal. They are the opposite of competitiveness, acquisitiveness and domination, and may be summed up by the word 'co-operation.'" Sexual love, as she has experienced it, seems no longer capable of perfection, since it is "riddled with hostility and insecurity." That this might be the consequence of one-night stands and other failures of emotional commitment seems beyond her. She now celebrates, with consummate sentimentality, "poor women, women's women," and "the wordless commitment of families, which takes as its model mother-love." No one will want to quarrel with the virtues of motherhood, but the consummate sentimentality of Greer's latest effusion can hardly be taken seriously. Nor can we sympathize with her resentment at now finding herself "considered an architect of the permissive society. . . ." She may be growing up at last, but the road to her maturity is much longer than she imagines. □

James W. Tuttleton teaches English at New York University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

not Westy's responsibility—if, as Bui Diem claims, the government in Saigon was not told of the American landings until after the fact.

Sadly, Falcoff seems unable to avoid repeating tired old canards: "before Quat knew what was happening, there were 200,000 American troops *wreaking havoc in the countryside* . . ." Really? In the first big actions involving Americans, the Marines of the 3rd Division battled battalions of the VC main force in the Bantangan Peninsula and troopers of the 7th U.S. Cavalry took heavy casualties in the Ia Drang against the best of the North Vietnam Army. Is this what Falcoff calls "wreaking havoc in the countryside"? Is this being honest about Vietnam?

I worked in the Pentagon in 1964 and 1965 as the officer responsible to the Army Chief of Staff (General Harold K. Johnson) for all strategy matters involving Indochina. I know what General Johnson was for and against. Contrary to what Colonel Herbert Schandler says, as quoted by Falcoff, General Johnson opposed mining Haiphong harbor and bombing Hanoi. (Invading Cambodia did not come up during my time in the Pentagon.) He favored limited mobilization and placing an American force astride the North Vietnamese logistical corridor in Laos. We called this the "Tchepone Plan," and he saw it as the fundamental requirement for success: isolating the battlefield. But he got no support from the other chiefs. In fact, the Army staff itself was divided. We in plans and operations pressed hard for its adoption, while the logisticians said it couldn't be supported without mobilizing Army reserves, especially the logistical units that would have to man the support system all the way from Bangkok through northeast Thailand to the Mekong. President Johnson refused mobilization; Westy, and Abrams who followed, had to make the best of it, fighting the North Vietnamese and VC main force with major American formations and assisting the Vietnamese with the pacification program. The plain fact was that the South Vietnamese Army lacked the firepower and mobility to carry the fight against the NVA. It is my clear recollection that General Johnson never supported Ambassador Taylor's so-called "enclave strategy" for precisely that reason.

The resistance to the common sense of blocking the North Vietnamese in the Laos panhandle was not rooted solely in the Army's presumed lack of capability to do it without mobilization. We soldiers who advocated the plan were told by the political leadership that the United States would not violate the 1962 accords on Laos. Never mind that the North Vietnamese ignored the accords. And never mind that we were violating them covertly anyway. We would never place American forces in Laos.

If, toward the end of the war, "America's contempt for its erstwhile ally there far exceeded any emotions we might have harbored toward the enemy," as Falcoff asserts—and I have grave doubts that he is correct—such contempt had its source in the media and not in any objective understanding. Falcoff's discussion of the role of the media illustrates this point well.

Finally, the characterization of Graham Martin is far off the mark: "Poor Ambassador Martin," a deluded fool who believed to the end that defeat could have been avoided if we had "done what we said we would do." As chief of intelligence for the Defense Attaché Office, I worked closely with Ambassador Martin during his entire tour in Saigon. He was no soft-minded, gullible fool.

There is no doubt whatever that had the United States fulfilled its obligations and kept President Nixon's promises, the Republic of Vietnam would have survived the NVA offensive that began with the assault on Phuoc Long in December 1974 and ended in Saigon in April 1975.

—William E. LeGro
Colonel of Infantry
U.S. Army (Ret.)
Arlington, Virginia

Mark Falcoff replies:

Colonel LeGro may be as surprised as I was to see that there was no "ton of responses" to my article. There was one other, however, which came not in the form of a letter to the editor but an invitation to lunch—by no less a person than former MACV commander General William C. Westmoreland, in New York City on December 10, 1987. Before summarizing some of the points made at that lunch, let me respond briefly to those raised by Colonel LeGro.

First of all, I did not attribute the strategy employed in Vietnam by General Westmoreland exclusively to Guenter Lewy, but cited Colonel Herbert Schandler, and General Bruce Palmer. I also described the views of two generals no longer alive, but both of whom played a crucial role in the inter-service and inter-administration debates on strategy, General Harold K. Johnson, then army chief of staff, and General Maxwell Taylor, ambassador to the Republic of Vietnam. I now believe that I was wrong to describe General Abrams's stewardship as radically different from General Westmoreland's.

Second, when I referred to the impact of 200,000 American troops on Vietnamese rural society, I was not repeating "tired old canards"—merely paraphrasing Bui Diem's own, very eloquent description. I am surprised that this should seem so out of hand to Colonel LeGro. To put an expeditionary force of that size in a small Asian country, complete with tracked vehicles and the huge logistical tail it drags behind it, is *necessarily* to disrupt that society in important ways. It may be, indeed, that under some circumstances such disruption is a price well worth paying for a larger goal; but to pretend it did not occur in the particular context of Vietnamese politics is to omit an important aspect of the war. Since this passage bothered General Westmoreland as well, let me emphasize that I certainly was *not* trying to suggest a picture similar to the one conveyed by Oliver Stone's film *Platoon*, or anything approximating it.

Since General Johnson is dead, others must speak for him. Colonel Schandler has done so; General Palmer has done so; and now Colonel LeGro. If Colonel LeGro is right, the others are wrong. At the time I wrote my article I was familiar only with the first two versions. However, I do not feel particularly defensive about this fact, for Colonel LeGro has yet to explain why his own view is so superior to that of the others. Simply to declare that one is the leading authority on what General Johnson thought is not enough.

The reference to the Laos panhandle raises an interesting point. A new book by Norman Hannah, *The King's Failure* (Madison Books, 1987), sheds additional light on the matter. Hannah, a retired foreign service officer, now reveals that Ambassador Averell Harriman had apparently made a commitment to the Soviets that under no circumstances would American troops enter Laos, in exchange for certain other kinds of restraint on Moscow's part. It was probably this—not the 1962 accords—which caused the political leadership to turn down the suggestions from the military to which Colonel LeGro makes reference.

With regard to our contempt for our erstwhile ally at the end of the war, I invite Colonel LeGro to read some of the passages on this subject in Bui Diem's book—or better yet, the interviews with American combat veterans of lower rank, such as appear in *The Bad War*—before he attributes them solely to my own fevered imagination or that of the media. Having said that, I am in full agreement with him that the media people did everything in their power to discredit the Republic of Vietnam, its leadership, and its people before the American public. Indeed, one of my points in the article is that, partly as a result of Vietnam, today any Third World people which sides with the United States is automatically delegitimized by the liberal political community. Nonetheless, in the particular case of Vietnam, the cultural misunderstandings and mutual dislike were there, though perhaps not as apparent at the rarefied level of the Pentagon or the U.S. high command.

It is true that I am not an admirer of Ambassador Graham Martin, but the term "soft-minded, gullible fool" is Colonel LeGro's, not mine. Had I chosen to discuss the ambassador's role at greater length I might have used somewhat stronger language, as do his former aides in *The Bad War*. Whether the Republic of Vietnam could have survived under any circumstances is surely nothing more than a matter of opinion, more or less informed, more or less plausible. To this we are all entitled, but not necessarily to respect and credibility as well.

My lunch with General Westmoreland, followed by a lengthy telephone conversation several weeks later, helped to clarify a number of points. The most important was that my characterization of a difference in strategic conceptions between him and General Abrams was, at best, a vast oversimplification. As General Westmoreland pointed out, in Vietnam, Mao's three-phased war occurred disynchronically—instead of consecutively, sometimes all three phases were underway at the same time. Our approach, therefore, had to be more flexible. Further, after the destruction of the VC main force units in the 1968 Tet offensive, the entire battlefield strategy of the enemy changed, which required a corresponding alteration on our part. It just so happened that we were changing MACV commanders at the time.

General Westmoreland heatedly denied that General Taylor had ever favored the "enclave strategy," or that Taylor's views—particularly as regards not only the enclave strategy but the introduction of American troops—as described by Bui Diem (and by indirection, Colonel Schandler and General Palmer) were at all accurate. He encouraged me to talk the matter over with U. Alexis Johnson, who was deputy chief of mission of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon at the time.

General Westmoreland likened the Vietnam war to the American Civil War; he called it a war of exposed flank, in which mobility rather than territory was the key. He expressed some pride and satisfaction at having been able to meet the challenge through Navy patrol boats on the Mekong river system and above all through the introduction of the heli-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

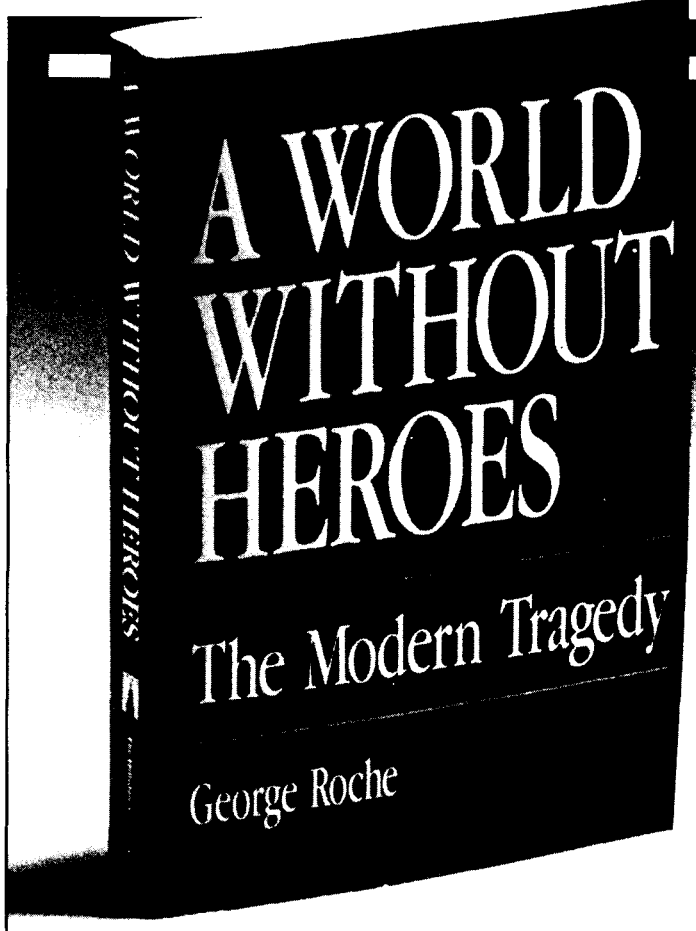
copter. When I asked him point-blank if he was satisfied with a situation in which the enemy could send in apparently limitless reinforcements through Cambodia and Laos, he said, "Oh, I could show you a pile of cables this thick asking for permission to go into those countries. But those stopped at General Wheeler's desk [the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff], and at one point he just told me to stop sending them, because they weren't going anywhere. The political leadership was opposed to it." He specifically denied that he was pursuing a war of attrition, except in the conventional sense in which all wars are, ultimately, contests of endurance.

When I asked him, perhaps somewhat indiscreetly, whether he thought he had been used (in the pejorative sense) by the politicians, he denied this. On the other hand, in my subsequent telephone conversation with him, he did admit the existence of countervailing tensions between the political interests of the Johnson Administration and the practical problems of prosecuting a war in Southeast Asia. He did not feel, however, that a mobilization of the reserves would have been useful before Tet, because there would have been no place to use them, and once this became apparent, the political pressures to demobilize them rapidly would have grown to intolerable dimensions.

His description of events immediately after the Tet offensive bears some comment here, since they illustrate the degree to which all of us were (and some of us remain) in the thrall of the so-called prestige press. Conventional wisdom has it that after the Tet offensive, Westmoreland asked for 200,000 more men. The news of this apparent request, hard on the heels of what was advertised as a devastating defeat for the enemy, deprived the U.S. command in Vietnam of a vast measure of credibility at home. However, as General Westmoreland pointed out to me, in the days immediately following Tet the Joint Chiefs proceeded on the assumption that the time had come to have a general mobilization, which would enable U.S. forces to go into Cambodia and Laos (much as they were to do under even less advantageous political circumstances in 1970). In the context of that plan, General Westmoreland was asked to query his commanders about what they needed, and to forward their consolidated request to Washington. Neil Sheehan of the *New York Times* got wind of this through a leak, and printed the story in his paper as if it were Westmoreland's request, rather than a response to orders from Washington. The ensuing political uproar must surely have had some impact upon the Administration's decision to change course. This is a story that should have appeared in the section on the press in *The Bad War*, though it would certainly have undermined the "not guilty" verdict tendered by Kim Willenson, Walter Cronkite, and others. (General Westmoreland expressed some amazement that he was not one of those interviewed by the *Newsweek* project. It does seem odd.)

General Westmoreland told me on the telephone that when he met with Secretary McNamara even before assuming command in Vietnam, he warned him that we were taking on a very formidable task which would require a long time, and that only by getting the American people emotionally involved in the cause would it be possible to sustain their support over the period needed to bring the war to a successful conclusion. McNamara seemed uninterested in this line of analysis, which is coherent with my own characterization of the Johnson Administration's effort to fight the war on the cheap, as a kind of sideshow that would not disrupt the Great Society. General Westmoreland was thus left to carry out his mission under less than ideal circumstances. But for all that, he does not regret the choice of strategy, which from his point of view had achieved most of its objectives by the time he left Vietnam in 1968. □

New From Hillsdale College Press



A World Without Heroes

The Modern Tragedy

By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk

In an exhaustive, scholarly treatment of modern intellectual trends, author and educator George Roche reveals how science has been hijacked by the secularists and how their ethos of moral relativism robs us of anything worth striving for, worth fighting for, worth dying for.

A World Without Heroes **takes careful aim at the ideas that have shrivelled the will of the West and the faith of millions, harshly rebukes secular humanism as the most dehumanizing force of our modern age, and offers a ringing defense of Christianity that is at once humorous, insightful and uncompromising.**

"A book the likes of which we have not seen in nearly a century: a genuine moral/cultural essay. And what George Roche has to say is not only profoundly true, it is thoroughly energizing and inspiriting."

Midge Decter, Executive Director
The Committee For a Free World

"George Roche's ***A World Without Heroes*** extends his reputation as a writer and our debt to him as a teacher and galvanizer. A most heartily welcome addition to his work."

William F. Buckley, Jr., Editor
National Review

"***A World Without Heroes*** is a trumpet call for constructive engagement in the social crisis by those who refuse to discard the wisdom of the ages in a time of civilizational turmoil. Well written, cognitively sturdy; it champions truth and the good in a transitory time when relativism tightens its stranglehold on the inherited values of the past."

Carl F. H. Henry, Founding Editor
Christianity Today

Visa and MasterCard Orders Only/Call 800-253-3200, Ext. 801

ALSO BY GEORGE ROCHE

Going Home
George Roche's first novel—about growing up in the rough and tumble last days of the American frontier and an old man's discovery of serenity and "the face of God" in the Colorado Rockies.

America By The Throat
A blistering attack on red tape from George Roche—who resigned as chairman of the Presidentially appointed National Commission on Educational Research in protest over bureaucratic inertia.

YES! PLEASE SEND THE BOOKS INDICATED:

____ A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES (Hardbound) @ $17.95 ..... $____
____ A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES (Softbound) @ $12.95 ..... $____
____ GOING HOME (Hardbound) @ $12.95 ..... $____
____ AMERICA BY THE THROAT (Hardbound) @ $14.95 ..... $____
____ AMERICA BY THE THROAT (Softbound) @ $5.00 ..... $____

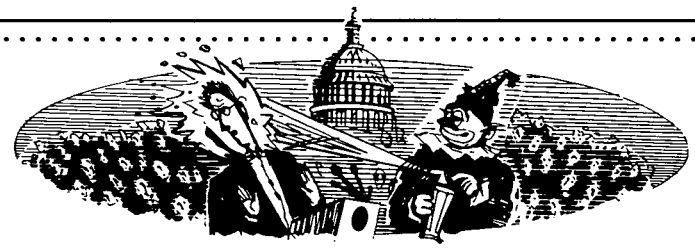
My full payment is enclosed for .....
(Free shipping! Michigan residents add 4% sales tax.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN 49242
AS15

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CAMPAIGN SPECTATOR



GAME SHOW POLITICS

by Victor Gold

IOWA, OR THE SMOKE-FILLED ROOM?
The Iowa caucuses, the New Hampshire primary—they're part of a much better way . . .
—Headline and excerpt, *New York Times* editorial, January 21, 1988

"One does not shake hands across a breakfast table," said Thomas E. Dewey, thumbing down a pushy cameraman's request that he stage a photo op with his running mate during the 1944 presidential campaign.

Frankly, I wasn't much of a Dewey admirer until I read that line in Richard Norton Smith's biography of the man. Dewey: there was the trim mustache, the tight smile, the prim, stuffy manner. Clare Boothe Luce once called him "this little chap who looks like the bridegroom on the wedding cake." He was the consummate "modern" Republican, an Eastern Establishment nemesis to conservatives who, after winning his party's nomination and losing the election to Franklin Roosevelt in 1944, managed to do it again by somehow losing to Harry Truman in 1948.

It was at the Republican national convention in Chicago four years later that Everett Dirksen, booed by Eisenhower supporters during a credentials fight, leaned into the microphone, then pointed directly at Dewey, who was orchestrating the Eisenhower campaign, and said (no, *intoned*: Everett Dirksen never merely *said* anything): "We followed you before and you took us down the path to defeat. Do not take us down that path again." Dewey sneered, as only Tom Dewey could sneer. He was the only man alive, said one critic, who could strut while sitting down.

"*One does not shake hands across a breakfast table.*" Good God! How arrogant can a working politician—even a governor of New York—get? And yet . . . *yet* . . . give the arrogant Eastern Establishment sonofabitch his due: he knew how to say *no* to a man with a camera; a fading political discipline in the 1940s, and an all-but-lost political discipline in the 1980s.

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

Consider: in late spring 1987—give or take a Nielsen survey—it occurred to one of the resident hypemeisters at ABC television that the presidential debate had pretty much run its course as an entertainment format. Something new was needed. A little cayenne to flavor the dry meatloaf of presidential campaign coverage. Something like, say, a game. That's it, a *game show* format!

Wheel of Crisis? Why not? Let's bring all the candidates for President into a studio, live and on-camera, then throw a hypothetical foreign policy crisis on the table. Maybe a hostage crunch. Better still, a nuclear eyeblinker between the United States and the Soviet Union. How would you handle it, Mr. Bush, Mr. Dole, Mr. Dukakis, Mr. Gephardt? Tell the American people (at least, that portion not watching a colorized Bogart movie on cable) exactly what you, as President, would do. *Now*, in prime-time. You have thirty seconds.

That a television network would advance such a format isn't surprising; though one way to measure the trivialization of our presidential selection process, from the smoke-filled room to the hair-blown studio, is to imagine what might have happened to a radio or TV executive who suggested it to Thomas E. Dewey (or Dwight Eisenhower, or John F. Kennedy, or Richard Nixon). But this is 1988, the era of Iowa and New Hampshire, when American presidential candidates will not only shake hands but, if asked, soft-shoe across breakfast tables to accommodate the cameras; all the while rapping euphonies on the need for leadership in a troubled time.

Ah, *leadership*, second only to *vision* as the political nonsense word of the 1988 presidential campaign. Ask the caucus-goers of Iowa or the primary-voters of New Hampshire what they're looking for in a President; they'll say, a leader-with-guts. Translated: in Iowa, a candidate who promises to keep farm prices up, to hell with the consumer; in New Hampshire, a candidate committed to keep food prices down, to hell with the producer. Find the candidate who can slip his presidential aspirations past the Scylla of Ames—then, two weeks later, the Charybdis of Concord—and you may have a winner. Not necessarily a leader, as that term was defined in the bad old smoke-filled days, but a winner; provided, of course, he has the *vision* to navigate his campaign past the reefs of Super Tuesday in the South, then the shoals of Oregon, Ohio, New Jersey, California . . .

When John F. Kennedy ran for President twenty-eight years ago (yes, Arthur, it really has been that long), there were little more than a dozen primaries. Kennedy won them all. By the time he arrived at the Democratic national convention—having passed through, in addition to the primaries, several smoke-filled rooms—he had been fairly well dissected, his positions drawn out on foreign and domestic policy, as well as separation of church and state. True, the public didn't know all there was to know about his sex life or his study habits in college. But 1960 was the seminal campaign of the television era, and the practitioners of media-event politics were just learning the game.

The game. What has happened, you see, is that since that campaign, quadrennial-by-quadrennial, the small-gauge politicians of the country—those who run state and local party affairs—have discovered that they, too, can attract the cameras. Simply by changing the way their state chooses its convention delegates, from a party function to a TV game show—Kingmakers for a Day—they can experience the egogratification that comes with being asked to shake hands across a breakfast table, not simply with one but with all their party's presidential candidates. Why should New Hampshire and Iowa have a monopoly on the political tourist trade? Why not South Dakota? The Upper Michigan peninsula? (Michigan, the ultimate in political game show states, where, in order to Beat the Clock in the competition for national media coverage, the start of the 1988 presidential delegate process was advanced to August 1986—two full years before the national convention.)

A "much better way"? Let the *Times* choose Iowa. I'll take the smoke-filled room. Only Spring of this presidential election year and the games have grown tiresome. Two weeks before the Iowa caucuses, CBS's Dan Rather tried to engage George Bush in a game of Jeopardy. He failed. The candidate, to Rather's vexation, refused to play by network rules. But the worst is yet to come. ABC still hasn't given up on producing the Wheel of Crisis. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

BOOKS

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1178 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 22¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

PAT ROBERTSON: A WARNING TO AMERICA by John W. Robbins, Ph.D. A timely and devastating analysis of the theology and politics of deception. $6.95. Cash/check: The Trinity Foundation, POB 169, Jefferson, MD 21755. MC/VISA: 1-800-842-4653).(MO: 1-816-842-4653).

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder. Send wants to 2035 (AS)-EVERDING, Eureka, CA 95501

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASA, 11 West 32 Street, New York, NY 10001.

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION

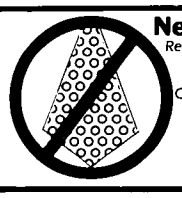
COMPUTERIZED
INDEPENDENT STUDY ™
Complete BS, MA, PhD, Calif-Bar, JD year-round. No classroom attendance. Free Information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388

Audio-cassette/book courses in Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Japanese, and 41 others. Comprehensive. Used by U.S. State Dept. Write us for free catalog
Learn a foreign language on your own!
AUDIO-FORUM Dept 388 Guilford, CT 06437

MERCHANDISE

ORIGINAL BARRY GOLDWATER PLAYING CARDS. AU H_2O on back, Senator Goldwater's photo on every face card. Sealed, high quality. $25 per deck, two for $45. Quail Productions, Box 312, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

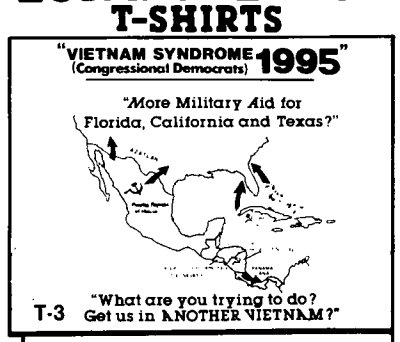
FINE WINE—Award winning California wine can be ordered over your computer (714) 526-2387, or by phone 800-234-9046 ask for Dan Gorham. California, Illinois, New York only.

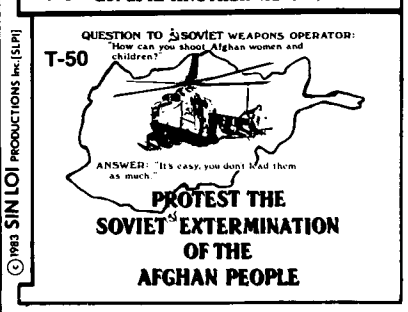


Neck Ties Narrowed
Rediscover some old friends. We'll narrow your closet classics to a stylish 3⅛" (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $13.50 for each set of 3 ties to: **SLIM TIES CO.**
701 Welch Road, Ste. 1119Z
Palo Alto, CA 94304
(415) 656-6262

MERCHANDISE

LONG OVERDUE T-SHIRTS


"VIETNAM SYNDROME (Congressional Democrats) 1995"
"More Military Aid for Florida, California and Texas?"
T-3
"What are you trying to do? Get us in ANOTHER VIETNAM?"


QUESTION TO SOVIET WEAPONS OPERATOR:
"How can you shoot Afghan women and children?"
T-50
ANSWER: "It's easy, you don't load them as much."
PROTEST THE SOVIET EXTERMINATION OF THE AFGHAN PEOPLE
©1983 SIN LOI PRODUCTIONS Inc. [SLPI]

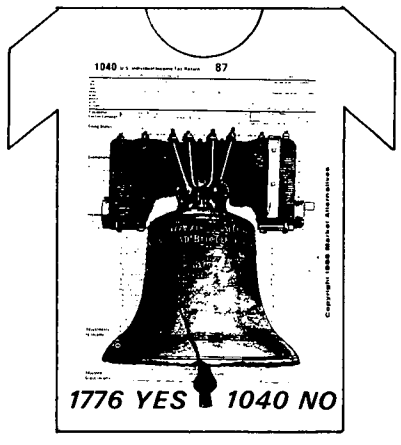
Money Orders prompt, priority shipping
T-Shirts $10.95 Each + $2.00 P & H
Shirts Screened Front & Back, Multi-Colored Designs
STATE SIZE & STYLE NO. (T-50 or T-3)

make payment to:
SIN LOI PRODUCTIONS
1105 N. Main St. Suite 2A No. 4
Gainesville, FL 32601

We Carry Many Other T-Shirts. 32 page catalog 2.00 (free with purchase from this Ad)

FREEDOM ISN'T FREE!

But there are better ways to pay for it!



Wear this T-shirt to your next audit and watch them fume! Quality cotton/polyester. $11.50, 2 for $21. Postpaid. Texas residents add 8% sales tax.

Send me____T-shirts. Enclosed is $ ____ **A**

Size: ( )M ( )L ( )XL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: MARKET ALTERNATIVES
Box 541142, Houston TX 77254

POSITIONS WANTED

DECEMBER GRADUATE of St. John's University, Minn., with B.A. in government, seeks entry-level position in Washington D.C. Experience includes Capitol Hill internship, Features editor of college newspaper and bank collector. For resume, writing sample, contact William Linsenmeyer, P.O. Box 473, St. Joseph, Minn. 56374.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED: PRE-1967 BASEBALL CARDS (also autographs, programs). Also pre-1965 comic books. Send detailed description with condition. G. Sullivan, 2039 Nashville Rd., Bowling Green, KY 42101.

THE U.S. INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION is interested in hearing from college students who wish to establish a campus journal. Write to the President, USIC Educational Foundation, 220 National Press Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20045.

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, it helps to recall that there have always been times like these.—Paul Harvey. In this hell and heaven on earth that's the hell of it but any afterlife beats nothing at all. Send SASE to arithmetically and spriritually sound *Herebefores* Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

$7,500

total prize awards for published editorials, op-eds, columns, essays from a free-market perspective by college-aged writers. No entry fee. Contact **Institute for Humane Studies - GMU**, Felix Morley Prize, 4400 University Dr., Fairfax, VA 22030 for application. June 15 deadline.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $.90 per word
($5 extra for *TAS* box number if desired.)
$25 per column inch for classified display ads.
Pre-payment required for all ads.

Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is $_____for____insertions.

Ad classification: _____

Name: _____
(please print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip _____

Send ad copy with this form to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210

PERSONALS

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL—Dept. HE, Box 260, North Hollywood, CA 91603 (818) 769-1717.

MEET CHRISTIAN SINGLES Local/Worldwide—Phone/Mail Introductions Text. Free Brochure/Samples: 1-800-323-8113. Ext# 297.

TRADITIONAL SYSTEMATIC METHOD OF DEVELOPING LASTING RELATIONSHIP to Asian Ladies. Established 1979. Introduction, personality evaluation, personalized visa assistance, support services, many more. Reputable and world's most known. AAWS, Box 2777-Dept. TAS, Orcutt, CA 93455.

NATIONWIDE SINGLES PHOTO MAGAZINE. Send Name, Address, Age. Send no money. Exchange, 1817 Welton, #1580, Denver, CO 80202.

BUMPERSTICKERS & BUTTONS

"NO GUTS, NO GLORY." Quality vinyl self-adhesive window/bumper decal. 3⅞" x 7⅜". Suitable for framing. $1.00 each. 20 plus, less 10%. Postpaid 1st class or priority mail. Satisfaction or refund. The Lakeland Works, PO Box 230A, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442.

TAS Subscribers—Changing Your Address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator*. When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change

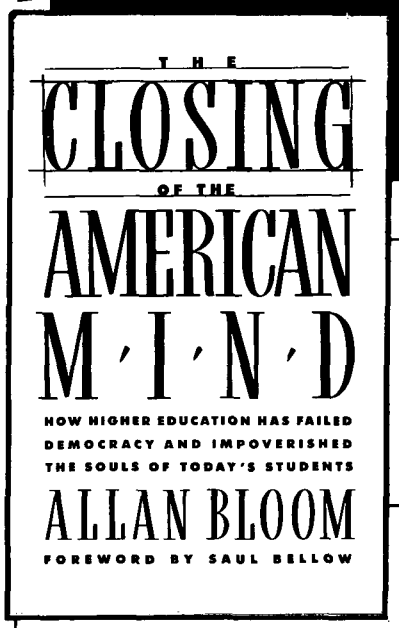
☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$24)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

Name _____
(please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Date of change _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's burning issues, and these books define them best

Take two FREE. Or, if you find three that interest you, take ALL THREE free. Values to $58.85



#1 BESTSELLER

2891 THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND — *Allan Bloom*. The surprise bestseller — because it casts piercing light on our moral and intellectual crises. "Extraordinary." —*Wall St. Journal*. "That rarest of documents, a genuinely profound book."—*NY Times*. "The most provocative look at America in recent memory."—*Insight*. "The book of the year."—*Washington Times*. $18.95

2855 THE AIDS COVER-UP? — *Gene Antonio*. "Safe sex" — or media hype? Is "blood terrorism" coming? Is AIDS a genuine plague? Or tomorrow's plague? The facts, mostly from medical journals the media ignore. $19.95

2898 BEYOND OUR MEANS — *Alfred L. Malabre Jr. Wall St. Journal* economics editor says "we've been living beyond our means." Worse: "No amount of governmental, or for that matter private, maneuvering will avert a very nasty time ahead." Writes Adam Smith in the *New York Times*: "A sober account of our fiscal and monetary sins that ... may be the scariest tract since Jonathan Edwards. I couldn't put it down ... a real page-turner." $17.95

2825 HIGH-TECH ESPIONAGE — *Jay Tuck*. How the KGB steals our secrets and gets them to the Kremlin. "Temperate, meticulously researched ... races along like a good thriller. Unfortunately, the stories are fact, not fiction."—*Kirkus Reviews*. $14.95

2837 MEN AND MARRIAGE — *George Gilder*. The grim effects of sexual liberalism. "I can't imagine anyone, short of a bigot, who will not enjoy reading Gilder on the nature of the fundamental role of women in society. Women really are ... different from men, and the failure of some social reformers to recognize those facts can lead to disaster." —Ashley Montagu, *Chicago Sun-Times*. $15.95

2869 THE SECRET WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA: Sandinista Assault on World Order — *John Norton Moore*. "Breaks through the double talk and exposes the true nature of Soviet-subsidized aggression by Cuba and Nicaragua."—Elliott Abrams, Asst. Secretary of State. "Most thoroughly documented book on the subject ... mandatory reading."—R. Bruce McColm, Organization of American States. $17.95

2796 EDUCATING FOR DISASTER — *Thomas B. Smith*. Ex-professor demonstrates how "peace" groups are taking over schools and churches. "Brilliantly compressed ... unique and invaluable."—*Washington Times*. $14.95

2810 THE MEDIA ELITE — *S. R. Lichter/S. Rothman/L. S. Lichter*. Three social scientists survey top media people, *prove* their liberal bias from their own answers. "No one who reads this book will doubt that Americans have been presented with a one-sided picture of the world."—*Human Events*. $19.95

2823 AGAINST ALL HOPE — *Armando Valladares*. He survived 22 years of Castro's brutality to write "the most compelling prison memoir since Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*."—Jeane Kirkpatrick. "The book of the year."—George Will, *Newsweek*. $18.95

2505 CRIME FREE — *Michael Castleman*. Best book on how to protect yourself. "How to avoid being the victim ... invaluable for the individual, community group or small-business owner." —American Library Assn. *Booklist*. $16.95

2861 MEXICO: Chaos on Our Doorstep — *Sol Sanders*. "Sander's important book certainly does much to focus attention on what may accurately be described as a catastrophe just waiting to happen." —*National Review*. "The book is not only highly readable, it is a *must*."—John Gavin, ex-ambassador to Mexico. $18.95

How to get 2 or 3 of these important books **FREE**

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB 15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for the number of books you agreed to buy at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

Please check the option you prefer

☐ Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, the 2 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below:

[ ] [ ]

I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

☐ Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, the 3 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below:

[ ] [ ] [ ]

I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon. **AS-63**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED